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THE ACTS OF THE
HOLY GHOST

*WORKS BY THE SAME
AUTHOR.*

PHASES OF MY LIFE.

ODDS AND ENDS.

ADDRESSES AT EARLY CELE-
BRATION OF HOLY COM-
MUNION.

ADDRESSES TO DISTRICT
VISITORS.

MANUAL OF CONFIRMATION

ADDRESSES ON QUIET DAYS
FOR CLERGY, AND FOR
THEIR WIVES, DAUGHTERS
AND SISTERS.

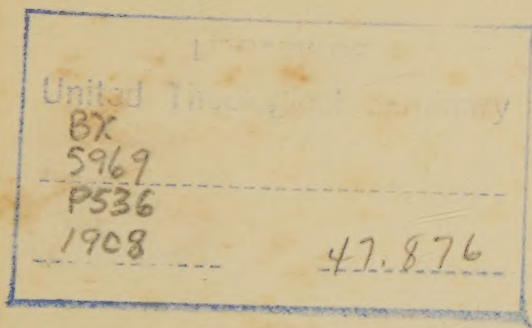
THE ACTS OF THE HOLY GHOST

THIRTY-TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF
CONDUCTING PAROCHIAL MISSIONS

By

FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D

DEAN OF BRISTOL, ONE OF HER LATE MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS



HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON MCMVIII



“So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following. Amen.”

ST. MARK xvi. 19, 20.

TO
MY DEAR WIFE
ASSOCIATED WITH ME IN SO MANY
PAROCHIAL MISSIONS
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

OCT 13 1959

PREFACE

IN writing this record of thirty-two years' experience of conducting Parochial Missions, while it is obviously impossible to avoid the personal element in it, I have, I hope, safeguarded myself against the possibility of a charge of egotism. There may be egoism which is not egotism. The very title of my book, "The Acts of the Holy Ghost," should of itself disarm any such criticism, for to Him, the Lord and Giver of Life, be all the honour and all the praise.

In the course of years many of those, who in their letters bear testimony to their differ-

ent spiritual experience, have passed away. In no case have I given name or address of the writer. The real truth being that so uniform are the results of a Mission that these Letters might have been written after almost any one of them.

FRANCIS PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, BRISTOL.

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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE read, though I cannot recall when or where, that in the early Church "*The Acts of the Apostles*" were also designated "*The Acts of the Holy Ghost.*"

How impressive it would be if, when giving out a lesson from this Book, or even in occasionally quoting it, we said, "Here beginneth" such and such a chapter of the Acts of the Holy Ghost. It would serve to remind our people of the Third Person of the Ever Blessed Trinity Who rules this last dispensation, and in Whose ever present and promised "power from on high" the Apostolic Ministry was everywhere and notably exercised. It would go far to encourage and to keep alive that due recognition of the Holy Ghost, for lack of which the Church languishes and her ministrations are not as effective as they might be. Who would say that the spiritual results of our modern Christianity bear favourable comparison with those of Apostolic days, when the Church had none of our modern machinery and men "spoke as they were moved of the Holy Ghost"?

Our blessed Lord ascended in order that His Spirit might be poured forth, to convict of sin, to reveal the Saviour of sinners, to guide us into all truth, to

enlighten, enable, sanctify His children. Christianity was not to be localized. Men were not to say "Lo! here is Christ, or lo! there." Had Christ remained on earth it is probable that Christianity would never have become a missionary creed. All religions which localize the actual site of their founder's birth or resting-place are stagnant religions. The followers of Confucius identify his birth-place. The Mohammedan sets for thon his pilgrimage to Mecca. Both are stagnant creeds. They are not missionary, evangelizing faiths. Every traveller returns from the Holy Land with a sense of disappointment. Certain places are topographically so situate that they can with certainty be indicated. Nothing, e.g., can efface the Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, the hill overlooking Jerusalem, the village of Bethany. But you cannot identify the Inn which was the locale of our Lord's birth. Though Gethsemane, with its gnarled olive trees, remains, you seek in vain for the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. No two artists are at one in their representation of Calvary. We have really no authentic portrait of Christ. Such as are represented as original and authentic are fabulous and legendary. Can we imagine our blessed Lord sitting for His portrait in the days when the photograph and camera were unknown? It would seem as if everything that could be done was done to make room for the Pentecostal manifestation of the Holy Ghost. The effacement of the Inn which

could not receive Him, the uncertainty about the actual site of Calvary, the disappearance of the garden with its new sepulchre "wherein was never yet man laid," where is all this better accounted for than in the opening verses of the Acts of the Apostles, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth"?

The sin of the days of "natural religion" was that the world did not recognize a great First Cause. It worshipped the creation more than the Creator. The sin of the times when Christ came was that "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." The sin of our age, of preachers, of religious teachers and of many devotional books, is the lack of the recognition of the Holy Ghost, or at best a very feeble realization of His province and power.

Whenever and wherever the Word was preached in faith, in simplicity, in earnestness and in "the power of the Holy Ghost," certain "signs" were to accompany it. They were such as would arrest attention by their special and characteristic features, unlike those which attend ordinary or uninspired utterances. They were such as would impress men with the fact that though Christ was ascended into heaven He was still present and in His Church; that He is a living and not a dead Christ, present to save; that

the Holy Ghost is near to teach and to bless. The Holy Ghost never at any time spoke of Himself, but it was by Him and through Him that these unmistakable "signs" followed on the preaching of the Gospel, and that the Acts of the Apostles were really the "Acts of the Holy Ghost."

What is amiss with or lacking in the Church of Christ to-day as compared with her life in Apostolic times? Do the definite spiritual results of her sacred ministrations compare at all favourably with the earlier days of Christianity? The Apostles knew little or nothing of our elaborate organization. They had few or no attractive or helpful accessories to devoutness. When they met together it was not even in a mission chapel but in an upper chamber, for the "breaking of bread and for prayer." All the *entourage* of religion was as plain, simple and unadorned as it well could be. Does the modern parish priest ever pause to ask in the midst of his unceasing activity, constant preaching, frequent opportunities of Holy Communion, how many souls have been led by his ministry to Christ, how many have been brought out of darkness into the marvellous light, to how many has Christ been revealed, how many no longer work for life but from life, how many work not that they may be reconciled and saved, but because they are reconciled and accepted, how many lives are notably altered, how many have been converted under his ministry, and how many of the workers work because "the love of

Christ has been shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost," so that the love of Christ, and no lower motive, constrains them to work for Him Who loved and gave Himself for them?

In the far off days three thousand souls were "pricked to the heart" after hearing one sermon. We read of "believers being added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women"; of the Lord adding to His Church daily such as were being saved. In the short time of a single generation the worship of Christ raised itself to power in the chief cities of three Continents. Compare all this and more with our modern Christianity, not as regards the numerical professors of Christianity and its adherents to an inherited belief, but as regards definite, spiritual results.

If it come to our knowledge that one soul has accepted Christ as his or her Saviour, that a saving impression has been made on one heart, that a Spirit-taught "worker" has been raised up to be a power in the Sunday School, a benediction to sick and poor in her district, a "living epistle known and read of all men" in social or home life, how we thank God for such a rare encouragement, how gladdened we are in our work! Is any clergyman in our day content and satisfied with the spiritual results of his ministry? How many men in his congregation could be invited to conduct a Bible Class for men and youths? How many women could give a really high-toned address to

her sex, the utterance of her personal spiritual experience and of her own deep spirituality? Is the parish priest himself converted? Is he himself taught of God? Has Christ been so clearly, so unmistakably revealed not only to but "in him" that he knows no message but that of which, with a full heart he "cannot but speak," and, in momentary dependence on the Holy Ghost, goes into the pulpit expecting as he has desired "signs following"? His preaching may be eloquent and delightful because of its flow of language, rounded periods, rhetorical phrases and admirable delivery, and yet on his deathbed it may be borne into his innermost conviction and agonized spirit that his ministry has been sadly barren of spiritual results. The father of a clergyman was grieved to find his son sore distressed as the shadows of the eternal world were falling fast on his deathbed. Thinking it possible he might be distressed with doubts, he asked him if it were so. "No, father," he replied. "Then tell me what is distressing you." "I feel," said the dying clergyman, "that I am going to my Master bringing no sheaves with me!"

Of this I am more and more persuaded that chief amongst the reasons why the spiritual results of our modern Christian ministry are so sparse, and bear such unfavourable comparison with those of Apostolic times, is that the Holy Ghost is not duly honoured nor is that power invoked to breathe from the four winds of heaven, over the very,

very dry bones in the valley "that they may live."

We are drifting away further and further from the old and safe moorings into an open sea of rival schools of thought. The cry is for "undenominational religion." We are impatient of the restriction and restraint of creeds. The effect of the "higher criticism," whatever be thought as to its necessity or advantage by its patrons and advocates, is unsettling the minds of the ill-informed, or of those who want some excuse for doubting the authenticity or credibility of the various books of the Bible. The majority of the laity are so little concerned with religion, they take such feeble interest in questions of this nature, that it is enough for them to hear and know that the Bible must be received, if not with great caution, yet with considerable reservation. We have recently had outspoken, undisguised, deliberate statements from our pulpits touching the Virgin-Birth, the reality of our Lord's bodily Resurrection, the necessity of the Atonement, utterances felt to be inconsistent from the lips of men holding preferment in the Church of England, enjoying her emoluments, and not in accord with the vows made at their ordination. Such public utterances set their hearers thinking. The general attitude of Science towards revealed truth is not friendly where it is not absolutely antagonistic. The medical world is divided between "materialists" and "vitalists." It is true that

Science is redeemed from a sweeping charge of pure materialism by the writings of Whewell, Proctor, Brewster, Macmillan and some few more ; but these stand out as exceptions.

One effect of all this and of more is seen in the increasing disregard of God's holy day, not only by the working classes, for whom large allowance should be made, but on their part who represent the wealthy, luxurious-living classes, who have abundance of leisure in the weekday, and for whom no such excuse can be made.

Must there not be something radically wrong and defective in our modern Christianity that it should be called by some "*civilized heathenism*," that the intelligent people of Japan should be seriously considering what advantage, from a spiritual point of view, will be gained by disavowing Shintoism and embracing Christianity? The glaring inconsistencies in all departments of life are a most serious obstacle to a hearty reception of the Christian Creed. The tricks and dishonesties of trade and commerce, the adulteration of everything that can be adulterated, gives the white man a bad name with those he would seek to evangelize. As a nation we ourselves want "the axe laid at the root of the tree." Do not we need evangelizing as a nation? There must be something radically defective in our modern Christianity when we notice the increasing indifference of the working classes to religion. If not actually hostile, they

are practically indifferent to it. Much that is effectually estranging those into whose hands political power is fast passing is affecting the middle classes of English life. Time was when what we understood by "the middle class"—e.g. tradesmen, shopkeepers—were regarded as the great bulwark or buffer between us and the Church of Rome. That can hardly now be said. They crave for what is simple in teaching and moderate in ritual. They are being estranged because of practices which so resemble those of the Roman Communion that the old love of the parish church is fast dying out. If they make no public protest, they abstain from worshipping in the church of their childhood. And what is the result of all this together with the comparative leisure of a few hours on Sunday? Some part of that leisure must be utilized lest it become sheer ennui. The consequence is, *faute de mieux*, that we are seeing on all sides an increase of Sunday amusements. Theatres are utilized for scientific lectures and popular concerts are provided at which little or no sacred music is performed. On the plea of "necessary recreation" such choice in the selection of music is not generally made as can suggest a *soupçon* of difference between the ordinary weekday and the Lord's day. Better these were provided than that they for whom they are provided should seek, from sheer need of recreation, more objectionable methods of satisfying the want which our

complex nature needs. Hard-working, devoted, zealous, earnest as thousands of our clergy are, both in our great cities and in our villages, there must be something lacking in our modern Christianity, in its message or method, as compared with the Apostolic age. There must be some reason, at least in part, to explain the contrast between "then and now," and why it is or why it should be that that which so attracted and led men to Christ, "the Lord adding to the Church daily such as were being saved," is losing its hold on the interest and affection of the estranged masses in our time.

Again, the effect of what we understand by "worldliness," that love of the world, against which we have so many exhortations in the Bible, is in every department of life telling against spirituality and the more influential aspects of true religion. You see it in the fashionable world of the "smart set," in the paralysing effects of the eager pursuit of pleasure. You see it in the engrossing world of business, trade and commerce; in the greed of money and in the "haste to become rich"; in the keen competitions and rivalries of trade; in the speculations, to use no stronger word, of the Stock Exchange; in the habits of business men. Few business men are devout men. Business governs their religion; religion does not govern their business. They plead the pressure and demands of business as plausible excuse for the neglect of prayer, of

the reading of God's Word, of coming to Holy Communion. There is not much margin left for even a pause in their occupied lives for a few minutes' quiet meditation on "the things which concern our everlasting peace."

Nowadays if, when preaching or conversing on the subject of religion, we allude to or quote certain incidents of the nature of "signs following," as illustrations of those present and immediate spiritual results which followed on the preaching of the Gospel in a receptive heart, such as abound in the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, you are at once met with the remark, "Oh, yes, I do not deny, nor do I attempt to explain away, those facts recorded in the New Testament, but they belong peculiarly to the earlier days of the ministry of the Word. They were the credentials of the first ambassadors of Christ to an unbelieving world. 'The signs following' were absolutely necessary to impress and to persuade of the reality of what was preached. They who preached were endued with special 'power from on high.'" "The Acts of the Apostles represent, as do the Gospels, what we understand by a miraculous age.

The experience of now over fifty years of ministerial life amongst all sorts and conditions of men, "high and low, rich and poor, one with another," has left this conviction on my mind, that thousands and tens of thousands of those who profess Christianity do little more, as regards their profession, than to

acquiesce in and take for granted a Creed which they have inherited, into which, when unconscious children, they were baptized. Such rarely, if ever, in after life inquire into the grounds of their belief, "examining themselves whether they be in the faith." Some continue in this condition because multitudes profess Christianity. To them there is no occasion for any personal inquiry. They do not feel called upon to do otherwise than implicitly trust what was instilled into their minds in childhood, and which they regard as the province of spiritual pastors and teachers. Some from sheer indolence accept and do not repudiate Christianity. Their belief in God is intuitive. They know this much, that it is more difficult to disprove than to prove His existence. Christ is to them no more than an historic personage as capable of proof as that Caesar or Napoleon lived, but not Divine. You cannot disestablish Christ.

If Christianity were to-morrow proved untrue, if all we believe were shown to be a mass of legend and fable, would such discovery, such exposure, beyond giving a shock to feeling, make much sensible difference in many lives? How many would leave undone the things they ought to have done or do the things which they ought not to have done?

I have heard of a girl, brought up religiously, whom her fiancé used to persuade to walk with him on Sunday morning and to forsake her church. She excused herself on a particular Sunday. He asked

her why. She replied, "It is Communion Sunday; I must communicate." "What!" he said, "are you a communicant? We have known each other for some time and I should never have thought that you were a communicant!" If the fact of being a communicant never once in the course of their intercourse led him to think his fiancée a communicant, what would be the result or effect if Christianity were proved untrue? Would it be different? The naked, unquestionable fact is that thousands of professing Christians, communicants, teachers, workers, have never personally accepted Christ as distinct from accepting Christianity. How many know much *about* Him? "Lives of Christ" are in their hands. They cannot read their Bibles without some knowledge of Him; but they do not "know Him" as their Lord and Saviour. They cannot say, "I know Him in whom I have believed." There is little or no sense of the need of a Saviour and of His atoning sacrifice. Why? Because there is not that deep conviction of sin arising from the efficacious operation of the Holy Ghost, part of Whose office it is to "convince of sin." There may be fits of remorse, spasms of regret, but there is no "godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of." If ever they have a twinge of conscience or "shed a secret tear," it is more because of what they suffer for wrongdoing than because they realize that sin is against God more than against themselves. They have never once in their whole

liveso felt the love of Christ that it "constrains." There is no work for Him "Who loved them and gave Himself for them." To them "conversion," consecration, if not incredible, is as foreign to thought and inward experience as a European language would be to an untaught child. When the test comes of discipleship or even in the absence of test, there is not that distinctness in habits, conversation and general tone which distinguishes converted from unconverted. Few but those who have had experience would or could believe what is the actual spiritual experience of workers, teachers and communicants, and of what is brought to light on deathbeds, of what is confessed with dismay and sorrow during a "Mission."

The Church of Christ suffers sore because of the many who only make a profession of religion. She languishes for want of that spiritual power which tells and must tell for good when it is the result of a true conversion. Contempt and scorn are poured on inconsistent lives. The profession on the one hand and the life inconsistent with that profession is a greater stumblingblock than atheism, pure and simple. We may not actually deny Christ, but we do not positively confess Christ. The motive from which we ostensibly work for Him may not be of single eye, unadulterated and pure. Take it altogether, view it dispassionately, thoughtfully and calmly, a halting mind cannot hope to persuade other minds. A divided heart will never produce faithful and courageous

testimony. The endeavour to appear religious together with a passionate love of the world must eventually have its Nemesis. To some religion cannot but be a sad mockery. It is a pitiful religion which neither satisfies our deepest needs, nor in any direction helps others to a godly life. It is a poor recognition of that love which redeemed us, it is an unworthy return for the Sacrifice on the Cross. Were it better not to profess Christianity at all than to caricature it? Can we evangelize the heathen if we are not evangelized ourselves? Can we wonder that a comparison should be made between earlier and later Christianity, unfavourable to the latter?

Much and more that may be said without exaggeration, and without ignoring and disparaging all the Christian endeavour of to-day, will be generally allowed. Because of it, Missions and Revivals have been suggested and largely held throughout the kingdom. They have not only been held but also greatly owned of God. Let no one suppose that they are regarded as a panacea for that which suggests and occasions them. That were Utopian. There are who do not care for "Missions," because of prejudice against anything that savours of or might minister to "excitement." Even if a Mission did lead to excitement, in the sense ordinarily understood by "excitement" which they need not do, why is "excitement" to be limited to the Stock Exchange or to a General Election? Why

is it to be carefully eschewed and deprecated in connexion with religion? Some do not approve a proposed Mission because they think, and without experience, that the general "conduct" of a Mission is foreign to our more formal and unelastic Services. Others are afraid of "reaction," as if our regular churchgoers never know a relapse and a forgetting of their first love! The objections at one time commonly urged against a Parochial Mission are gradually disappearing. Experience has corrected false notions and silenced unfounded apprehensions. The Creator in His wisdom sees good, from time to time, to disturb the more quiet operations of Nature. He sends cyclones and hurricanes to rid the air of unhealthy miasma, and floods rivers with deluging rains. The air is purified by hurricanes and washed by rain. The rivers, for a time swollen over their banks, return to their wonted channels sweetened.

My personal experience is that "Missions" are blessed and their effect is abiding in proportion as there is least of excitement in conducting them. As some security for their sobriety I see no reason for departing from the lines of the Prayer Book or for adopting strange methods. A Mission should be conducted from the preliminary prayer meeting to the crowning thanksgiving service with the utmost reverence and sobriety, avoiding everything which could be reasonably decried as sensational. The conversion and edification of the souls of men and women does not depend on methods which offend

some and estrange others. The plain, simple, unadorned preaching of Christ and Him crucified, in momentary dependence on the presence of the Holy Ghost, in full and faithful expectation of "signs following," is all we really need. To resort to anything else to excite emotion is, to my mind, to dishonour the Holy Ghost. Much depends on consecutive teaching, which assumes that our people need to be taught the very rudiments, the A B C of their Christian faith. We have to begin with repentance and godly sorrow, and so go on, step by step, to lively faith, personal acceptance of Christ, conversion, decision for God: each address being one step in advance of the one preceding. The whole drift and object of a Mission spread over ten days, preached by one and the same missionary, is to show that Christ "lives to save," that the Holy Ghost is ever near to bless. It is to endeavour to help people to believe, where indisposed to believe, that "signs following" do still accompany the faithful preaching of the Word. It may not be in the same outward manifestation, nor with the like visible evidence, but there is a speaking with new tongues; demons of a "possessing" sin or vice are still cast out; eyes once blind now see; ears once deaf now hear; lips that once denied now confess Christ; limbs paralysed are engaged in His service. To a sin-sick soul come healing and forgiveness. Claims on our hearts' allegiance and the plain debt we owe to Him Who has redeemed us, at one time unrecognized, are now both

recognized and fulfilled. Believers are added to the Lord. Workers of the right sort who have learned that we do not work for but from life, that we are saved that we may work, and do not work that we may be saved, are enlisted. Communicants are multiplied, the religious life is awakened, edified, deepened, because the breath from the four winds of heaven has breathed upon the dry bones in the desert of a nominal Christianity, and there is raised up for God "an exceeding great army." I invariably preface a Mission with the following letter.

The Mission, for which you have for some time been preparing, is now close at hand. On Sunday next, I hope, God willing, to be in your pulpit, in answer to not a few prayers, and guided thither, I humbly trust and believe, by the plain call of God.

The prejudices against a Mission, which had to be faced in the earlier days of this great evangelizing movement, are so rapidly disappearing, that I feel it were unnecessary for me to write as if they existed in your own mind, or in that of your people. The fact of your wanting me to come, and the assurance of a glad welcome on the part of many earnest souls, is sufficient evidence that you look for a blessing under God. Nor need I say how I yearn to enter on a work which has, thus far, the earnest and promise of good.

To me a Mission is no new experience. It has been my privilege to conduct many. I trust I may be spared to conduct many more. When my time comes to leave this world, if I have space given me on my deathbed for reflection, amongst my happiest and most grateful recollections will be Missions, and that I have been

given to know and see the blessing which they have brought to many now rejoicing Christians.

But a Mission is, in some respects, so unlike an ordinary ministration, that many who dislike novelty, or are suspicious of any departure from the ordinary services of the Church, are disposed to ask, "What meaneth this?" They fear as much as they deprecate an *excitement* foreign to the temper and order of our Church, and there is no doubt that Missions have been so conducted as to justify both prejudice and fear.

Let me preface my coming to you with this assurance that, inasmuch as my own experience, now not small, satisfies me that the *results* of a Mission are *real and enduring just in proportion as there is least of excitement*, so I do all within my power to discourage it, and for this reason I hold the After-Meetings in the *Church*, rather than elsewhere, in order that the impressions created may be deepened in the *silence and hush of the House of God*, by the still small Voice of the Spirit.

And what is it only and simply at which we aim in a Mission? It is nothing more nor less than a special effort, by the simple setting forth of Christ crucified, to bring men to the point of accepting His great and provided salvation, and of deciding earnestly and resolvedly for Him. This we do in entire and humble dependence upon the presence, co-operation, and efficacious working of the Holy Ghost, in answer to faithful believing prayer. *The blessing will be in proportion to prayers for it.* The Mission is rather the outcome of prayer preceding it. It is an effort made in the strength of prayer. You have nothing to *fear*. You have everything good to *hope* for, if your people are in earnest and often on their knees. The blessing that has fallen so richly and so generously on other portions of the Lord's Vineyard, will fall not less fully on you and yours as you ask, and

seek, and above all *look for it*. I know that your Mission has long been a matter of prayer. Bid your people stay a few moments in church to pray for me. They must surely be satisfied that no man would leave arduous work elsewhere and undertake the strain on all his powers if he were not fired with the one and simple aim to win souls to Christ. I ask them as needing their prayers, to pray for *me*, and then I shall hope to be amongst them on Sunday next, as among those who will be prepared to receive me, a stranger—and yet no stranger ; as welcome for our Lord's sake, and coming, I trust, in the power of the Spirit, and in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Peace.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,
FRANCIS PIGOU.

[I have never seen any reason for altering this letter for different Missions.]

HOW I CAME TO CONDUCT MISSIONS

THIS Chapter is not written to account for how I was called of God to the sacred Ministry, but how I was called of Him to conduct Parochial Missions. It might be said that to conduct a Parochial Mission belongs, of necessity, to ministerial life. But it is not of necessity. A considerable proportion of those who are in "Holy Orders" do not conduct Parochial Missions. So far back as memory serves me I may say that I was called to the Ministry even "from my mother's womb." Openings in other walks of life presented themselves to me, but they had no attraction for me. My dear father encouraged what he perceived was my heart's desire, and sacrificed much for me, that he might give effect to my wishes. When I was ordained at Cuddesdon by the late Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, now more than fifty-two years ago, he questioned me, in a memorable private interview, after this manner: "Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration to serve God for the promoting of His glory and the edifying of His people?" In saying, "I think so," I had but one reply. If a strong, ardent desire from my childhood, from

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which I never swerved, could be regarded as being "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost," what else could I consider this but as a true "call"? My School and University life kept this "call more or less in view. I was in the classical department at Cheltenham College. My father, having but small means, felt he could not send me to Oxford or Cambridge, but came to Dublin that I might matriculate at Trinity College, partly because it was supposed to be less expensive, but principally because Trinity held, and deservedly, a very high reputation for its School of Divinity. Theology was interwoven with the whole of the five years' Curriculum for those who were destined for the Ministry. There is no Theological College in Dublin for those who have graduated such as is attached to certain dioceses in England. During the last two years of the Curriculum we had specially to devote ourselves to the study of Divinity. One year was set apart for the study of "Natural Religion," the year following for that of Revealed Religion. The examinations are very severe. We had the usual lectures on Pastoral Theology with opportunities of gaining some experiences of the Ministry in local parishes. We had to pass examinations in the reading of the Liturgy and in practising preaching, chiefly extempore. We were in every way encouraged to study the teaching of the Church of Rome, both by its publications and manuals, and also by attending public discussion, at which

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one learned more than from many books. The professors were among the ablest in the world. Their writings and contributions to theology are to this day standard works. The names of Salmon, Lee, Butcher, Magee, Elrington, are names of which any University may well be proud. As I have said elsewhere,¹ I owe a deep debt of gratitude to Alma Mater, Trinity College. No one of us supposed that even five years' study of theology would make us eminent theologians, but the groundwork could not well be improved upon or surpassed. You acquired a certain instinctive appreciation of the best and most helpful books. You learned how to refuse the evil and choose the good. Lord Malmesbury said well when he said "that a knowledge of reference is knowledge." So far therefore as preparation of the more intellectual nature was afforded, I look back on those five years with great thankfulness that my father was advised and guided to let me have the opportunities which Trinity College, Dublin, gave and gives. If anything was defective or wanting it would not be the fault of the College, but the fault or indolence of the student. To what I have already elsewhere said more might be added in connexion with what is understood by and commonly regarded as "preparation for the Ministry," preparation that shall equip you, if not spiritually, yet intellectually, for your first curacy

¹ *Phases of my Life.*

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in town or country, But all this, good as it is so far as it goes, necessary if you are to teach and instruct others, is not the more complete equipment for conducting a Parochial Mission.

I come now to what I am fully persuaded many clergy and many laymen feel, but do not care to put into print, or to tell to others as of their own experience. From this I do not shrink. It matters but little to me in my seventy-seventh year what the unfriendly critic may say or refrain from approving. I fail to see why one should preserve strict silence, nor why, in recalling the years gone by, one should not make mention of what on looking back one feels was defective in "preparation" for the Ministry. I would not even confine myself to "preparation for the Ministry." I would include all who may have reason to lament that their lives have not been more influential and more helpful, from a spiritual point of view, to their fellow-men. I fail to see why you should hesitate to confess what you feel was a grave and very real hindrance to a successful ministry, in the best and truest sense. This is not, God forbid! "to make a parade of your personal experience." This is not to make known to others what should not come abroad. It is only to follow the example of what hundreds, in some form or other, have given to the world by way of "testimony." If you humbly attribute to God all the glory; if you unreservedly make mention of what He, by His Spirit, has taught you to say and enabled

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you to do ; if you feel and allow that you were but the instrument in His hands, you have at once the great and only safeguard against laying yourself open to the charge of "egotism," or, Herod-like, of failing to "give God the glory." You have the ready answer to any who would insinuate that you were claiming anything beyond being an honoured and privileged worker for and with God. That "reserve" which, with apparent modesty or self-restraint, some urge as their reason for not communicating to others what might be so helpful and convincing is unworthy of any one who has Christ's cause warmly at heart. Our first impulse is, as a rule, to communicate anything of the nature of "good tidings" to others either by letter or by word of mouth. We do not shrink from mentioning to others what good some skilful physician has done us. Why then should there be this reserve, this hesitancy, this reluctance to make known to others "what God has done for our souls"? Why should we shelter ourselves from doing what might help a brother or sister in darkness or in the shadow of death by saying, "My feelings are too sacred, my experience is so strictly personal, that I cannot bring myself to make it public property." But the Bible is full of personal testimony from personal experience. That which makes the Psalms such a "treasury of devotion" is that they are testimony to varied spiritual experience. In the Holy Gospels we continually meet with instances of outspoken

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personal conviction. In the Acts of the Apostles we find Peter and John boldly saying "that we cannot but speak of the things which we have heard and seen." St. Paul's Epistles afford abounding illustrations of his own experience both before and after his conversion, even at the risk of seeming a fool for doing so; and how many can gratefully confirm and verify what he so frankly and fully makes known!

1.149. The truth is that multitudes want to be persuaded that we fully ourselves believe what we openly teach. I recall an instance of this. In the course of a sermon which I preached at Doncaster, after the statement of some fundamental truth, I paused and said, "Does each one here believe this?" I went on to say, "I do with my whole heart." An officer in the Army who was present called on me on the following day and said: "You greatly helped me yesterday. I have often heard a preacher say, 'Do you believe this?' but you went on to say, 'I do with my whole heart.' This," he added, "is what we laity want. We want to feel assured that you do not say what you only feel it is right to say; we want to know that you yourself believe what you preach." There is a certain "ring," as in a true coin, in the utterances of conviction, which you fail to detect in ordinary platitudes. If we had more personal testimony from actual personal experiences, what life, what reality it would give to public utterances! So strongly do I feel

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this that when the occasion seems to call for and even demand it, I have not hesitated to draw upon and quote personal experience, sometimes in the pulpit, at other times in conducting a "retreat." This, I repeat, is not in any sense to make a parade of experience. It is free from the subtle peril of so-called "experience meetings." The occasion will be such as, to an unprejudiced mind, justifies it, but it must be availed of with caution. In this, as in most things, "there are times and seasons." Our blessed Lord, for reasons best known to Himself, but not to us, at one time commanded one cured of his malady to keep silence, at another to go forth without delay and to testify. I can imagine cases where lips should be kept sealed, yet it is more easy to imagine cases where lips should be unsealed.

As I have already said, I do not hesitate to make known my own experience. I cannot recall much, if anything in particular, that was helpful to my spiritual life in my childhood and boyhood days. Probably there are few amongst the readers of this book who, if questioned, would not say much to the same effect. Beyond a few prayers and verses of hymns taught by parents, I cannot associate my school life with any of those "helps and aids to devotion" which boys nowadays enjoy. I was placed when I was about six years of age at the Moravian School at Neuwied, but even there, where you would expect it otherwise, I have no recollections of any religious influence or teaching. At Ripon Grammar School, very

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different now to what it was then, I can recall nothing but what would militate against religious and devout feeling. In the boarding-house, kept by a clergyman, where I lived we had no family prayers. We attended Ripon Minster and were seated in a most uncomfortable gallery in the choir, which has long ago been restored. The outward conditions were not conducive to reverence, the service was utterly unsuited to our juvenile age and understanding. We returned from "Divine Service" wearied both in mind and body, thankful when the Benediction was pronounced! No word was ever addressed to us by the preacher, whose back was always turned to us as if we did not exist and were not of the congregation. On Saturday we had to say and "parse" the Gospel for Sunday. I have seen more caning and flogging on those ill-starred Saturdays than I have for some grave offence. I have seen boys made to stand on a table as being generally more convenient and accessible to the master, and mercilessly flogged because of some mistake in parsing! The association of the "Gospel for the day" with severe caning is a remembrance that has not, with the interval of years, been effaced. No simple and impressive lesson was taught us from the Gospel, no kindly exhortation uttered, no prayer for God's blessing on the reading of His Holy Word. Can we wonder that a child would associate, for many a year, religion with flogging; and if he ever heard read

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“from a child thou hast known the Holy Scripture,” it was in a very different sense to the experience of Timothy! At Cheltenham College we had no college chapel where boys led the singing and addresses suitable to their age were delivered. We were marched down to Christ Church, penned up like sheep in sheepfolds. We were too young to appreciate Archibald Boyd’s famous sermons in the morning and Frederick Robertson’s, equally famous, in the afternoon. We were not encouraged to be reverent in the House of God, and were always more or less haunted with the thought of the ushers, “spiritual police,” on the alert to detect any misconduct on our part. If we were detected in wrong doing, the punishment that awaited us was to sit up, after all the better behaved had gone to bed, to write “impositions.” And what was the imposition? Not five or six hundred lines out of Ovid or Virgil, but *hymns*! To have given an imposition out of these classic and “profane” authors would have been a desecration of God’s Holy Day. The line must be drawn somewhere between “sacred and profane,” and this ingenious device was hit upon whereby to observe the sanctity of Sunday! What an association, remembered to this day, in connexion with some of our most tender, devout and beautiful hymns! What a form of punishment for misbehaviour in church! It is very different now at Cheltenham College, as any one who has been present at the services in the chapel and had the

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privilege, as I have had, of preaching there, thankfully acknowledges.

From Cheltenham I went to the Edinburgh Academy. Here again I cannot recall any help to one's spiritual life. It is true every class was opened with prayer, which the different masters evidently thought superfluous and therefore limited strictly to the Lord's Prayer. I have elsewhere told how the mathematical master, in his impatience of loss of time, constantly said, "For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory—take your slates, lads—Amen"; and how the Elocution master made the same prayer the occasion of oratorical display. What was the natural effect on the minds of the boys if the reciting of the Lord's Prayer only evoked tittering and laughter? I had absolutely no preparation of any kind for the critical stage in youth's life, Confirmation. A parish priest of the present day devotes sometimes three months or more to the preparation of a candidate for Confirmation, and for his or her "premier Communion." In my days of parochial work I did not consider three months too long for preparation. Compare the systematic teaching spread over those three months, the special addresses on the eve and on the day of Confirmation preparatory to Holy Communion, the enlisting, then and there, of confirmees into some definite work for Christ, with the scant preparation of my school days. Some of my best and most faithful workers, especially Sunday School Teachers, were my confirmees.

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On the eve of my Confirmation I went to our headmaster and expressed the wish to be confirmed. "All right," he said—himself in Holy Orders—"here is your card with plain directions." "Is this all?" I said; "is there no special preparation?" This was his amazing answer, "You are in the first class, what more to you need?" I went next morning to St. Paul's, Edinburgh, without a word of prayer, without anything that could promote serious thought or suggest some holy resolve. I have a dim recollection of some one with very large sleeves placing his hand on my head. Thus throughout all those years, up to the day of my Confirmation and first Communion, the plastic, susceptible season of life, I cannot recall its golden opportunities ever being once used. Religious education seemed of no account beside that of the three R's. I was not grounded in the very principles and fundamental truths of our most holy faith. A lady once asked a Bishop, "How long do you think I may delay my son's religious teaching and training; I think it will be time when he is six years old?" "Madam," the Bishop replied, "some one else will be taking advantage of those six years." I gratefully recall the effect on my mind of Dr. Guthrie's preaching, and still more of Mr. Drummond's, in whose Sunday School I was privileged to have a class. I wonder what I could have taught my class! But it is a sad thought that, for the larger part of my boyhood

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days, there was next to nothing to assist me in view of the sacred Ministry. The study of the classics and elementary instruction in other branches of school life, however important and good by itself, was not all which any one destined for Holy Orders required.

At Dublin University the excellent Divinity School kept in view those who purposed being ordained to the sacred Ministry. But, good as far as it went, the training and preparation were more of an intellectual than of a spiritual nature, more theological than devotional. One could not study divinity for five years without learning what were "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ." The sermons delivered in the College Chapel were preached by "masters in Israel," but I never heard one of direct and earnest appeal to the heart. There was little or nothing to arrest attention or to touch the conscience. Doctrinally we were fairly equipped for the work which lay before us, but the equipment lacked that spiritual element which is of more power than intellect to win and persuade. What do not those who were ordained by him owe to the searching, moving, pleading, soul-stirring addresses of Samuel Wilberforce in his private chapel at Cuddesdon! So searching were these addresses as to motive for taking Holy Orders that more than one candidate was persuaded that he had no real "call" and withdrew too late to revoke an indelible vow.

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With the first curacy comes the ministry of God's Word and Sacraments and its grave responsibility. You are brought face to face, as their shepherd and guide, with souls for which Christ died. I had no help whatever from my vicar, who was in his ninety-second year and in his dotage. Present at Divine Service, at which I officiated single-handed, he would ask me where I had been all day ! I had no one at hand to point out defects or to encourage in what I was entering on in fear and trembling. In one sense I was absolutely alone. No such help as a Retreat or "Quiet Day" was held in the adjacent villages for spiritual counsel, prayer, and Holy Communion. Visiting was helpful because of its opportunities both for the exercise of kindly sympathy and because of what I learned in sick-rooms and from the lips of the dying. I have preserved my "First Sermon." At the request of the editor of *The Treasury* it appeared in its columns. I have not destroyed it because of its association and as a souvenir of Stoke Talmage, but I have never preached it since. So far as orthodoxy was concerned I preached "the truth," "the faith once delivered to the saints," and earnest appeals touched the hearts of my poor single-minded people ; but I cannot say that so far as I know I won a soul to Christ during the fifteen months of my first curacy. There is much preaching, orthodox and interesting, which fails to alter the life of the hearer. There is a

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hearing with the outward ear but not a hearing with a responsive life. When I left my first curacy the people "wept sore," but their tears were more because they felt they were parting company with a friend rather than a teacher. Diligent weekday visiting had much to do with the filling of Stoke Talmage Church.

At twenty five years of age I went to Paris to take charge of Marbœuf Chapel, in the Avenue Marbœuf. Some remember to this day the crowded congregations there. In the reign of the late Emperor a considerable number of English and American families resided in Paris and attended my ministry. I was young and earnest. I felt very deeply the great responsibility of such a charge, and even now I receive letters written in grateful remembrance of those happy, bygone days. I gained an experience in my three years' ministry in Paris which I could not have gained elsewhere in the same time. I had "troops of friends," but I had not yet that experience which is of such special value and importance in connexion with the Ministry. Those three years are recalled as years of much personal happiness, with no little kindly encouragement and loving sympathy, but they were not as fruitful of real spiritual results such as I associate with later years.

It was so again at St. Philip's, Regent Street, filled to repletion with the *élite* of cultivated London life. To this day I receive most kindly worded

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letters from persons occupying important posts, which I treasure, of a nature which leads me, in all humility, to know that, imperfect as my teaching was, God was pleased to own it to some extent ; but no one was more aware of it than myself that I did not preach " the Gospel." I did not at the time at all like being told this. It seemed such a reflection on my ministry, but nevertheless it was true. Looking over some of the sermons preached during those thirteen years, which I have never preached since, I see that I did preach the historic Christ, but not Christ as a living, present Saviour, nor did I honour, as I ought to have honoured, the Holy Ghost. I acted on the advice given me by one as ripe in Christian experience as he was ripe in years, " Never preach beyond your own experience ; do not say anything for the sake of saying it. Your experience will necessarily, at your age, fall short of that of men of riper years, but no one will condemn you for unreality or for saying what is given to few at your time of life to realize." The soundness of this advice has been questioned by some of my clerical friends, who are of opinion that you are bound to preach " the whole counsel of God " apart from your personal conviction of saving truth. But for my part, I have seen the wisdom and safety of such advice. When I hear a very young man preaching as one much older and riper in experience would preach, I say to myself, " Is he really preaching from personal experience and conviction, or saying what

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he says for the sake of saying it?" There is a growing in knowledge as well as growing in grace. In whatever way, however, God was pleased to use me for the help of others in those early days, He did not use me as He has seen good to do for the last thirty years of my ministry in His Church.

It was during my ministry at St. Philip's that I contracted typhoid fever. I was dangerously ill, very near to death. I had every reason to believe that I was dying. For several nights I had no sleep. I was not delirious. All my faculties were alert and at work. A great "horror of darkness," indescribable in words, fell upon me. I was overwhelmed with the conviction that I was dying unsaved, not because of some sin not confessed and therefore not forgiven, but it was borne in upon me that I had never, by a lively faith, accepted Christ as my personal Saviour. I had preached about Him but I had not preached Him, simply because I did not "know Him Whom truly to know is life eternal." I was dying without any hope for the life to come. The future was "a darkness that might be felt." No ray of light irradiated that spiritual darkness. My dear wife, resting now in Paradise, had no idea of my mental anguish. She thought I was suffering from some fresh development of typhoid fever. I made up my mind, great as was my agony, that I would not let her know what was distressing me lest, if I died, she who had believed in me for so many years should be distressed. I felt to myself, "Here am I, a 'popular'

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clergyman, stretched on the bed of death without hope." I firmly believe—nothing will persuade me to the contrary—that had I died there and then I should have died eternally. Some to whom I have made all this known say to me, "God never intended you should die in that state"; but how was I to know that? All I could do and all I did was to pray that "I might not see death until I had seen the Lord Christ." Conducting Retreats, I have felt sometimes constrained to tell my brethren this if only to save them from such awful experience as was mine. God in His tender mercy heard my prayer and raised me up again as a "brand plucked from the burning." With the remembrance of that experience indelible, ineffaceable, I could not wish any that I know to have to pass through such an ordeal. I do not say that it is necessary, that all whom God is pleased to use should have precisely like experience, but recalling it I see plainly that, severe as it was, He had a definite purpose in causing me to undergo and survive it. The prayer of the aged Simeon was mine, constantly, persistently, that the light of the Holy Ghost, for which I had long and earnestly prayed, might some day visit my soul and turn the darkness into light. In 1871 we had a ten days' Mission at Doncaster, a year memorable to myself because of the blessing it brought me. No one at one time was more prejudiced than myself against what is known as a "Parochial Mission." In one sense I was almost a

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“blasphemer and injurious.” I well remember inveighing against Missions at Canon Wilde’s at Louth, when the present Archbishop of York and the late deeply lamented Bishop of St. Andrews and Dr. Maclagan, were present. With great reluctance, I consented to take part in a General Mission at Doncaster. It was mainly conducted by the well-known Mr. Aitken, of Pendeen, father of the equally well-known Canon Aitken, who has devoted his life of late years to Missions. Mr. Haslam and one or two more assisted. I did not approve of methods many of which are no longer adopted. They were to my mind too sensational, more likely to produce hysteria than any quickening or deepening of the spiritual life, and inconsistent with the sobriety and decorum of our Church. My whole being was set in array against it, so much so that I resolved not to be present at any more of the services, and only longed for the hour when the Mission would be ended. I had made up my mind not to be present on a particular evening. Haslam persuaded me to come lest my absence might be commented on. So I agreed, and said, “I will read the First Lesson.” Reading it over, whilst the bell was ringing for service—Isaiah xxviii—my attention was riveted by the concluding verse: “This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.” I marked opposite that text, now thirty-five years ago, December 7, 1871: “N.B.—I had but just before

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said to Haslam, so ' I do not believe this is God's way of bringing souls to Christ.' " It pleased God that night to reveal His Son in me, and to give me " joy and peace in believing." I saw the difference, as Canon Hoare once put it to me, between two religions, working *for* and working *from* life. I saw how much one may believe *about* Christ, but how different is that belief *in* Him, which comes by the teaching of the Holy Ghost! On the Sunday following I felt it right to testify to my people what God had done for my soul, and to express my regret for anything I might incautiously have said to the prejudice of the Mission, inasmuch as that no one had received a greater blessing than myself. From that hour God was pleased to use me as He had never used me before.

HUDDERSFIELD ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 1872

AFTER a season of rest in the quiet village of Thorne, following on the strain of mind and body through which I had passed, God called me to conduct a ten days' Mission at St. Paul's, Huddersfield, of which the Rev. G. N. Lawrence was Vicar, and the Rev. F. G. Bussell, Curate. It was so clear a call—for I have never offered to conduct a Mission—that "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The conduct of a Mission was to be a new experience, and it cost me no little thought and prayer. I proposed to myself to draw up a programme or course of Addresses from which I have never since, where it was possible to carry it out, seen reason to depart. I am fully persuaded that consecutive teaching throughout a Mission is of the utmost importance as against sermons, which, however stirring and rousing, are not of the nature of "line upon line, precept upon precept." We clergy are much too apt to assume that our people, and the bulk of professing Christians, represented in an ordinary congregation, really know the grounds of their Faith and the fundamental principles of the doctrine

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of Christ. A ten days' Mission in this respect is a startling revelation.

My course is as follows : A Prayer Meeting held on the eve of the Mission. On Sunday morning I speak on the Personality and special work of the Holy Ghost ; on the same evening on Repentance ; Monday evening on Faith ; Tuesday, the Brazen Serpent as an illustration of Repentance and Faith ; on Wednesday evening on Conversion. On Thursday on the great offer of Salvation ; on Friday evening, the culminating evening, on Decision for God. At the daily early Celebration I give short Addresses on the conditions of partaking " worthily " of that Holy Sacrament. These addresses are, if I may so say, on the same lines as those of the evening sermons—Repentance, Faith, Obedience, Charity, Thanksgiving. All throughout the people are led on, step by step, to some teaching in advance of the last. They follow such a Course with sustained and increasing interest, and are conscious that they have missed a link in the chain, if they are not present at each service. The Bible Reading on chapter i. of the First Epistle General of St. John, at 11 o'clock throughout the week is all in the same direction, and affords those who cannot attend the evening services the opportunity of hearing and knowing the line of teaching taken at those services. This is followed by a short service of Intercession. I lay the greatest stress on the After-meeting being conducted with the utmost sobriety and with absolute

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freedom from excitement. The "still small voice" is most clearly heard, not in whirlwind and storm, but in silence. I do not press upon those that remain that they should of necessity be individually spoken to and prayed with there and then. I infinitely prefer that "inquirers" come perfectly voluntarily, and often not until the third or fourth day for the Mission, giving them all opportunity possible for so doing. If these interviews, sometimes thirty or forty in a day, are the real strain on a missionary, they are the golden and blessed occasion of the "sealing of the Spirit." How many letters I have received to the same effect! "It was in that quiet time in the vestry; it was when you prayed with and for me that conviction came; misgiving or faltering was no more; a resolve was definitely made." I am also of opinion that Mission services should not be unduly prolonged. So soon as people become weary in the flesh they become weary in spirit. I have never extended the evening service, inclusive of the after-meeting, beyond an hour and a half. The celebration of Holy Communion, even with increasing communicants and an address, is never beyond one hour. The Bible Reading and Intercessory Service are from 11 to 12.30. I begin punctually, I close punctually. If people wish to know when service begins, they also, because of domestic and other arrangements, like to know when it ends.

Again, a Mission has its limits. Somehow we have settled down to a "ten days' Mission." There

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are many reasons why this should be. If you take a definite and consecutive course, leading up to decision for God, you may find yourself repeating yourself were the Mission extended. You have preached on different aspects of work for Christ, enlisting recruits in His service. It now remains for the parish priest to put in the sickle and gather the harvest of those who wish to be confirmed, to be Communicants, District Visitors, Sunday-school teachers, lay helpers, etc. Such are amongst the permanent and enduring results of a Mission as against ephemeral excitement or transient impression, and, in view of these enduring and practical results, are in themselves an answer to those who say that a Mission is nothing but "spiritual dram-drinking," a season of excitement and nothing more. Every parish priest who contemplates having a Mission, should have a list drawn up beforehand of what he feels his parish wants in the way of helpers. I have more than once known instances where a missionary has earnestly pointed out how all should do some work in the Master's Vineyard, and when some one, influenced by his words, has offered himself or herself for work, he had none at hand. Beneath the huge caldrons of liquid metal in the great iron factories you see moulds of sand ready to receive the heated metal and to give it permanent shape and definite form.

I need not say with what fear and trembling I contemplated conducting my first Mission. At times

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this feeling was so strong that I almost thought of withdrawing from it, and yet I would rather have this feeling than otherwise. It made me cast myself more fully and entirely on God.

I was the guest of the Vicar of St. Paul's, one who had known not a few sorrows.

Huddersfield is in many, I might say in all respects, a typical industrial town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. To quote Mr. Sykes' words, "it has rejoiced in the sunshine of a great and sustained prosperity."¹ Its population is over 120,000 souls. It abounds in churches and chapels. It is a stronghold of Nonconformity, as are all the chief towns of the West Riding, ever vigilant and active. As regards the Church of England, the traditions of Huddersfield are decidedly evangelical. Its fine Parish Church is indelibly associated with the name of Henry Venn; Sir James Stephens in his *Evangelical Succession* ranks Venn with Newton, Scott and Milton as one of the four great evangelists in these latter days. "Venn has left a name that grows not less with the years." He was associated with Wesley and Whitfield in the great religious revival that marked the middle of the last century. An elaborate tablet in the Parish Church bears testimony to Venn's work. The traditions of the Parish Church have been maintained by his successors, notably by the Bardsleys. No one who has

¹ *Huddersfield and its Vicinity.* By Dr. F. E. Sykes, LL.B.

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not ministered in the West Riding of Yorkshire can know or understand the deep affection towards its parish churches and the profound interest taken by the people in them. They are impatient of new district churches, however necessary, and of anything that may even seem to alienate them from "t'ould Parish Church." To some extent, of course, this feeling is not as strong with a new generation. There is not the same tie.

The Sunday-schools are on a scale with which none in the South of England can bear comparison. We had at Halifax adult classes in our Sunday-schools, consisting in many cases of married couples. We had a small army of devoted teachers recruited, in most cases, from my confirmees. The only Sunday-school I have ever seen which could compare with those of Lancashire and Yorkshire was connected with St. Pancras', London, during the Vicariate of Dr. Spence-Jones, the present Dean of Gloucester. The Sunday-school Festival is a great Festival, and the offertories are, as a rule, very large. I have often seen a crowd of Sunday scholars waiting after Service at the vestry door to hear what the "ship," their expression for the collection, was. Where do you see that in the South? The churchwardens are, as a rule, most zealous and helpful. I have had occasion sometimes to remind an over-zealous churchwarden that the law defines his position as "one of observation and not of control," but they will take infinite pains to secure some noted preacher, even giving

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up a day's business to secure him. Twenty-three years of experience of Yorkshire, in whose principal towns and churches I have ministered, constrain me to say that there is much more "go" than there is in the South, more heartiness, more thoroughness, shall I say more fervent zeal? To a certain extent this may be accounted for by difference of climate, but this is far from fully accounting for the contrast, which no one who has had experience of both can fail to recognize.

The Mission was looked forward to with deep and prayerful interest. Being the first ever held within the memory of the inhabitants there was, and naturally, a certain amount of curiosity: not a few questions were asked as to its necessity, not a few doubts expressed as to its results. There was the wholesome fear of anything unwonted and strange, and there were the usual observations of those who have never had experience of a Mission. St. Paul's itself was not in 1872 an ideal church in which to hold a Mission. Photographs of the interior, kindly sent me by the present Vicar, show what improvements have in recent years been made and in details which would have made it a more ideal church for a Mission. It had large, deep galleries, which are not so convenient as when worshippers are all seated in front of the preacher, and in some few other respects, hardly worth mentioning, the church was not so well adapted, did not, as it were, lend itself to a Mission as other churches do.

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But all the "environment" was soon forgotten and unnoticed in view of the great and steadily increasing congregations. Better far a gradual and steady increase than a rush to an unusual service to be followed by a gradual falling off in the attendance. The Mission at St. Paul's took at once a hold of the people. Night after night, in the depth of winter, snow thickly falling, and in weather such as might dissuade people from leaving their warm fireside, people flocked, indifferent to storm and tempest. For me it was inspiring, encouraging, God-owned. Though thirty-four years have passed I retain a grateful recollection of it, of the devotion of the people, of many acts of kindness and sympathy towards myself. The Word was accompanied with "signs following." Proofs of a living Saviour and an ever-present Spirit are evidence in the grateful testimony expressed in letters lying before me, testimony written by some who have long since "entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God," as by some who are still with us.

When I recall the Mission at St. Paul's I recall what befell its Vicar. We were sitting together one evening and he said to me, "I cannot quite follow your teaching. I do not say it is not true, but I do not see eye to eye with you." I could discern that the Spirit of God was at work within him, and that conviction was being borne into his soul. By degrees the light shone brighter and brighter and he told me of his new experience and joy. It pleased

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God that I should be laid so low one day as to be confined to my bed and quite unable to preach. He came to my bedside and said, "What shall I do? the people are all expecting you." I replied, "My dear friend, if you will go to them, lay aside your sermon case and tell the people what you have told me, and of what God has been pleased by His Spirit to reveal to you, I may go home." He knelt down by my bedside and I prayed for him that his lips might be "touched with a live coal from the altar," and that he might have the grace to make a bold confession. He went. That sermon is remembered by some in Huddersfield to this day. One present wrote, "Our dear friend preached this evening on the Spirit's convincing power. He prayed extempore prayers before and after the sermon as he had never done before. His sermon was delivered in a new spirit and with a new tongue." It pleased God shortly after the Mission to call him home. I officiated at his funeral, and as I saw his coffin in the midst of a great and sorrowing congregation, I was not the only one who thanked God that he had not seen death until he had seen the Lord Christ. His faithful curate, Mr. Bussell, wrote and published a brief account of the Mission from which I make the following extracts:—

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR MISSION

Our recent Mission has been accompanied with a threefold result. Hearts that have been long dead in

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sin have been quickened into new life by the Spirit of God. Hearts long hardened by sin have been impressed with the blessed truths of the Gospel of Jesus, and hearts long cold in their attachment to the "searcher of hearts" have been warmed with a flame of heavenly love. The object of the Mission which was to give spiritual life to dead souls, and deepen spiritual life in souls already quickened, has been attained. God has permitted us to see results. We believe there are many who if asked to-day to bear testimony as to the result would be ready to come forward and say, "Thank God for this Mission because it has done much good to my soul. Now I can live as I have never lived before, and that is, unto God. Now I can see, hear and feel as I have never seen, heard or felt before. That which was dead in me has been quickened; that which was hard has been impressed; that which was cold has been warmed by the power of the Spirit of God." Some who might have come to the Mission and yet did not will say, "It is all mere excitement, enthusiasm, fanaticism." It is not mere excitement, enthusiasm, fanaticism. Do not speak of a Mission in such terms because you have derived no benefit from it. The fault has been owing to your own indifference, prejudice, hard-heartedness. Others who have attended the services have said, "It is a real work. It is the work of the Spirit of God." Yes, it is a real work, simply because it *is* the work of the Spirit of God. Whose else could it be? To Him be all the glory and the praise.

Out of a great number of letters which followed me after the Mission I append one which will suffice to show how the Word preached was accompanied with "signs following."

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January 4, 1873.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

While meditating on the events of the past year my thoughts rest on the last few weeks as a season of great blessing and joy unspeakable. Earnestly do I pray that the impressions I then received may be abiding and bring forth fruit. Having been so carefully trained up, I have always wished to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, but how often have I forgotten the world within, an evil heart always ready to do what is wrong! I now feel how cold my prayer has been and how sinfully my religious services were performed in consequence. Often have I thought how cold were the meetings for prayer held in our parish and how the services at church did not seem to give me any strength to grow in spiritual life. Now I see so differently. Every sermon seems to apply to my own case. Holy Communion gives me such comfort and prayer, is now so intensely real because I feel I need everything and that I have so much to ask for not only for myself but for all those I love and for all those I know. I read the Bible from love instead of from duty only, and I find just what I want in every page. I feel that I can never do enough for Jesus to show Him my love and gratitude, for every day I feel more and more my own utter weakness and the wondrous love of Jesus for me. I have dedicated myself to His service and earnestly pray that the Holy Spirit may teach me and guide me.

Sometimes I find it difficult to believe that I may glorify God in all the little duties of daily life and forget how useful I may be in my influence on those around me. I seek to be one of those who are "plying their task with busier feet, because their secret souls a holy strain repeat." I shall always feel truly thankful for the Mission here and am very grateful for all that you

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said to me. I do hope you will remember me in your prayers that my faith fail not. I pray earnestly that the Mission at Northampton may be abundantly blessed. I felt I must tell you what benefit I have received from your earnest discourses and prayers.

NORTHAMPTON ST. GILES' CHURCH, 1873

THE next Mission God called me to conduct was in the interesting town of Northampton, at St. Giles' Church, of which the Rev. N. H. Robson, Hon. Canon of Peterborough and Vicar of Christ Church, Cloughton, Birkenhead, was the active and zealous Vicar. The Chancel was undergoing repairs, but in all other respects St. Giles' "lent itself" well to a Mission. I had heard, rightly or wrongly, that a considerable element of atheism and infidelity existed in Northampton. Sedentary employment, such as tailoring, shoemaking, etc., are strangely conducive to infidelity. I have heard that working men will employ one of their "mates" to read to them while they are at work, paying him out of their wages, and in some cases, this is made the occasion of reading infidel publications. How far the late Mr. Bradlaugh, whom Northampton elected to represent them in Parliament, influenced the working classes of Northampton, I cannot say. At one time he was much to the fore in disseminating and promulgating his views. He was to a considerable extent supported by the artisan class in Halifax. The walls were

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frequently placarded with large placards, e.g., "Is there a God?" inviting working men to discussions, over which Mr. Bradlaugh presided, and at which he was the chief speaker. These placards were never seen after Mr. Bradlaugh took the oath in Parliament, and said "So help me God." The intelligent and hard-headed artisan felt that lectures on atheism were at an end so far as concerned an avowed atheist, who could say "So help me God." Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Bradlaugh after taking his seat in Parliament lectured on "Old Age Pensions" and kindred social topics. I have always heard that he gradually and surely won the respect of the House of Commons. Whatever his religious views may have been, he confined himself to practical, social questions, and never once obtruded his religious opinions on the House. He made, I believe, no public or private confession before his death, and was buried in silence. This at least was not said of him as at a funeral service held for one who died during my time at Halifax: "There has been no autopsy of our departed friend's body to ascertain of what disease he died. We will not have an autopsy with reference to his religious opinion!" The fact that not a little infidelity, from whatever cause it arose, prevailed at Northampton gave great zest and interest to the Mission, and, so far as my memory serves me, not a few artisans repudiated this charge by the fact that after a Mission conducted

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by the late Dean Hole, St. Crispin's Church was built by the contributions of the artisans. The course I took was the same as at Huddersfield. I saw no reason to alter it for different congregations. The results were much the same. The intercessions were much the same. One or two striking and memorable instances of "signs following" are associated with that particular Mission. I have more than once quoted them when preaching, by way of illustration, as facts in a modern Mission.

A large party assembled at a neighbouring house for the Northampton races. The guests were of "the upper ten thousand." On the third day it was proposed not to attend the races, but to walk into Northampton for shopping. As some of the party drew near to the town they saw placards on the walls inviting people to the Mission and they heard a church bell ringing. They asked of a boy "what it meant?" He replied that a Mission was being held. The inquirers so strictly associated "Missions" with Missions to the heathen that they could not conceive what other kind of Mission there could possibly be. They said one to another, "Let us go to the Church for a lark." I give the story as it was given to me. I have no recollection whatever of the subject of my sermon. I only remember that I saw some fashionably dressed people come in late to Service. What the Holy Spirit led me to say was so blessed to the conscience and heart of one present that on his return to where

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he was a guest, he said, "I have been given this afternoon to see that I am living a purposeless life unworthy of Him who created and redeemed me." He put off "the former conversation," and in due course of time went out as an evangelist, I believe to India. God did not see good to let me know of this during my stay at Northampton. Some time after I was conducting a Mission at Christ Church, Leeson Park, Dublin, and Canon Aitken was conducting one at the same time in Christ Church Cathedral. One morning Aitken kindly sought me out to tell me something that he felt sure would encourage me. Before he spoke I said, "How singular it is that you should come! I have received a letter this morning from one who has attended your Services and whom you have helped to believe in the existence of God." "Well," he said, "I have good news for you. I have had an interview with a lady who has for years avowed herself an Agnostic. She has, through God's mercy, been brought to repentance and to a lively faith in Christ. I asked her what in her past worldly life first wrought a serious impression. She told me she was one of the party which came to St. Giles' "for a lark"; that the sermon made no impression whatever upon her, but that it was the effect it had on her friend, and the undoubted reality of his conversion, as proved by his altered and consecrated life, that persuaded her." Here is a striking illustration of what we call personal influence not consciously but unconsciously exercised, of the

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kind of influence brought to bear on St. John by St. Peter. "Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. And they ran both together, and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came to the sepulchre; and he, stooping down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and saw the linen clothes lying; and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed." Dr. Bushnell preached a remarkable sermon from this quoted passage, finding in it illustrations of what he calls "Unconscious Influence." Would St. John have believed if St. Peter had not gone into the sepulchre?

Yet another striking proof of "signs following." I noticed three young men come regularly to the evening services. They were clerks in a bank and "chums." They had been—and no harm in it—in the habit of going to each other's rooms for a game of billiards or a rubber of whist. It was Friday evening, and I was preaching on *Decision for God*. I said, "Many of you here have regularly attended these services. You would not have done so if you were not secretly persuaded that what we have been saying is true. This Mission is drawing to a close. All the teaching, step by step, of the last week is focussed on decision for God. It surely leaves no

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alternative between rejection of the message and its appeals, and the surrender of self to Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you. 'It is,' writes the late Cardinal Manning in one of his thoughtful sermons, perilous to have a light higher than our life, and convictions beyond our practice.' "

The three friends went home. They had no heart for whist or billiards. One said to the other, "What do you think?" One answered, "I believe it to be all true." The question was put to each in turn and each replied in much the same words. The elder of the three said, "Well, we are agreed; it is now five minutes to twelve. Let us kneel down before the clock strikes twelve and decide for God." How did I come to know of this most solemn "transaction"? Each of them came to me the next morning and told me the same tale. The year following I revisited St. Giles'. I heard of a large and remarkable class of men and lads that was held on Sunday by a young man. He was one of those three. And this is what he said to me: "Before the Mission I used to find Sunday the most weary of days. I lay in bed as long as I decently could. I smoked my cigarettes, read the papers and longed for the day to be over. Soon after my own definite decision for God, sitting at my window, I noticed a number of rough lads for whom no one seemed to care. I went to them. I proposed, new as I was to such work, that they should come to my rooms on a Sunday afternoon for the reading

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of the Bible and for prayer." They came, and out of the two or three gathered together the large Bible Class grew and multiplied. How quickly God uses those who are brought out of darkness into the marvellous light, and opens their eyes to see what they owe of service to Him who has purchased them with His own blood. "Immediately I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," was true in my friend's case as it was true of St. Paul.

One more of not a few memorable facts in this Mission. A man of considerable wealth, who had attended one or more of the services, stood one Sunday morning outside the doors and, as his friends greeted him, said: "I am not coming to this church again until that Missioner has gone." "Why?" said one to him, "has he offended you?" "No," he replied, "but if I did attend any more such services, he would compel me to give up my present life and ways, and I am not going to do so." How true that the Gospel of Christ is a "savour of life unto life, or of death unto death," a two-edged sword! Surely a soul unsaved may be as great a proof of ministerial faithfulness as a soul saved. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." This reminds me of a young man during my London ministry who was the "gayest of the gay" in social circles and professed agnosticism. I was asked to see him. He kept me waiting for some time, and I took the opportunity of looking over his small library. Every book, without exception, was written by infidel

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writers. There was no Bible, no book of devotion, no volume of Christian evidence. Did not his library explain his life ?

I bring this chapter to a close with the Vicar's letters, and with one which I have selected out of many which prove that throughout that Mission "the power of the Lord was present to heal."

ST. GILES' VICARAGE, NORTHAMPTON,

January 29.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—

I cannot tell you how great a blessing your ministry has proved to my dear people. There is without doubt a real revival of religion amongst us, a deeper earnestness is seen amongst all classes. Our Saturday night prayer meeting was crowded. At the close of it, one of the members of the congregation got up and proposed that there should be a meeting for prayer on the Tuesday, to ask for a special blessing upon the ministry, on the parish, and upon yourself. Last night the meeting was held and it was a most delightful season. I have received several letters from persons inquiring after better things, and one and all that I speak to have the same tale to tell of a spiritual blessing experienced. Be good enough to send me a list of those who saw you that I may shepherd them. I cannot tell you how great a comfort and help your visit has been to me. May God pour upon you the riches of His grace and give you many, very many souls.

Believe me ever most gratefully and affectionately,

N. H. ROBSON.

DEAR SIR,—

Your sermons and visit of April 21 have left an abiding

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impression. Thankful and most grateful am I for the power thus given, for I am more perfectly at rest and peace than I ever imagined it possible to be. The change has been so gradual and earnest in its growth and effects, that I believe I may rely upon it. Where I could feel no hope and no firm grasp of the promise, now I do believe with my whole heart that Christ hath stretched out His merciful hands even to me, and that, while here below, He will vouchsafe me the daily, never failing help and consolation of the Holy Spirit to enable me always to pray and never to faint, as long as the days of my sojourning here upon earth last. It has been no light work, but the terrible doubts and fears have passed away, and the power of earnest prayer gained from a sure hope of acceptance. I know that all things are become new to me, and that I shall be supported to fulfil the earnest vow of consecrating myself to God's service wholly. I speak in the deepest humility, being a most stumbling, halting Christian, compassed with infirmities and inconsistencies; but I cannot think that God will suffer me to fall away after vouchsafing me such a call. My earnest desire is to live fully up to what I profess in all things small and great, and there comes the anxiety. I have searched with great comfort all Scripture bearing on the Holy Spirit's work, and it has come like a new light and fresh precious gift which I have more and more realized. The consciousness of the present work of the Holy Ghost has been, and is my support; and though I feel I shall never rise to the heights of Christian experience that many do, yet I think I may in time attain to something of the love of Christ apart from the simple hope of salvation. Hatred for sin and striving for holiness for its own sake, seems to me apart from desire for Christ's and for God's glory, and these must be attained

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on earth, and will surely be reached by earnest striving and prayer. Your sermon in January on the Holy Spirit's work was a great light to me, which I at once began to follow. How different all the Bible is now to me!

With earnest desire for your long continuance and joy in your work,

I am, dear Sir, with much respect,

Faithfully yours,

CROYDON, PARISH CHURCH, 1873

MY next Mission was conducted in the old Parish Church of St. John the Baptist, "a noble church of great historic interest, at one time burnt down almost to the ground by the disastrous fire of 1867, but, Phoenix-like, it has risen from its ashes, having been rebuilt by the late Sir Gilbert Scott with so much fidelity to the original design, though considerably lengthened towards the east, that one feels there is no substantial break in its architectural or historical continuity." The writer of *Croydon, New and Old*¹—why not put it "Old and New"?—says, with pardonable pride, that the present church is unsurpassed in Surrey in its scale and general magnificence, except the Priory Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He does not give its seating accommodation. During the Mission it was filled to its utmost capacity. Considering all the good work done in the old Parish Church by Vicars within living memory—Hodgson, Bishop Tufnell, Braithwaite, Fisher,² the present Bishop of Croydon—

¹ *Croydon New and Old*, by E. A. Martin, F.G.S.

² Afterwards successively Suffragan Bishop of Southampton and Ipswich.

Croydon has been and is greatly privileged. I conducted the Mission in 1873, now thirty-five years ago, and if I may judge from letters on their part who attended the services and are still with us, the Mission is held in grateful remembrance. I was the guest of Canon Hodgson, with whom, with his gentle wife and loving children, I have never been more impressed as a united and affectionate household. I retain a vivid recollection of thoughtful and considerate kindness throughout those happy ten days. From first to last he placed the most entire confidence in me, and left me at liberty to conduct the Mission as I had done elsewhere. I have kept by me a very large number of letters all to much the same effect of tokens of God's favour and blessing. The church lent itself in every respect admirably to the Mission. Nothing could exceed the interest and devotion of the people. Looking leisurely over these letters written during and after the Mission, one realizes, not only the need occasionally of a Mission, but what it brings to light of spiritual experience in any given congregation, and which probably but for a Mission would remain secret and unguessed.

Some few incidents occurred during these ten days which are ineffaceable from my memory. I may say with truth that to every member of the Vicarage household the Mission was "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." It was in very truth "a household of faith."

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Well do I remember how signal was the blessing on dear Hodgson himself, how overwhelmed he was with what he witnessed amongst his people, and how he came to me and said how deeply he felt the responsibility of shepherding those who shared his blessing. How can I forget the Friday evening? The page-boy had been with me in my room early in the morning. He wished to give his young heart to Christ and asked me to pray with and for him. After saying "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed," with a true and brave decision for Christ, he was sent out the same evening, shortly before the service, on an urgent errand. He mounted a somewhat wild pony, was thrown from his seat, and picked up as one dead. Great was the concern and anxiety in the Vicarage, for he was to its inmates as indeed to myself an Onesimus. We commended him to the prayers of an overflowing congregation. I told the people of what had taken place that morning, and though he recovered, yet we had but slender hope of his recovery, and felt that if he passed away it would be "well with the child."

Yet another incident. Many years previously, in 1857, I had preached a sermon in Marbœuf Chapel in Paris which so affected a young girl present that she went home and broke off her engagement. I have no recollection whatever of the particular sermon. Whatever it was, however, to her it was "a word in due season." We never met until

the Croydon Mission. She was the first to ask to see me in the vestry after one of the services. She said, "I have the first claim upon your sympathy and prayers," and then she told me why she broke off her engagement. "I have loved him ever since," she said, "and I love him still. I want you to pray God for me that He will grant me my heart's desire." We knelt down and I prayed God that, if it were His will, it might be as she desired. The following year, when I revisited Croydon, she came again, reminded me of our prayers, and added, "But no answer has come." "My child," I said, "the answer has come. It is evidently not according to the will of God that it should be." "That is hard," she replied. Yes, it is hard to recognize the will of God, it is very hard to say, "Thy will be done."

Four little words, easy to say,
But thoughts that went before
Can words convey?

She wrote to me some time after to say that she had reason to know that had she married her former fiancé, she would have had a miserable married life. "But," she added, "it has taken me over twenty years to learn what the will of God is." Telling this to one of the ablest lay evangelists I have ever had the privilege of knowing, he said, "It took forty years for me, through apparently unanswered prayers, to know what the will of God was,"

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How striking an instance this affords of the truth that the great end of prayer is not always and necessarily to obtain what we desire, but by apparent denial to be brought to say, "Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, Thy will be done."

When by Earth's cross lights perplexed,
We crave the thing that should not be,
God reading right on erring text,
Gives what we would have, could we but see.
Yet one more incident.

We had a midday celebration on the last day of the Mission, intended specially for those who had been influenced and helped throughout it. It was indeed a Eucharist, or service of praise and thanksgiving! The altar-rail was all occupied, and I noticed a couple awaiting their turn to communicate. But I noticed something else. They approached each other, and, before kneeling down, shook hands. I heard that as man and wife they were living separately. To avoid any public scandal they had dwelt under the same roof, but in every other sense they lived "apart." They came, unknown to each other, to that service. They found themselves on that morning standing side by side, and their reconciliation was sealed. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and their rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come

and offer thy gift." But for the Mission would these two have ever been reconciled ?

Appended is the Vicar's letter to his people, as also one (some portions excised) from her of whom I have written above :—

Towards the close of November, 1873, a special Mission was held in the Parish Church of Croydon, conducted by the Rev. F. Pigou, Vicar of Doncaster. Neither pastor or people had had previous experience of Mission work. No one could venture to predict how the Mission would be regarded and what its result would be. The Vicar was anxious, the people uncertain whether to welcome or deprecate it as an unwholesome stimulant likely to do more harm than good. Careful preparation was made for several preceding weeks. A course of sermons was preached setting forth the object of a Mission, and aiming to disarm prejudice by the assurance that there would be no unhealthy excitement and in the services no departure from the sober order of the Church. Members of the congregation were invited to assist the district visitors in distributing tracts, bills, etc., at every door without respect of persons, and in visiting and affectionately urging the poor to attend the Mission services. To enable the churchwardens to render more effectual and intelligent aid, prayer meetings were held at which the nature and object of the Mission were carefully explained.

During the week the Mission was conducted solely by the Missioner and within the church. On each morning there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion, the numbers of communicants increasing daily. The attendance morning and evening also exhibited a continual increase, so that the spacious

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church became crowded with attentive and interested congregations. At the After-meetings, which were conducted from the pulpit at the close of the sermon at the Evening Service, the number of those who remained steadily grew. At the conclusion of the morning sermon and evening After-meeting more inquirers sought an interview with the Missioner. The labours of the week were concluded by more than 400 persons drawing near to the Holy Table to partake of the Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And all along, from first to last, there was no such excitement as many perhaps expected and feared. The characteristic feature of the Mission was an intensely earnest, quiet, affectionate, simple preaching of the Gospel of the Grace of God.

And now, after the lapse of several months, what can be said as to the results of the Mission? There are peculiar circumstances which make it impossible to estimate the full measure of the realized fruits of this special effort to win souls to Christ. The Parish Church of Croydon, being free and open at two of the three Sunday services, was frequented by large fluctuating congregations composed of persons from all parts of the populous parish. This character of the congregations was fully maintained during the Mission week. Much benefit may therefore have been received by many unknown to the clergy of the parish. There are, however, not a few precious fruits that may be counted. Communicants have increased. Bible classes and communicants' classes are largely attended. A lively and extended desire to be useful in good works, such as district visiting and Sunday-school teaching, has been manifested. On the whole it may be truly said, that no bad results have attended this Mission. The natural aversion to spiritual religion has not been

strengthened, nor has the prevailing apathy with respect to the gracious offers of the Gospel been deepened by any use of unwise means of pressing them upon the acceptance of the hearers, or by the exhibition of zeal without discretion. And, secondly, it may be confidently and thankfully affirmed that in many souls on which old truths long heard with habitual indifference had made no saving impression, light has sprung up, and by outpoured showers of blessing upon an extraordinary use of ordinary means the Spirit of God has manifested the Gospel of Christ to be the power of God unto salvation.

DEAR SIR,—

I must write a few lines to you. I thank God daily for His goodness in leading me to speak to you, and for the real comfort and help you have given me. Many a time since God sent me the message of His love, sixteen years ago, by your ministry, your name has been in my prayers and thanksgivings. Your words of encouragement have stirred me to pray with renewed earnestness. For myself I think God is enabling me, as you asked Him, to trust more fully in His love, and my desire to learn His will.

It was a great joy to me to be at Croydon Church last Friday and to take the Communion there. It was such a happy service; strengthening one to say with almost a new belief, "I believe in God the Holy Ghost." With all my heart I praise Him for His abundant blessing on your Mission at Croydon.

Believe me always, dear Sir,

Truly and gratefully yours,

THE MINSTER, RIPON, 1873

I CANNOT regard it as a mere coincidence, I prefer to view it as a remarkable ordering of God, that He should have called me to conduct Missions in cities and towns closely associated with my early childhood and youth. How this may be with other Missioners I know not. In my own case it is remarkable. Little did or could I think, when a boy of about ten years of age at the Ripon Grammar School, that I should hold the important Vicarage of Halifax in the Diocese of Ripon; that I should be one of the Honorary Canons of the Minster,—and be called to conduct a “Mission,” partly at the Minster and partly at Holy Trinity, in the same city, I received a letter from Bishop Robert Bickersteth asking me, with some urgency, to help in a Mission which evidently had not been well organized, and to take up, as it were, the broken threads. Few tasks are more difficult than this, as any one who has conducted a Mission knows. It is far more difficult than to conduct a Mission *ab initio*, which you have yourself organized. However, I regarded it as a “command” from the Diocesan. I was to preach in the Minster on a Wednesday afternoon. I was not surprised that the Mission,

so far, was a failure. This was partly because there had been no systematic and consecutive teaching. One wrote to me : " I feel you are quite right about having the same distinct teaching throughout the Mission as elsewhere. I know, as far as human eye can see, that there was a grave mistake in the Ripon Mission." No particular interest seemed to be excited in it. The conversation and " chatter " in the vestry immediately before service was about the weather and latest news. There was not a word of prefacing and preparatory prayer for the power and presence of the Holy Spirit. All was cold and lifeless. I could only the more earnestly lift up prayer to God that He would strengthen and enable me. I preached on the work and office of the Holy Ghost to convince of sin, to enlighten the mind, to take of the things of Christ and reveal them to the awakened soul, to show that salvation was a free gift of God, awaiting our acceptance of what God in Christ *offers*. I was led to say that we work " from life and not for life " ; that we do not work that we may be saved, but are saved that we may work ; that it is a mistake to ask for salvation. The only prayer approaching the prayer for salvation in the New Testament is, " Lord, save us, we perish," and the disciples were rebuked for their lack of faith : Jesus was there to save. I said, " We do not ask for a gift." Noah did not ask for the Ark, it was provided. When Isaac asked his father where was the lamb for the burnt

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offering, Abraham's reply was, "My son, *God* will provide a lamb for a burnt offering"; and that so long as people prayed to be saved, they will never realize that God offers to save them. All this seemed to me to be so simple and so plainly "evangelical" that it never occurred to me that objection could be taken to it. I received the following morning a letter from one of the Canons present which showed that such teaching was at least not his own. At breakfast I discussed its contents with the Bishop and Dr. McNeile, at that time Dean of Ripon, and naturally asked if they agreed or not with me. Both said, "Of course you are right. We can quite understand that, put in the way you put it, it would surprise some not prepared to receive it, but if they think it over they will see that we do not ask for a gift." This is by no means the first time that, representing salvation as a free gift, not to be asked for, but accepted, it has given "offence"; but it has set the hearer thinking. To hundreds to whom I have ministered the eyes of the understanding have been opened and enlightened so as to see that our prayers should be for the convicting and convincing power of the Holy Ghost to make us feel our need of a Saviour, and to reveal to us a Saviour provided.¹

¹ One writes: "I often think of all you said, and I hope that by earnest prayer in time my faith will burn brightly and clearly. I shall then, as you said, 'work from life and not for life, and not ask for salvation offered, but fully accept God's gracious offer in Christ.'"

This, however, did not disturb me so much as another incident in the Ripon Mission, which made great demands on patience and self-control. Bishop Bickersteth asked me if in the course of a Mission it was not customary to hold a prayer meeting, and then to encourage people to see you and tell you of their special spiritual troubles. He said he had a prayer meeting and no one responded to a similar request. I went down with him and with Dr. McNeile the same evening to the Town Hall, and the Bishop gave, as no one could do better, an earnest address, inviting any present to come out of the body of the Hall, and speak to him. It was not very likely that under the circumstances any one would do so. We went to Holy Trinity for the Mission service, and a considerable number of people remained for the After-meeting. Occasionally, as is my wont, when the people were engaged in private prayer, I suggested topics of special petitions which are found helpful to many, who, from lack of instruction, need help and guidance.

On returning to the vestry I found the Bishop much excited. It would not be fair to repeat what he said, beyond a very distinct disapproval of what I had been doing. I was under the impression that he had full confidence in me, and that the best proof of that was his persuading me to conduct the Mission. I felt all this so much that next morning I told the Bishop that, as I could not do what he disapproved, and yet could not conduct

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a Mission in any other way, and that one of which he disapproved, my only course was at once to return home. To this he would not consent, and I remained, notwithstanding that he did not himself attend any more of the services.

In the year following I invited Bishop Bickersteth to preach at Doncaster. He very kindly and readily came. He was much liked as a preacher, and there was a crowded congregation. We had not met, nor had we had any communication with each other since the Mission. I had no reason to know that he thought and felt otherwise than as he did when I was with him at Ripon. He took for his text "Thy kingdom come," and proceeded to point out in what ways Christ's kingdom was advanced and enlarged. "And now," he said, "I would speak of those Missions, or special efforts, made for ten days or more in parishes, in which your Vicar has for some time taken a prominent part." All that had occurred, his disapproval and withdrawal, came vividly to my recollection! I said to myself, "God forbid, he is going to protest against them." To my great relief, and to his honour, the tears filled my eyes with gratitude when he said, "Of all the instrumentalities under God, of modern times, for the extension of Christ's kingdom, I know nothing to be compared with a soberly and prayerfully conducted Mission. In our city, as proverbially dead as most cathedral cities are, an impression never to be forgotten has been made. Instead of some forty or

fifty candidates for Confirmation, the result, which would more immediately come under my notice, was that 150 candidates presented themselves for Confirmation as the direct and immediate result of the Mission."

Need I say that this noble utterance more than outweighed all that had sorely tried me, and I could only say, "Laus Deo, Laus Deo!"

I append one or two letters in connexion with the Ripon Mission.

From the Vicar of Holy Trinity.

RIPON,

March 6, 1873.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

I cannot tell you what a deep impression seems to have been produced on many souls by our late Mission services. God the Holy Spirit has been present and abides with many souls.

RIPON,

May 7, 1873.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

We go on hopefully since the Mission. Those who made themselves known have come out, and, I believe, are walking steadfastly. Our Communion services have been much larger. On Easter Day, about 170 communicated, a larger number than Trinity Church has ever known. I hope you have recovered from your fatigue.

REV. SIR,—

I am very young, and I feel it is very presumptuous in me to write to you, being as I am an entire stranger.

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Yet I hope you will excuse me for the sake of the motive with which I write.

I think I was a Christian before, but I was living in such a careless manner that no one would have known me to have been one. I was giving way to one "besetting sin," and growing colder day by day. But your words roused me, and when I got home I followed your advice, and asked God the Holy Ghost to give me repentance. My prayer was answered, and it struck me that you would be glad to know that one soul at least was benefited by your words.

Hoping you will forgive my presumption in writing to you,

I remain,
Gratefully yours,

LIVERPOOL, ST. LUKE'S, 1873

I CONDUCTED the Mission at St. Luke's, Liverpool, at the request of the Rev. A. Gore, now Archdeacon of Macclesfield.

It was one of great interest, as being held in the very centre of that important and populous city. The services were all well attended throughout the Mission, particularly in the evening, but beyond one or two striking incidents I have nothing very special to record. To these I must confine myself because, saving in a few instances, a Parochial Mission is much the same, and my object is rather to narrate some of those "signs following," and evidences of the convicting power and work of the Holy Ghost, than to dwell in monotonous detail on the Mission itself.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the good and earnest Vicar commending to me one of his visitors on whom he set great store, and who devoted herself to work amongst the poorer classes or the "slums" in Liverpool. I had been preaching that morning on the constraining love of Christ as the only true, pure, unadulterated, shall I say, acceptable motive.

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The question of the unenlightened jailor at Philippi was, "What must I do to be saved?" The question of a converted man is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The distinction is important and very real. Devotion to the service of Christ does not precede conversion. It is the natural result of the mind enlightened by the Spirit of God and at once suggests work for Christ. I am reminded of, and have often quoted as an illustration, the instance of a boy saved from shipwreck, whose first thought and request was, "Leave me alone, and go and save my mate, left in the sinking ship." I was pointing out, as I have often done in addresses to "workers," that motives are very varied. God surely looks not so much on what we do as why we do it. There is, e.g., work taken up from a sense of leisure. People offer themselves to a vicar, not because they have ever been really called to spiritual work, but because they have considerable time at their command. They bethink themselves that some of this time might be devoted to visiting the poor. Sunday would be a wearisome day if they could not fill up the gaps and intervals before and between services. To teach in a Sunday-school seems one way in which such intervals can be utilized. Few, I think, undertake work from the idea that there is any merit in it. Of that motive one may acquit the great majority of "workers," though I would not say that it may not, in some cases, be subtly suggested. Some work from

a sense of duty, from a vague idea that they ought to do this or that. Others undertake it as a relief from the monotony of home life, or as an escape from more immediate duties. I have heard, though this may be almost exceptional, of a girl being asked "Why she wished to be a nurse?" Her reply was, "Well, you see father is paralytic, and mother is blind, so I thought I would be a nurse." It would not do too strictly and searchingly to inquire why many women are anxious to be nurses in hospitals, to minister to sick and suffering. You might do grave injustice to some in questioning their motive. There are who seek refuge from disappointment or sorrow in what looks like consecrated disappointment, or sanctified sorrow. If some find refuge from either of these in a convent or nunnery, others find their convent in the world.

No one of these motives—a sense of leisure, a vague notion of duty, ennui, impatience of home life, or of the unmarried state, disappointment—is the same motive as that of *Love*. In no one of these is there a safeguard against "weariness in well-doing," no guarantee of perseverance in the face of what might be more attractive and luring. Every parish priest well knows how occasionally a District visitor or Sunday-school teacher requests to be relieved of what they have undertaken, and if asked why, the answer is something to this effect: "I find visiting the poor very dull and unresponsive, teaching children wearisome and

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disappointing." In other words, they have been working more for personal satisfaction than for Christ. If the results they had looked for and expected do not follow on their visiting and teaching, they are disheartened and dissatisfied. They forget that results of all work for God must rest with Him. We can no more command results than we can command sunshine or rain. Indeed, to my mind there is no more true or searching test of motive than that of abandoning work for Christ because our work looks barren of results.

We were walking down one morning together to St. Luke's, and the District visitor to whom I have alluded said to me, "That was a searching sermon you preached yesterday on 'Motive.'" "Yes," I replied, "it was intended, under God, to be so. Do you mind my asking you if your work in this City is done from the highest motive?" "Why do you ask me?" she replied. "Well," I said, "to discern is not to judge. You are young, and I should say have been disappointed in some attachment." She burst into tears. She said, "You are right. I undertake this work, for which I get so much credit, solely and purely because of a broken-off engagement. I do it to forget my sorrow. I hate the work itself. I am a lie to myself, to the work, and to God." I can never, never forget this incident. The God who knows all hearts, and judges not as man judges, would surely not disown what she, because of poignant sorrow, had done. Better such

service than none. But He overruled all this for His child's good. The Mission was the occasion of a true consecrating of herself to Christ's service from a new and higher motive.

The other incident that makes the Mission at St. Luke's of abiding interest to me is the following. I was preaching one evening on the difference between a belief in the historic Christ and a "lively faith" in Him as our Saviour. I was saying, as has been said times without number, that there is no difficulty in believing in the historic Christ; the difficulty would be to disbelieve in Him. Leslie, to whose book I have elsewhere alluded, points out that Holy Communion is, in itself, the historic proof that Christ existed, that it has no meaning apart from the fact of Christ's Passion, of which it is the enduring memorial. Such limited belief is not a "saving faith," and would not by itself convert a sinner from the error of his ways. I went on to say that I could imagine a man orthodox as regarded his creed, and so orthodox, so persuaded of the truth of what he believed essential to salvation as that he should be quick to detect unsound, unorthodox teaching, but that orthodoxy by and of itself would not be sufficient to win a soul to Christ. It was not down amongst my notes from which I was preaching, but if ever it was given to a man to realize the truth of the promise. "It shall be given you in that hour that ye shall speak," if ever a direct suggestion of the Holy Ghost was vouchsafed to a preacher, it was surely given

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to me that evening ! Some voice said to me, " Go on, and say that you could conceive a man so orthodox, so able as a controversialist, so versed in controversy, so familiar with the arguments of those who oppose themselves to the truth, as to be successful in refuting the objections and assertions of infidels, and yet, with all his head knowledge and ability, not winning a soul to Christ. In the earlier days of Missions it was generally the custom to encourage any who remained for and after the " After-meetings " to stay in their seats. This was regarded as an invitation for the Missioner to come and speak to and pray with them. I think that there were not a few objections to this, and it has been abandoned for the much better plan of seeing " inquirers " either in the vestry or at the house at which you are staying. I noticed a grave, thoughtful-looking man remaining, and I went to see and speak to him in the pew. I asked him how I could help him. He replied, " Has any one told you, sir, that I was coming here to-night ? " I said, " No," assuring him that one great advantage of a Mission was that we were not made aware of any one in particular coming, and it left you more free to speak than you otherwise would be. He said, " Well, sir, I am sore bruised. I am a leading controversialist in Liverpool; in fact, I am a salaried controversialist. I more than hold my own with Atheists and Deists." Mentioning certain well-known names, " They will not meet me in public discussion. But it has come home to

me to-night that, notwithstanding my reputed ability as a controversialist, I have never won a single soul to Christ." I said, "Surely the reason is not far to seek. You have never yourself been taught of God. You have not realized that 'no man can call Jesus the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.'" Humbly he acknowledged that it was so. I knelt by his side and prayed that it might be with him as it was with the learned St. Paul, and our prayer was answered. He asked me what he was to do. I advised him to give up for awhile platform and public discussion, and to begin to "take the lowest room." If my memory serves me right, he resigned his engagement. The following year I revisited St. Luke's. The Vicar asked me if I would see his Sunday-school. As I had a long day before me I rather demurred. But he had a reason for his request. He took me to his class for infants. My friend was one of the teachers in the Infant School. I understood that after our interview he went to the Vicar and asked him to give him the humblest, I do not say the easiest, work he could, and the Vicar assigned him that work. Take it altogether, I look on this as one of the most striking facts that has come to my knowledge of the presence and power of God the Holy Ghost. I am most deeply persuaded that if we who have to preach went into our pulpits with more prayer for the presence of the Holy Ghost, more prayer for "power from on high" to speak, more faithful and heartfelt reliance

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on the promise of our Heavenly Father that He will give the Holy Ghost to them that ask, we should hear less of barren results; rather we should expect those results which accompanied the preaching of the Apostolic age, that where Christ crucified is preached and the Holy Ghost is honoured, many a clergyman, many a Sunday-school teacher, would be heartened and gladdened, for if there is a "praying in the Holy Ghost," there is surely also a preaching in the Holy Ghost.

I append one or two letters.

HOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL,

June 10, 1873.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—

We had our Confirmation yesterday, and to-day there is a little respite in which to write to you and to thank you once again for what you were enabled to do, and did so heartily and lovingly, for our people. It is impossible to be too thankful for the Mission. In every direction signs are to be seen of the awakening or deepening of spiritual life. My interviews with the candidates for Confirmation have been particularly cheering. The impressions made upon many of them were far more than emotional. I have had a chance with the parents also such as has seldom fallen to my lot.

What is more gratifying to myself is that the work has been an *ingathering*. It has produced content, not discontent with the Church.

Ever yours, in all the affection of renewed and now Christian friendship,

ARTHUR GORE.

8, UXBRIDGE STREET,
EDGE HILL, LIVERPOOL,

July 7, 1873.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

It is with feelings of the deepest thankfulness that I take upon myself to address you, because I do so to convey to you that which I know you will rejoice to hear, viz. that I have at last accepted the salvation which God has so long been offering to me, through the all-atoning sacrifice of His dear Son upon the Cross, *for me—even me*; and have, therefore, now that peace for which my soul has so longed, peace which “passeth all understanding.” Truly God has dealt wonderfully with me. How much cause for thankfulness have I for His late merciful dealings with me! When I think of the boundless love of God, and of the wondrous love of Christ towards me—poor, sinful, wretched, helpless *me*, I am quite overwhelmed in its depths. There is a verse of a beautiful hymn which expresses my feelings better than I can do. It is—

Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
But yet *in love* He sought me;
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

Yes, dear sir, it is the *dear Saviour who has been seeking me all this time, and not I seeking Him*. And I do heartily thank Him that He sent you to speak the message of the Gospel to me, to arouse me from my lethargy, to arrest me in the downward course into which I had long ago wandered, and which must have inevitably led me to destruction, had not God in mercy stayed my career of madness. I have had much anxiety, and much anguish of soul, since you left us. It was because I could not, or would not yield my heart,

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and submit my stubborn will to Him. I should have been angry with any one who had told me that I was trying to save myself ; for anything like " salvation by works " was what I have always been strongly opposed to, and yet that was the very thing I was all the time doing. I spent hours in prayer, in prayer for the Holy Spirit, and I *agonized* in prayer, but all to no purpose. It was not believing prayer, and therefore not acceptable to God. It was not until I had ceased trying that the Holy Spirit spoke the word of peace to my soul. At what moment it came, and the manner in which it came, I cannot tell, but this I know, blessed be God, it *has come*.

I trust I have not wearied you, sir, but my heart is so full that when I begin to speak of what God has done for my soul I cannot tell when to stop, and I feel I have but imperfectly expressed myself even now.

I do pray that your efforts elsewhere may, under God, be abundantly blessed ; and I pray that I may show forth the new life that is in me by the Spirit's aid.

Believe me to remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Very gratefully your servant in the Lord,

GREAT YARMOUTH, 1874

THE next Mission I was called by God, and at the particular request of the then Vicar, Canon Venables, to conduct, was in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, the fisherman's patron saint. St. Nicholas is the largest Parish Church in the kingdom. Its total area is 23,563 square feet. Its length is 236 feet, its width 112 feet. The Revs. Upcher, Walters, Dickson and Hooke took charge of other churches. Miss Hamond accompanied us and gave earnest addresses to women. It was calculated that some 50,000 people attended the services at the Parish Church. Considering the size of the church and its accommodation this is no exaggeration. There were three or four services daily, and probably some 3,000 persons every evening. The largest congregation ever seen before the Mission—I do not know if there may have been a larger since—was counted. Six thousand people were present. If I am not mistaken, this fact was mentioned in a local guide-book to show how many the Parish Church was capable of accommodating. To quote an extract from a local paper: "On Monday morning there were between 200 and 300 communicants, and on the same evening the service at the Parish

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Church, to return thanks for the work accomplished and the good done, was the most wonderful Yarmouth has ever seen. There must have been quite 6,000 persons within St. Nicholas, a sight magnificent in itself." This Thanksgiving Service on the Monday evening, which brought the Mission to a close, will never be forgotten by those present. It was one of the grandest and most impressive in which I have ever taken part. The hymns and chants were sung with wonderful power." Enough to say that to this day that Mission is remembered with gratitude for its definite and acknowledged spiritual results, and for the quickening of the spiritual life of Great Yarmouth. It is not, however, on this which I would enlarge, or on all that grew out of it—increased candidates for Confirmation, increased numbers of communicants, and of those who were raised up of God to work for Him. It is more in keeping with the purport of this book to record one or more out of many incidents. I had been preaching one evening on the "Presentness of Salvation"; that there was an acceptance of Christ which brought with it present pardon, reconciliation and peace; life is a present gift. A man was waiting after that service to see me. He said, "I do not say, sir, it is not so, but I cannot see it. I have been taught that no man can, in this life, know that he is saved." In vain I reminded him that Noah knew that he was in the Ark; that the one bitten of the serpent in the wilderness knew that he was healed, and lived;

that Lot knew he was in a place of safety; that all who came to Christ went away conscious of present healing; that none mistook the gracious words, "Go thy way, thy sins are forgiven thee"—not "shall be" but "are" forgiven thee. At last I opened my Bible and read to him, "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." "What," I said, "do you make of this? If you met with a statement similar to this in any book but the Bible, would you say that 'hath' means 'shall have' or 'may have?' What interpretation but one can you put on 'hath,' a present gift of eternal life?" The Bible is its own best interpreter. When I asked my tutor, on leaving college, what book he would recommend me for the study of the Bible, he said, "There is no book like the Bible itself. Take the trouble to refer to, and look up all the texts given in the marginal references, and you will see how the Bible interprets itself." So it was on that evening. It recalled to me, only under very different circumstances, the narrative of Philip and the eunuch. Of a sudden the Holy Spirit opened the eyes of my friend, took of the things of Christ and revealed Jesus to him. He said, "Yes, I see how true it is; the wonder is that I never saw it before. I see that eternal life is given now to them that believe," and he said, as I knelt by his side, "Lord,

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I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." It was a soul won to Christ that evening in Great Yarmouth Church. But that was not all. Another man was there whom I failed to persuade. So I went to my friend and said, "You see that man kneeling. He fails to realize the truth, as it is in Jesus. Go and tell him what God the Spirit has taught you to-night." "Oh, sir," he replied, "I cannot. I have never done anything of the kind in my life." "No," I replied, "you have not because you could not, but you can now." He went to him, pointed out some of the passages I had quoted, knelt down by his side and prayed for him, that testimony and prayer prevailed. To him also it was given to believe. This was enacted yet once more in Great Yarmouth Parish Church. "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, 'We have found the Messiah,' which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus."

I had a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet me all through at that Mission, "lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelation." My trial came from a quarter least expected, and, considering that I had been pressed to conduct the Mission, was to some extent as inexplicable as unexpected. I used to return from these crowded and God-owned services to find myself received in silence at the Vicarage. I was hardly spoken to at meals until I wondered what offence I had committed. Not one

word was uttered of comment, approval or disapproval. I could only go to my room and pray God to give me grace to endure it patiently. When I went to the early celebration the Curates neither welcomed nor spoke to me. It came to my knowledge that one of the Curates said he would not come to any more services because I preached "perfectionism." It so happened that on the morning after I heard this, my address at the early celebration was the sixth of my addresses, on *Sins of Infirmary*, 1 John ii. 2, which have been published and have reached a sixth edition.¹ That address is all throughout against perfectionism in the present life. I knelt down and prayed God that He would give me the opportunity of seeing this particular Curate, and of disabusing his mind. Providentially it was his turn to assist at the celebration. I found him standing outside the Vicarage door. It was my opportunity. I told him how glad I was to see him, what I had heard he had said and begged him to listen attentively to the address I was about to give, from which he would see how mistaken or misinformed he was. After service he waited to see me and to ask if I would call on him at his lodgings. He then opened out his whole heart to me. The Spirit of God had been working in and with him. The Spirit had been striving with him, and he had been striving with the Spirit. The Spirit was convincing and convicting him.

¹ Addresses on Holy Communion.

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He asked me to pray with and for him and Jesus was revealed to him. I asked him to explain the extraordinary attitude of his brother Curates towards me. He said, "When we heard you were coming, we met together and agreed that we should like to take you in one of the barges out to Yarmouth Roads which let out ballast at the bottom and sink you in the Roads!" If this was not a messenger sent to buffet me, what was it? Satan was stirred in view of this Mission. I said to my young friend, "You ought now to tell others what God has done for your soul." "I have not waited," he replied, "for you to tell me that. I did all in my power to dissuade people from coming to the Mission. I have been now to every house to testify to the blessing I have myself received and to ask their forgiveness for endeavouring to persuade them not to attend the service." He preached that same evening in his Mission Room with a new tongue, a live coal from off the altar had touched his lips. He preached Christ and Him crucified as he had never done before. His people were amazed and marvelled. He was raised up to be a living witness for Christ. His conversion made me forget the special trial which it pleased God should be mine during that Mission, and I recall with gratitude the many Acts of the Holy Ghost throughout it.

HOLY TRINITY, PADDINGTON, 1874

IN the year 1874, when a Mission was being held generally throughout London, I received a cordial invitation from the then well-known Vicar, Daniel Moore, Golden Lecturer, to be Missioner in his Church, Holy Trinity. The Church, with its lofty steeple, occupies a prominent site not far from Paddington Station, and in his day was very largely frequented. Daniel Moore was one of the leading clergy in the Diocese. He was the father of Aubrey Moore, who, to the great and abiding sorrow of his father, was cut off in the very prime of days so full of brightest prospects of usefulness in the Church of God. The whole neighbourhood of Holy Trinity has, since 1874, undergone a great change. Holy Trinity stood in the very centre of, and commanded a large and influential number of inhabitants who frequented Holy Trinity, St. John's, and other neighbouring churches. Since then, so great is the change of inhabitants that the district is called "Asia Minor." The church itself is fairly adapted to a Mission. It is lengthy, capacious, and galleried. The music in Moore's time was congregational, and good; the present Lord Chief Justice was one of the choir, as he now is at Kensing-

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ton Parish Church. I recall with pleasure the services of the organist. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the Mission. What have not some of us suffered at the hands of organists who have not entered into the spirit of a Mission? How often, after a solemn and serious impression has been wrought by the Holy Ghost on the hearts and minds of the people, which you would fain they carried away with them, has this been dissipated by the concluding voluntary? So incongruous, so discordant a voluntary, e.g., beginning with single notes on a trumpet stop, and breaking out into a flare of "trumpets also and shawms," as if we had gathered together on some festive occasion! How little serves to hinder saving impressions from becoming permanent! The organist at Holy Trinity used to take a front seat in the gallery near the pulpit. I invariably preached for a certain time to which I kept punctually, and as soon as he saw that that time approached he went quietly to the organ, and would play softly "O, rest in the Lord," or "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," or "Comfort ye." Far rather would I have no concluding voluntary, as if a congregation cannot leave service without one, than those I have too frequently fretted under. It is partly for this reason that, except on Sundays, I have almost stipulated, as a condition of preaching a "Mission," that I take the music myself. I notice amongst many of the letters which followed on the Mission requests for particular

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tunes I had played, especially those I set to “ Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing,” “ There is a Fountain,” and “ Nearer, my God, to Thee.” With reference to the latter hymn, I received the following letter :—

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

As one of your congregation on Thursday morning, I wish to tender to you my thanks for your truly valuable and instructive address. But pardon me if I venture to tell you how much I regretted that at the opening of this profitable service, the Deistical hymn, written by a Socinian, was sung. The tune is beautiful, and the music makes it a favourite, but I cannot describe the chilling effect produced by the felt *unreality* of the Perfectionist Deism of that hymn “ Nearer, my God, to Thee, e'en though it be a cross that raises me.” In this hymn there is neither expressed nor implied any reference to the only Mediator.

The authoress was merely expressing in that hymn her Deistical notions of human perfectibility—rising to a pitch of purity and self-denial to which apostles, prophets, martyrs never attain on this side of the grave. I am not in the habit of writing anonymous letters, but in this case I think it is better merely to subscribe myself,

A PARISHIONER OF HOLY TRINITY PARISH.

How different is the ring of that exquisite hymn of Cowper's :—

Oh ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

Here are no exaggerated unrealities—no sham expressions of self-denying purity.

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I was not until then aware that the authoress was an Unitarian, but I find in Dr. Julian's valuable and exhaustive book, *The Dictionary of Hymnology*, that she was. Several changes and additions have been made to the original lines.

The additional verse that my anonymous correspondent quoted was written by the Rev. A. J. Russell. Another addition is given in *Skinner's Daily Service Hymns*. Another by my dear friend of past days, Dr. Monsell—

And then on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky
Unto the Light of Life
Upward I fly.

Or another,

And when my Lord again
Glorious shall come,
Mine be a dwelling-place
In Thy bright Home ;
So ever more to be
Nearer to Thee, My God,
Nearer to Thee.

The late Bishop Bickersteth makes this note in his Annotated Edition of the *Hymnal Companion*. "The Editor shrank from affording a closing verse of his own to a hymn so generally esteemed complete as this, or he would have suggested the following :—

There in my Father's Home
Safe and at rest,
There in my Saviour's love
Perfectly blest,

Age after age to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

“In addition,” writes Dr. Julian Blunt, “to those alterations and changes, it has been entirely re-written by Bishop How; ‘Nearer my God to Thee; Hear Thou my prayer.’” It is evident that the original hymn has been regarded as imperfect on the lips of a believing Christian, and would justify what is generally regarded as a doubtful procedure, viz., taking a liberty with an original hymn by adding stanzas to it. The verse which my correspondent suggested is as follows:—

Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine;
Joint heir He maketh me,
Of the Divine.
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearest, my God, to thee,
Nearest to Thee.

I have before me a considerable number of letters of intercession, of personal and grateful thanksgiving to God, too many to publish, but much the same as testify to the grace of God, and an evidence of “Signs following” His preached Word. Out of these I select a few, that such as have never attended a Mission might care to read if only to be assured how the Holy Spirit works in individual hearts. And I close this chapter with Daniel Moore’s letters to me, one written before the Mission,

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one immediately after it, and the third in view of my reading a Paper on Parochial Missions at the Church Congress held at Brighton.

HOLY TRINITY VICARAGE,
GLOUCESTER GARDENS, W.,
February 17, 1874.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—

I am thankful to say all that I have yet heard of the impression produced by our mission is most satisfactory. Even some who were *cold* towards it before it began, are free to confess that they see hope of great resulting benefit now that it is over. I believe I carried the whole congregation with me when I told them, as I did on Sunday, that, to the last hour of my life, I should give God thanks for the benefit of your ministrations among us.

Trusting that you have not suffered from your wonderfully-sustained energy in the good work, and praying that, strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, you may be spared to be a blessing to many,

I remain,

Yours affectionately,
D. MOORE.

HOLY TRINITY VICARAGE,
GLOUCESTER GARDENS,
July 27, 1874.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—

I doubt if the results of our Mission, real as I believe, and enduring as I hope, are yet producible in a form that would tell at the Brighton Congress. Experience will have taught you that there must be great difference—in regard of defined and palpable benefit—between parishes *already* under the influence of active pastoral

and parochial organizations, and parishes where such agencies have been employed but sparingly. We had large congregations before the Mission; we have them still: full attendances at Holy Communion before; we have them still. The *first* Sunday after the Mission, did, I think, show an exceptionally large attendance; but in a congregational point of view I am not sure that I could cite anything more of definite result.

This does not make me the less confident of a large amount of accruing benefit to many from the Mission it was your privilege to conduct. The blessing, in individual instances, has been brought before me again and again, especially in connexion with Confirmation; the preparation for which, following close upon the Mission, brought out the fact that many young persons owed their first serious impressions to the services of the Mission week.

With regard to the deepening of the spiritual life in the case of many who were under the higher influences before—numerous as such instances were—it is obvious that results of this kind defy tabulation, and laugh all condensing and crystallizing processes to scorn. We know that such results *did* follow, and to the God of all Grace we thankfully give the praise. But they are not things for statistics.

Happily, you have a wide experience to speak from, and can be in no lack of telling, tangible proofs that the work of Missions is one of the most effective and blessed forms of spiritual instrumentality which has been evoked by the activity of our modern Christian life.

Believe me, dear Pigou,

Yours affectionately,

D. MOORE,

TIVERTON,
ST. PAUL'S, WEST EXE, 1874

THE Mission I was invited to conduct at St. Paul's, West Exe, Tiverton, during the Vicariate of the Rev. E. Baker, was one, not only greatly owned of God, but of special interest to myself. The Rev. Nevile Sherbrooke,¹ late Vicar of Clifton, and still with us, but at that time a layman, took part in it so far as a layman could. "There was no superfluity of language," writes one who took notes of the Mission, "but a simple earnestness in the speaker which could not fail to commend itself to the hearts of all present. His youth, his piety, his happy realization of the Christian life, evidently affected his audiences powerfully." Nothing could exceed the kindness, hospitality, and deep sympathy which it was my happy lot to experience all throughout at the hands of the Vicar and his sister, Miss Emily Baker. The Services were much the same as those I have held at other Missions, and the congregations were large and most devout. The one drawback to myself personally was the re-

¹ Rev. N. Sherbrooke before taking Holy Orders was an officer in the 43rd Light Infantry.

laxing air of Tiverton, and I owe a deep debt of gratitude to a resident physician, Dr. Mackenzie—since gone to his rest—for his solicitous care of me. In a letter following on the Mission he writes—and coming from one so eminent in his profession I greatly appreciated it—“It seems impossible to express our sense of obligation to you for your faithful and loving endeavours for us. The remembrance of your visit will endure in the hearts of your congregation.” The local papers gave long and sympathetic accounts of the Services. I notice that of late very brief and “scrappy” notices of Missions appear in local papers. I have by me newspapers in which whole columns are devoted to them; and beyond evincing local interest, the teaching and “signs following” were known and spread abroad, far beyond the town itself, and read with interest, in many cases to the help and comfort of invalids. In our present hurrying age, and with increasing demands on space in the Press, such lengthy notices cannot be looked for. I have a large number of very interesting letters lying before me, all and each testifying with thankfulness to what the Spirit of God had taught and revived in individual cases. I select one or more, but the letter on page 103, written recently by one holding now, and deservedly, a prominent sphere of usefulness, filled heart and eyes with tears of thankfulness to God that he had allowed me, and that not in this instance only, to be instrumental in raising up

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to His service an able and most acceptable Missioner. His letter cannot fail to be read with interest. I retain a souvenir of the Tiverton Mission of a very different character. Shortly after it had been held some old houses were pulled down near St. Paul's Church, and, deep in the soil, the workmen found a small metal crucifix with no date, but evidently old, with the inscription, *Souvenir de Mission.*" It was kindly forwarded to me.

Letter from the Vicar.

ST. PAUL'S VICARAGE,
TIVERTON, DEVON,
May 12, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your letter has just come to hand, and we are all so thankful that you reached your Northern home safely. You really now seem to be one of us, so firmly are you infixed in the affections of the people, that you are for ever identified with Tiverton—it may be a small, remote place, but many, many precious souls have been brought to a knowledge of Christ through your ministrations.

To thank you, I dare not, for I know you do not wish it, but I do most heartily thank our Heavenly Father that He led you to us to proclaim the precious truths you did last week—I can truly say that never before have I experienced so blessed a time!

O, my dear Friend! for all the good and blessing you conferred on us through God—may God now in richest abundance confer on you. I know it will be a comfort and consolation to you to know that many here are earnestly praying that the Mighty Power which

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you so faithfully honoured, may be by you evidenced and set forth even in a greater measure than hitherto it has been.

Words cannot express to you the pleasure it was to have you as a guest, and it will be a longing desire to welcome you again in my little quiet Vicarage.

My sister joins in affectionate regards, and ever believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

(Signed) ED. BAKER.

TIVERTON,

May 16.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am now praising God for sending you here, though my proud heart was stirred up by the questionings your preaching aroused. I could only say, *I hope*: but am now enabled to say, *I know*. The subject of personal and present salvation has been made very clear to me from different portions of God's Word through the Spirit's teaching. Having accepted the salvation offered it seems to give new life; sin is weakened; the fear of death is gone; I can look forward with peace and joy to the coming of Jesus; instead of uncertainty and vagueness as to my standing before God which was ever like a worm at the root of all my Christian profession. I trust to be able to confess Christ before the world in a way I have never done, but for this I need power from on high. Praying that you may be long a faithful witness for the truth, and hoping for an interest in your prayers,

I am,

Yours (now) in the best sense,

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TIVERTON,

February 1, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

I have been wishing to write to you for some time, but at first I was prevented. That wonderful hymn you sent me, written on those words inscribed on a print of the Crucifixion, has shown me more plainly than anything else what it is you mean by saying that “we work from life, not for life.” You mean that all should be done from the highest motives from love to God, not with the idea of anything to be obtained; that salvation is God’s free gift to us, and that we can do nothing ourselves to merit it. How it is I have been so blind as not entirely to grasp this before, I cannot tell: thank God, I do so at last. Looking upon it as a system of rewards and punishments, it has at times troubled me that God should give us selfish motives for serving Him. I could not in any way answer it satisfactorily to myself.

But thank God! He has opened my blind eyes to see that this is not the case: that I have been altogether mistaken; that the standard He has given us is far above and beyond that; that the motives He has given us are the highest and the holiest; that the more we love God, the more it must take us out of ourselves.

Great was the feeling of relief when I realized that salvation does not depend on any poor thing I can do. “Whose service is perfect freedom,” I understand that now. I fear it would be very easy for me to answer the questions the hymn contains—I have until lately done nothing, nothing whatever, for my Saviour’s sake, all I have at any time tried to do has been for my own sake from the wrong idea, from the selfish motive of helping towards my own salvation. Now I throw all this miserable self-sufficiency away, and come to the Saviour for all I need.

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TIVERTON,

May 16, 1874.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

How can I ever sufficiently thank you for your kindness and labour of love in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to us during the Mission week? It has indeed been a blessing to me. All is peace now. Old things have passed away, all things have become new. I cannot praise my God enough for this. The love of Christ, how great! And we so undeserving. It was so gloriously revealed to me. A bright light shone on the floor of the Chancel where I was standing: what I saw and felt is overpowering, indescribable: it humbled me to the dust. I might call it a foretaste of Heaven.

I told you at the prayer meeting all was peace before the evening service and I shall ever remember your loving rebuke, "Speak out, that others might hear: we ought not to be ashamed of these things."

Yes, as long as I have strength to do so I will. I feel that I must do something to show my thankfulness to Him who has saved my soul from death. I was speaking of this to a friend. She said, "It must have been excitement, you were carried away with it." Oh, no! I never felt so calm and peaceful.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

I feel I should like to write a few lines to tell you that, until this blessed Mission week, I never felt that I must first ask for the Holy Spirit before I could have my Saviour dwell in my heart; but now you have made it plain that without His help I cannot love the Saviour. I long to be a Christian. Oh! may God give me His Holy Spirit and renew the work that I trust He has commenced in my soul. I have two dear children, and these I earnestly desire to see walking in the paths of righteousness: but

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I feel until I myself have all my doubts cleared away, how can I be a faithful guide to them, or to my dear husband

Forgive me for troubling you, but I want you to see that you have awakened a longing in my soul, and I trust God will not let the longing die away. Please pray for me.

DEAR SIR,—

I take the liberty of writing you these few lines. Your words this week led me for the first time in my life to pray *to* the Holy Ghost, and since I have done it I would say, but with all humility, that I have realized His power upon me. I can now praise God for the overpowering convictions of sin I have and am experiencing. I hope it will be given you to know that many more of God's children have been strengthened and refreshed, and many dead souls brought to life through your ministry this week.

Yours humbly and gratefully in Christ,

DEAR MR. FIGOU,—

I must write a few lines to tell you how happy I am feeling. Last Sunday I felt wretched and indifferent. I attended all the services, and at last the true light came, God's Holy Spirit convinced me of sin, and I felt my great need of Jesus. I have given my young heart to Him, and He has received it. Oh ! pray for me. I need your prayers that I may be kept from temptation, and that I may always be one of God's dear children. Two years ago I had a heavy trial ; my young heart was broken ; but not until *now* can I see it was sent by a loving Father to correct a wayward child, to bring me closer to Jesus. To-day I can look up and say from my heart, " Thy will be done." I have to thank you for all this happiness,

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but above all I thank my Heavenly Father. I am only a young girl, but you have been the means of bringing me out of darkness into marvellous light.

Thanking you again, believe me to be,
Yours truly,

BOURNEMOUTH,
August 21, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

What you must think of me I can scarcely imagine for not having, ere this, granted your request in sending some results of that glorious Mission you conducted at my church last spring, and which I must ever look back upon with most unfeigned thankfulness to God.

And now to say a few words with regard to the Mission. When first, as you know, it was proposed to me to hold one in my Parish I looked upon it somewhat with doubt and suspicion, as I had not witnessed nor experienced any such kind of ministration before, for the excitement which I always feared must accompany a Mission I found to be equally distasteful to yourself, your only aim and wish being to honour the Holy Ghost and to leave the operation of your words to the working of His power ; and this I found you most fully did all through the Mission, and I must encourage you by saying that the result of that Mission amongst us has most abundantly verified the truth of the promise, "Them that honour Me, I will honour," for He has indeed honoured those faithful, earnest words that fell from your lips, so that we may say, as was said of one of old, "They were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." Whether we look at the newly awakened or at the revived and strengthened, the work appears directly to show itself as owned and blessed of God ! I could, at

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least, bring forward ten or twelve men chiefly from among the educated classes whose lives are entirely altered since the Mission. These all are now living very differently to what they were, and are not ashamed to speak to others of the change that has been wrought upon them, and some indeed have offered to assist me in the parish ! Such cases as these, my dear friend, ought, I think, for ever to close the mouths of those who speak against Mission work, or at least against such a Mission as the one you held amongst us.

But in addition to those whose change is so marked and unmistakable, there are also numbers of God's people who have been greatly strengthened and quickened by your presence here, and feel most deeply thankful that God in His providence sent you down to confirm their faith and to lead them to more earnestness and zeal.

As to myself, I feel that you have *very greatly* strengthened my hands in every way, for hearts on all sides I find now full of love and ready to carry on the work of Jesus with me.

I pray God that every parish in England may enjoy a like blessing.

With much Christian love, believe me,

Yours most affectionately,

EDWARD BAKER.

SUNDERLAND,
NEW CHURCH, STOCKTON ROAD, 1874

THE following letter from the Rector of Bishop Wearmouth sufficiently sets forth the condition of this important parish.

I at once consented to do as he wished.

BISHOP WEARMOUTH RECTORY,
SUNDERLAND,
February 23, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—

Allow a total stranger to ask your kind consideration in respect to a "Mission" proposed to be held here, October 25 to November 1, in this year. I should not under ordinary circumstances consider myself justified in imposing this extra work upon you, but my case is a special one. The borough of Sunderland consists of Monkwearmouth with about 30,000, Bishop Wearmouth and Sunderland about 90,000 souls.

As Rector, in addition to the old Mother Church, I have the charge of a second church in the southern suburbs of the town, which is attended by nearly all the persons of wealth and influence in the town. It is for this church that I earnestly beg your valuable aid. It is useless to attempt Mission work in a congregation of this kind unless it is conducted by one who will

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bring the weight of position as well as the influence of earnestness and spiritual experience to bear upon the people.

The Mission will be taken up in all of our parishes and churches, eighteen in number, and we look hopefully for some measure of the blessing which has been vouchsafed to such efforts in other places.

I shall await with much anxiety your reply, and remain,

My dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WM. COCKIN.

It has been of God's good pleasure to call me to minister chiefly amongst the more educated classes of society, and to such as would be fairly represented by the congregation at Sunderland and, I might add by anticipation, that of St. Paul's, Beckenham. The Rector accurately described the class of people who frequented Christ Church, Sunderland ; in some respects a difficult class to reach and interest. The people resident in villas in the suburbs of Bishop Wearmouth largely represented, not indeed a leisured class, for the men were more or less engaged in business, but such as looked forward to quiet retirement in the evening with their domestic circle, and believed in "late dinners."

All this is well understood. The hurry of our modern life, the increasing impatience of quiet evenings spent at home, the multiplied attractions to spend them in various forms of amusements are becoming destructive of domesticity and of home life.

However, it was not so in Sunderland. Night after night the congregation increased, and arrangements were made, in very many cases, either to alter or forego the dinner hour, so as to enable the villa residents to attend the services. I retain a most happy and grateful recollection of that Mission. The local papers were full of most kind notices, too personal to allow of my quoting them ; for to God and God alone be all the glory. But it is impressed on my mind and memory, from one or more striking instances of "signs following" the word preached. Conversing with the good and faithful Rector, long ago called to his rest, he remarked to me how God-owned the Mission had been, and how blessed to many. "Yes," I said, "and to none more than to your own children." "How," he said, "to them?" "They have," I replied, "both been with me and have, with much earnestness, surrendered their hearts fully to Christ." I shall never forget the scene. He fell on his knees. Tears of genuine joy were shed. "Thank God, thank God," he said, "at last their sainted mother's prayer has been answered. She prayed, and continued in prayer, for their conversion ; I have waited long, and the answer has come." God at once used them as He had never used them before. Both the daughters identified themselves with definite work. One laid herself out with great success for the reclamation of drunkards, and held a very large Bible Class for them. "My three dear children," wrote their father

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to me after the Mission, "are very happy and very earnest. The Mission has been indeed a blessing to them, and through them a rich blessing to me. There was previously all that a father could desire, with one great exception. I preached next Sunday on the 'signs following.' All here acknowledge the work of the Lord. His people give Him all the praise of it." And here I may comment upon what has in many instances come to my knowledge. I do not know whether it be easy or not to account for what has often happened in connexion with Missions and Quiet Days for the wives, daughters, and sisters of clergy. In many cases a vicar of a parish has been amongst the first to receive and acknowledge blessings received, just as the waters of the Jordan touched first the feet of the priests. In other cases an unlooked-for blessing has come to the wife, or daughter, or son of a clergyman. I am not thinking of what is not unfrequently a matter of surprise to many, that the sons and daughters of clergy, brought up in the atmosphere and environment of a godly home, turn out ill. You cannot hand down piety as you would hand down some heirloom, for piety is strictly personal. Fuller, in his *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, puts this in his own quaint way—

"Lord, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations.

“1. Roboam begat Abia ; that is, a bad father begat a bad son.

“2. Abia begat Asa ; that is, a bad father a good son.”

“3. Asa begat Josaphat ; that is, a good father a bad son.”

“4. Josaphat begat Joram ; that is, a good father a good son.

“I see, Lord, from hence, that my father’s piety cannot be entailed ; that is bad news for me. But I also see, that actual impiety is not always hereditary ; that is good news for my son.”

I have rather in view, say, a woman who has married a clergyman and in one sense has married his work. Before her marriage her life was different, and of a sudden it has perhaps to be changed for very example’s sake. She becomes committed to her husband’s work and has reluctantly to conform to it. This is conceivable and possible because she has never surrendered her heart and will to God. What she does is undertaken rather of necessity than of devotion and love. A daughter or son may have a sense of duty, and to a certain extent from kindly interest may identify themselves with their father’s parish in different ways, but it is not from the highest motive, the constraining love of Christ. Shall I be misunderstood if I say it is from a professional point of view, rather than from a real love of Christ’s work ? Their father is the Vicar of the parish, and this forbids them being and doing as

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they see hundreds of their own age are doing. They have to forego much which others, under apparently no such obligation, freely enjoy. To such a Mission is a time of very deep heart probing, and as letters in my possession prove, they sorrowfully confess that until the Mission they did not work from the pure and highest motive, and have never really consecrated themselves to Christ. It is a conviction borne in upon them for which they were not altogether unprepared, inasmuch as work undertaken without a special call to it, and which makes demand on time which, if they had their way, could be more happily spent, can never bring to the workers that restful feeling that we are doing what is well pleasing to God. I could fill a small volume with letters that have been written to me confessing that work such as Sunday-school teaching, or visiting, or conducting a Bible Class, was undertaken more because they were sons and daughters of clergy than "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty." Few but they who have had large experience of Mission work and of those "signs following" the Word preached when it deals with motive, would believe how many are led by the Spirit of God to see that the heart all the while has not been right in the sight of God. Work to which we are clearly called is always more owned and blessed than when there is no clear consciousness of a "call." "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should bring

forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." It is not first service and then life; it is first life and then service. We do not work that we may be saved, but we work because we are reconciled to God.

I have yet another abiding recollection of this Mission. A girl, after much persuasion, attended it. To put it in her own words, she said, "She would come for a lark." What she expected I know not, I only know that the Spirit of God wrought mightily in her heart at that service. She gave herself, body, soul and spirit, to Him who, she was given to see, "loved her and gave Himself for her." She followed me to Doncaster, and became one of my most faithful and devoted workers until God, in her early life, called her to Himself for some higher work above.

Yet another recollection I record for the sake of all earnest workers, who often, in proportion to their earnestness, long for and are impatient to see results, which we cannot command and which we must leave to God. Two sisters regularly attended the services. One had great joy and peace in believing. She was overwhelmed with a sense of redeeming love. Her sister, partly because of a different temperament, being more of the Mary than the Martha type, expressed little or no such vivid feeling and ecstatic joy. It troubled her sister, who would fain it had been otherwise. But the seed sown brought forth its fruit. It was sown in the soil of an honest and good heart. The bread was cast

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on the waters to be found after many days. On her deathbed she requested her sister to write to me to tell me that the truths she heard during those ten days not only took root, but brought forth the fruit of joy and believing as she passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

Who will say that "signs" are not still following on the preaching of the Word.

I append one or two out of a large number of letters.

From a Clergyman.

MY DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

One good result has been to draw us all more closely together, which one feels to be a great blessing. I myself feel deeply thankful to Almighty God for the effect of the Mission in my own case, and you have my daily prayer for a blessing on you, yours, and your work.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

November 1, 1874,

All Saints' Day.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

Though you may not remember my name, still I cannot address you as a stranger, for I feel that I owe more to you, through God's mercy, than to any one on earth. My heart has been very full to-day, and before I lie down to-night I do want to thank you again and again for making me that morning say those words about giving my heart to God, for it has given me a feeling of restfulness I never had before. I shall never

forget those words of yours which went so home to me—
“Believing is not working, it is ceasing to work.”

I will not trouble you with more, I only wanted to say how I shall thank God every day of my life for you, and pray Him to bless you. And do pray for me, that when my old temptations and doubts come back again God will help and strengthen me.

And believe me,

Yours very, very gratefully,

SUNDERLAND,

November 4, 1874.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

You asked me to write to you, and it is with the deepest feelings of new-found joy and happiness that I do so. I want to tell you exactly, looking to the help of the Holy Spirit, how that feeling came to me, because it is so real, so true, and also to give you one more proof of the power of God's Word faithfully preached.

I went to the Mission Service doubtful of it being of any special service to me. Insensible of my need of a Saviour's love, your sermon impressed me rather strangely. I felt conscience-stricken, having lived for my own pleasure, with a wish to act rightly from motives of duty, and a little self-satisfaction.

Afterwards that earnest, crowded congregation, the still awe of those After-meetings, I felt sure God's Spirit must be there. I went away sad, yet the feeling increasing in me that there was something deeper which I must get at. I prayed all day very, very earnestly, and I asked you to pray that I might feel my sins, and the love of Jesus, and as I knelt down beside you I felt quite sure that God's Spirit was with you, and therefore very near to me. As I said those words which you, from God,

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put into my mouth, "I give my heart to Jesus); Lord, take it and make it thine." With those words heaven opened, and I saw all that love, so great, so real, and I almost heard Jesus saying to me, "My sufferings and death were not in vain for thee."

To tell you I shed tears all day would give you a poor description of my joy. I must tell it to others that they may feel the same happiness, and not boastingly would I tell you that there are some hearts in this house praying for it.

I would ask of you one thing at the same time, to pray that this joy may not give me too much self-confidence, but a continual looking to that Holy Spirit Who first showed me these things.

With grateful and heartfelt thanks,

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

SUNDERLAND,

November 17, 1874.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—

You have laid us all under no small obligations. Altogether it was to me a wonderful time, and the most remarkable consideration about it for me is, how it came to pass that although I had sat for many years under most faithful ministries, I never before found myself so near to God. I seem to have passed into a new stage of existence, and have now more restfulness of soul, more of spiritual power, and more adequate conceptions of what my Maker would have me to be than ever I had before.

I cannot close this letter without trying to express the gratitude I feel to you for teaching during the memorable week. May the Lord be with you in an especial manner

in the work you have made more particularly your own ;
may He bless you and make you a blessing whitherso-
ever you turn your footsteps.

Sincerely yours,

EDINBURGH,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 1875

LITTLE could I have realized, when a boy at the Edinburgh Academy, 1846, that I would be invited to take part in the first Church Congress held in Edinburgh in connexion with the Scotch Episcopal Church. God was pleased yet once again to use me amongst the scenes of my boyhood life. The Congress itself, to quote what lies before me in the *Scottish Guardian*, May 22, 1874, was a great success. Some few of us were invited from England to speak or read papers. The present Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan), Bishop Titcombe, Dr. Cowie (the then Dean of Manchester), Mr. Aglen, one or two more whose names I forget, and myself were there. The subject assigned to me was Parochial Missions." Those who attended that Congress can never forget the interest excited. "When it was first discussed some hoped, some feared, shaking their heads as expressive of their doubts." "Throughout the utmost cordiality and good feeling have prevailed. We believe that every person present at these gatherings will ever entertain a grateful recollection of them, as having filled his mind with new ideas, quickened

and deepened his spiritual life, and inspired him with a stronger affection for the Church and the Truth of which she is the guardian."

It so happened that, during the Congress, Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding Services which were very largely attended, and there is every reason to believe greatly blessed to individual souls. The Bishop of Edinburgh (Dr. Cotterill), together with one or more prominent local clergy, asked Dr. Mac-lagan and myself to attend one of these Services, and to give a frank and, as far as possible, unprejudiced opinion about them in the light of our experience as missionaries. I think that we both came to the same conclusion. I confess I did not care for the sudden transition "from grave to gay, and from gay to grave," nor for some of the hymns, sung, it was to be feared, in many cases more for the sake of the jaunty and catchy tunes than for the words to which they were wedded. I hold that the hymns sung at a Mission should be as staid and sober as the addresses. There are certain familiar hymns which never can lend themselves to other than sacred tunes, and there are tunes which could not be associated with profanity. When living in Suffolk Street I attended one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Haymarket Theatre, and purchased at the doors what seemed to be a copy of the hymns which were sung at the meeting. The book was "got up" in precisely the same style as to binding and colour. To my amazement I found that certain tunes, e.g. those associated

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with "Safe in the Arms," "There were Ninety and Nine," "Hold the Fort," were here set to the most blasphemous and even indelicate words. The "Free-thinkers" had used this opportunity for ridiculing and profaning our most cherished truths. Now, this need not be. One cannot imagine tunes such as St. Anne's, Rockingham, Wiltshire, and many more I might mention, being set to profane words, or to such ranting choruses as, however "catchy," differ but little from those sung at a music-hall. It is for this, added to other reasons, that I always not only selected the words, but also played the tunes of the hymns sung during my Missions. Our conclusion and counsel was, that if the Scotch, proverbially staid and sober-minded, not easily moved or excited, could attend in considerable numbers this kind of Mission, why not have one conducted in Edinburgh on other and more Church-like lines? God forbid—for nothing is further from my thoughts—that I should seem to disparage or belittle Moody and Sankey's efforts. That God blessed those efforts to thousands is a matter of indubitable fact, and that many through their instrumentality were raised up to be living witnesses for our Lord. But I am thinking of the *methods*, despite and notwithstanding which such "signs" followed. I quote the following from the *Scottish Guardian* :—

"One direct result of the Congress will be, we hope, the establishment of a Mission, on the plan, though not of course on the scale, of the London Missions, which have been so fruitful of "good works." Such

a Mission, carefully and soberly conducted, in the spirit of the Prayer Book, and without any sensationalism or pandering to a love of morbid excitement, would, we are persuaded, accomplish much, under the blessing of God, towards restoring the Church to a healthier spiritual condition. The world is too much with us, and to arouse us from our apathy we need the employment of a special agency, in harmony however with the principle both of evangelical truth and Apostolic order."

In due time the invitations came. Dr. Maclagan was invited by Dr. Sandford to conduct the Mission at St. John's,¹ while I received a request from Dr. Montgomery and his good wife to conduct it at St. Paul's, being at the same time their guest. Nothing could exceed their kindness towards me throughout, and Dean Montgomery's sister came afterwards to Halifax to be one of my devoted and faithful workers there. Dr. Maclagan's work was greatly blessed, large and ever-increasing congregations attending his faithful and earnest ministry. I have before me the notes of a short address I gave at one of his "After-meetings." I mention this only to show the *entente cordiale* that existed between us ; no jealousy ! no strife ! no envyings ! The Mission was, in many respects, most interesting, and lives still in the grateful memory of some who attended it. Both St. John's and St. Paul's were

¹ The present Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Kennion, was Assistant Missioner at St. John's.

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crowded. It was remarkable how many Presbyterians attended our Services. These Services were as simple as we could make them. The hymns were thoroughly congregational. Apart from the matter of our preaching, the style of it attracted considerable attention, not to the prejudice of Presbyterian clergy, but rather by way of contrast. It was extempore and not fettered by manuscript. As a student in Edinburgh I used to frequent Presbyterian churches that I might hear some of the more famous of their preachers. I cannot now recall the names of more than one or two, such as Dr. Candlish and Dr. Muir, whose sermons were always thoughtful, but somewhat ponderous in diction and utterance. Dr. Guthrie was the only one I remember who preached extempore. I do not think my friend, Dr. Macgregor, very small of stature, of whom an American said "He was, for his size, the best preacher he had ever heard"—preached otherwise than from manuscript. We Anglicans were more colloquial. Our preaching was what might be called "sanctified conversation." Not a few of the Presbyterian clergy who were invited to meet me at Belmont—where as a boy I spent many happy half-holidays with Frank Mackenzie, Lord Mackenzie's son—were so impressed with the Mission that it was suggested that one should be held every year in Edinburgh. The local papers with one accord bore testimony to the sobriety and absence of all sensationalism. Whilst human hearts and the spiritual needs and longings

are everywhere much the same, I may allude to two out of many striking incidents in that Mission.

The wife of a very eminent surgeon attended the Services. She desired to separate herself from what she felt to be a very worldly life, and one out of harmony with her newborn convictions. Her difficulty was her husband, who not only ridiculed and spoke somewhat blasphemously of the Mission, but imperatively forbade her attending the Services. I heard—it may or it may not be true—that he used to scoff at the fears of the dying, and ridicule the idea of a future life. A year or two afterwards I went to Callander and conducted a few days' Mission there. His wife and daughter were there, and, not considering that the prohibition extended to Callander, attended my services. The Mission was blessed to her own soul, and to the conversion of her only child. The wife came to me and said she was more than ever resolved not to continue what she felt was a very worldly life, but what was she to do? I remember saying to her, "God has separated you and your husband for a little time. Make use of the opportunity. It will be easier for you, under the circumstances, to write than to speak. Write and tell him, as only a wife can, what God has done for your own soul, and for that of his much-loved and only child." She sat down and wrote one of the most beautiful, tender, touching, persuasive letters it has ever been my good fortune to read. It had, under God, its effect. I have heard that, instead

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of scoffing at the fears of the dying, he has been seen, after doing all that lay in his power as a skilful surgeon, to kneel down, and pray beside the sick-bed. I have many souvenirs of Missions. I prize none more than the four handsomely bound volumes of Spurgeon's *Commentary on the Psalms* as a thank-offering from him. Ships are driven into harbour by different winds. How marvellous God's works ! How wonderfully he blesses what is tenderly written, as well as audibly spoken ! How often, having had not a little to do with medical men during a Mission, have I thought what a power for good a medical man may be, and how great and special his opportunities, if his own heart be right with God, for "speaking a word in due season." I have suppressed names, for while she whom God so used has long entered into her rest, her husband is, I think, still with us.

Yet one more outstanding incident which made the Mission at St. Paul's to be remembered. A dear "child of God," well-known in London society, herself highly connected and with much to make social life attractive to her, attended the Mission. She was very deeply impressed. She felt that her life might be more worthy of Him Who had redeemed her, and the Spirit wrought mightily in her. I have been in the habit of distributing prayers and hymns in keeping with the subject of the sermon to people as they passed out of church. She came one day and asked me to suggest or find for her some work

for God. I remember saying to her, "Such work will be new to you, you must begin in some humble way, and take the lowest room. Would you mind standing at the door this evening and distributing some leaflets?" She at once consented to do so. How little did the people who received them at her hands realize who she was, or how and why she was there! She told me how struck she was with the serious demeanour of those to whom she gave the leaflets. Each and all seemed solemnized by the Service. She asked me the following morning to write some text in her Bible in memory of this her first experience of Christian work. Curiously enough, I opened my Prayer Book at the Psalms for the day, and my eye fell upon the verse, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the House of my God." To this day she signs herself in her letters to me "Janitrix." Hers has been throughout these thirty-three intervening years a truly consecrated life. One other was raised up of God in that Mission to help Mademoiselle de Bröer in her work amongst the Communists at Belleville, Paris.

Are not these amongst "signs following" them that believe?

I append one or two letters out of many which I received and with which I might fill a small volume. It is with the greatest reluctance that I destroy any such letters, all testifying to the blessing received in various ways during that Mission at St. Paul's.

The blessed effects of the Mission have increased our

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work in all our churches. I confirmed yesterday more than eighty candidates in St. Paul's, and the Dean said he never found his classes in preparation so full of interest and life.

Believe me,

Your ever most sincerely,

(Signed) H. COTTERILL,

Bishop of Edinburgh.

1, ATHOLE PLACE, EDINBURGH,

January 21, 1875.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—

I am persuaded that you share with me in the deep feeling, that the blessing which God, in His infinite mercy, has granted in answer to our prayers, yet far beyond all that we either asked or thought. The Mission which has just concluded imposes on us all new and very solemn responsibilities. We have already taken counsel together, in conference with our brethren who came among us from England, as to means for maintaining and furthering that spiritual work, to which their ministrations have, by God's grace, given so great an impulse. But I am anxious that the people committed to our charge, and especially those who have found so much profit to their souls from the services of the Mission week, should be at once assured that their Bishop and Clergy are earnestly considering how we may provide for them in larger measure those ministrations of the Word of Life which may help them to build them up in the faith and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I need not at present enter into details, which will require further counsel and consideration before they are finally adopted. But among these methods, of which the Mission Week has taught us the value, there is one / which I think it right particularly to commend to you, and calculated to promote the spiritual edification of

our people, and facilitate that personal intercourse of the pastor with the several members of his flock, which may enable him to comfort, encourage, and advise each of them as they severally need. I refer to the meetings after the Mission Services, which, with some modifications, might be, I am persuaded, adopted with great benefit to our people as an element, from time to time, in our ministrations. I shall very gladly render you, both personally and officially, such aid as you may require for this purpose ; and it may be expedient, that without unnecessarily fettering your own liberty, I should sanction some general scheme for these Meetings, which might tend to unity of action amongst us. But above all, in order that there may be more life and power in our ministry, we need (let us all remember) to live very near to Christ, and to seek the teaching of God the Holy Ghost, that we may both ourselves know, and more effectually set forth, that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. And to this end I trust that we shall endeavour, by united prayer and study of God's Word, to strengthen one another more and more for this holy and blessed work.

I would ask you to read this letter to your congregation during Divine Service next Sunday, and to request their prayers for us their pastors, that at this time we may be guided and enabled by the Spirit of the Living God.

Believe me, yours faithfully in Christ,
(Signed) H. COTTERILL,
 Bishop of Edinburgh.

From the Dean.

I have had already twenty-five applications for admission to Bible Classes. Truly there is great encouragement. May God give me grace to work according

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to His will, and the presence of the Holy Spirit to make my efforts effectual. I cannot be thankful enough to Him who enabled you to come and gave you power to speak to the hearts of the people—and to you for all your exertions among us.

January 13, 1875, 10.30 p.m.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

I cannot forbear sending you these few lines of grateful thanks for what in God's mercy you have done for me. I can truly say that last night was the birth night of my soul. I have long been anxious about my state, though, as you so well described to-night, my friends would all describe me as all that is good, my heart was bad. I spoke to you in the vestry after the 11 a.m. service on Tuesday the 12th instant. I read the prayer that you gave me, "Lord, that mine eyes may be opened," in the church; and on returning from evening prayer and that happy "After-meeting," I knelt down for long and prayed fervently, examining myself and wrestling in prayer till it almost seemed more than my strength could bear. And then, as if my whole life was leaving me, the words burst forth, "Lord, I give Thee my heart: do with me as Thou wilt." I can say now, "I know in whom I have believed." In the morning at private prayers, when I came to the words "the fellowship of the Holy Ghost," it seemed to come home to me with wonderful force and reality and to calm my trouble, for I did not sleep all night except for about an hour, waiting and watching for the promised light of peace. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" is the first feeling of gratitude for mercies received which prompts the cry. God bless and prosper you wherever you go, and give you a large harvest of souls, and may you be refreshed and strengthened in your labour of love.

Faithfully and gratefully yours,

MY DEAR SIR,—

I feel myself impelled from gratitude to God, and to you as His instrument, to bear testimony by this letter to the blessing my soul has received during this week. I was enabled by His Spirit to accept Jesus twelve years ago, when I was nineteen. I remember the very spot where I stood, and how by a question asked by me and answered by God's servant, the light broke into my soul as it never had done before, my Bible seemed a new Book. For several years my love and zeal for Christ were warm and active, but latterly I have been, *and I know it* (in all the sorrow and bitterness of the thought), a lukewarm Christian, one whose "light has been far greater than her life."

For a year past I have been praying earnestly for greater holiness of life, and I asked God to do it in any way He saw to be needful, and to give me strength to bear the way. The answer came, as I least expected it—He took my loved and devoted husband, nearly five months ago—and in my terrible loneliness and grief He brought me very near to Himself. Still there seemed a want, and I cannot but feel that this week was the answer to my prayers. That evening address on "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" was what I needed; and, God helping me, it is my determination, with entire dependence on His Holy Spirit, to be no longer a lukewarm, half-hearted Christian, but a more faithful, loving, zealous child of God, bearing (with His help) fruit that will endure.

That God will reward you, is the earnest prayer of a truly grateful soul.

EDINBURGH,
Friday afternoon.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

I venture to trouble you with a few lines to express

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my earnest gratitude for the counsel you have given my niece. For long I have been convinced she cared too much for the world, and that I ought to have been more decided in advising her myself, but as she was not my own child, I thought, wrongly I know, that I had not the right of a parent, and also that I had gone out to these amusements when I was young. I only wish I never had. And now let me say what happiness your Mission has brought to us. The matters you have placed before us enable me to see that I have been on an entirely erroneous foundation, "working for life, instead of from life." When I first heard of the Mission, I confess it made me unhappy. I feared it would be, if I may so say, a failure, the prejudice was so great, and then I thought if that was the case we should be less able than ever to do anything to advance the Kingdom of Christ: it was a struggle to me to speak at all hopefully about it.

Again I thank you for all your kindness to us, and beg to remain,

Very gratefully yours,

January 22, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—

I write as one of those who were privileged to spend a few quiet, most solemn minutes alone with you in the vestry of St. Paul's ten days ago.

Those few minutes are to me a most precious remembrance, and I do thank you with my whole heart for the kind, tender words you then spoke, and for the most earnest prayer offered on my behalf.

That Sunday morning, thanks be to God, the deeply solemn, convincing words you spoke to us as a congregation, came home to me, cold and careless as I then was, and I felt truly that my religion had, until

then, been indeed but the accident of birth and education, that there was little life, little reality in it.

This deep conviction made me very miserable, very restless, but after five days of great darkness, I thank our loving Father in Heaven, I was enabled, by the effectual teaching of the Holy Spirit, and in answer to much prayer, to see light clearly, to receive the blessed assurance that Jesus Christ did indeed die *for me*, a poor guilty sinner, and that I have received forgiveness of all my sins through faith in His most precious Blood, and I was enabled to consecrate myself soul, body, and spirit, to His service.

Since then I have experienced such an overwhelming sense of joy and peace, the whole world appears changed; everything I do seems to spring from a different motive; but oh, I feel how weak I am, how perfectly unworthy of myself, just as a very babe in Christ; but I do trust in Jesus, and in trusting Him all my doubts disappear, all my difficulties are cleared away. I find myself often asking, can this new-found joy continue? and yet day by day it increases and I know I have indeed obtained that "peace which passeth all understanding." What a deep inestimable debt of gratitude I do owe, under God, to you, dear Sir, in pointing me so plainly to the only way of obtaining that peace, and when I think how very, very many must have written to you, as I do now from a very full heart, I can only daily thank our ever Gracious and Loving Heavenly Father that you were led in answer to much prayer to come to us at St. Paul's, and to speak those most impressive words which can *never* be forgotten by me. May God Almighty grant you long life, and as He has so abundantly blessed your labours in the past, may He make you more and more a blessing unto many. I know I may ask you to pray for me, that in constant, humble dependence

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upon the teaching of the Holy Spirit, I may be strengthened to persevere steadfast to the end.

I must beg you to excuse, in kindness, the length at which I have written, and to

Believe me to be,

Yours always most grateful,

WOODLESFORD PARISH CHURCH, 1875

THE Mission at Woodlesford, near Leeds, which I conducted in 1875, was, in many respects, interesting. It was the first I had conducted in what was then a village, and the population small. The Vicar, the Rev. C. Hussey, evinced the heartiest and most sympathetic interest in the Mission, and, with his wife, did their utmost to interest others. The conditions and circumstances of the parish did not admit of or demand many Services, as in other more populous places; but the evening Services were always attended by a large and most devout congregation. The example and fact of Sir Charles and Lady Lowther of Swinington Hall regularly frequenting the services, with their households, was in its way a help, in proportion as their absence might have been to its prejudice. An incident I recall and put on record. I had been speaking of decision for Christ, of surrendering heart and life to Him. Before leaving the vestry after service I heard a tap at the door, and on opening it, a child of tender years entered and said to me, "I have been listening to you, Sir, and I want to

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give my heart to Jesus." I said to her, "Do you know, my dear child, what you are saying?" "Oh! yes," she replied, "I know that Jesus loves me." "Yes," I said, "we all know that, but you, dear, nothing more?" "Yes, I know that I love Him," was her reply. So we knelt down together, and I encouraged her to say, "Take my heart, O God, I give it to Thee: keep my heart, O God, I cannot keep it for Thee." Who shall say a child of nine years was too young for consecration? She grew from that time in grace as she grew in years. Her mother for some time wrote to me on the anniversary of her child's consecration, to tell me what a power for good her daughter was with her brothers and sisters. I have but few letters in connexion with this Mission. The Vicar writes in grateful and affectionate terms:—"I have not known how sufficiently to thank God for sending you to us. My whole life and Ministry seem changed, as well as the whole work in this place. May the Lord bless you, and strengthen you to do, under Him, for many parishes, what you have done for ours." His letters are full of the kind of evidence which a parish priest would most recognize of the work of the Spirit among his people, of some converted from the evil of their ways, some who had forgotten their first love recalled, and not a few "built up in their most holy Faith," increased communicants, increased members of Bible Classes, the spiritual life of visitors and teachers quickened. I append one letter in particular.

WOODLESFORD,
March 6, 1875.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

I feel I must write and tell you that I am rejoicing in the love of my Saviour as I have not done before, and that though I hope I was God's child before, and that that grievous temptation I fell into drove me so far from God that I doubted almost when I heard you whether I ever had been or not ; however that may be, I believe I am His now and shall be to the end, though Satan has sorely troubled me, and tried to make me think that my sacrifice was not a perfect one, that I had not come aright ; such a coldness and deadness came over me, and such seasons of depression that my joy has not been full ; but I believed it was Satan ; and I took it to Jesus and came out from His Presence strengthened. I am determined by the help of God that my walk is to be no uncertain gait, but a life wholly consecrated ; but I am so weak. I never felt my own weakness as I do now and my utter inability to do anything of myself.

It was a great encouragement to me on Sunday to have the honour of leading one of my scholars to the feet of Jesus. I do long to be, as you said I should be, a power for good. I cannot attempt to thank you for what you have been to me, but I can and do pray for you every day of my life, you have been so blessed to me always, always come in my prayers before the one who was the means of leading me astray. I don't think he meant to harm me, I wrote to him the same day I dedicated myself to God by your side, and told him what wretchedness his doctrine had been to me and begged him not to be the means of drawing aside another as he had done me. I feel so grieved and ashamed when I think of it, but I had been living so far from God before that I soon fell into the temptation. I trust it

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has been the means of drawing me closer to God than I ever should have been without seeing how incapable I am of standing a moment alone.

Believe me,
Yours gratefully and sincerely, _____.

PS.—It was a blessed week to this household.

WHITBY, ST. MICHAEL, 1876

DEAR Whitby ! What associations, what memories it recalls ! I have known it for some thirty-five years past, as an almost unique health resort, combining the sweet air of the adjacent moors, with the stimulating and recreative breezes of its open sea. I remember it in the later years of the then Rector, Dr. Whiteside. After his demise, Mr. Wigram, one of Dr. Vaughan's "doves," succeeded him, and amongst my most cherished friends is the present Rector, Canon Austen, who most kindly allowed me to do "what I liked" in my holiday-time amongst his people. I have preached in nearly all the churches at Whitby ; have held Bible Readings in the Iron Church, the only place available for Divine Worship until the stately and beautiful Church of St. Hilda was built on the West Cliff. By the Rector's permission I held service for the children of visitors in the Iron Church, and conducted, in 1876, a Mission at St. Michael's, in which my dear wife, and the late well-beloved friend Dean Hole took part.

Can one resist counting the steps, however

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often you may have done so, which "lead up to the quaint and most interesting Parish Church of St. Mary?" To quote the description in a local guide, "standing beneath the ruins of the Abbey presents one of the most remarkable examples of church furnishing which the Kingdom possesses. It has been compared to a 'ship's cabin,' but it rather suggests an old 'three decker' turned outside in, if such a structural exploit could be imagined." Given a fine Sunday morning and you may count on the presence of some 2,000 worshippers. Successive rectors have done well and wisely in making few or no alterations either in the structure of the fabric or the arrangements of the Parish church, or in the character of its homely and simple service.

There is abundant room and opportunity for all "schools of thought" in the Whitby churches, St. Hilda, St. John, St. Michael and St. Ninian. In view of the differing "schools of thought" or of the preference for diverse ritual, surely this is as it should be. The old Parish Church is true to its traditions, and, like its own weather-beaten tower, knows no change. I have often preached in it, and honestly confess it has been, in its way, refreshing, after the more elaborate service of a Cathedral, to hear the Confession said in the natural voice, the people "saying after me." To hear the Psalms heartily joined in, and some of the more familiar and "old-fashioned" hymns sung make one forget its "three," or more properly "two

decker." Greatly as one enjoys and appreciates the more stately and dignified worship in a Cathedral, an occasional change or contrast is acceptable. To compare great things with small, it is as welcome as exchanging for a while "apron and gaiters" for ordinary dress.

Whitby, like other popular seaside resorts, offers peculiar opportunities of ministerial usefulness, inasmuch as in these resorts there are "all sorts and conditions of men." I greatly enjoyed the Service in the Iron Church for the children of visitors. I personally much prefer them, where they can be held, to services by the seashore. I used to think that children might be left alone to enjoy sea breezes without gathering them together for singing hymns, hearing addresses, and fashioning churches whose foundations are of sand. My prejudice, however, exists no more since the testimony which I once received to their opportunities; and I ought to have remembered how often our Blessed Lord taught by the seaside, though His audience was more likely to have been adults. I had prepared at Halifax a young, intelligent man for Confirmation and his first Communion. Struck with his devotion as well as with his intelligence, I asked him to what he could date or attribute his first serious impressions. He told me that he was one of many Sunday-school children who went for their "outing" to Scarborough. There was a service for children on the sands, and some words then spoken took root in the soil of

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“an honest and good heart.” It was to him, indeed, seed sown by the seaside. I have many letters from parents who were visiting Whitby. The late Dr. Bickersteth, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, used to attend with his children, and after services composed some few hymns which, so far as I know, have never been published. The following is one of them. I had been giving an address on Proverbs ii. 15 : “Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.”

Winter is o'er, the rains are past,
The spring flowers deck the fields at last ;
And echoing love to songs of love
Is heard the sweet-voiced turtle-dove.

Come to me, for my grapes perfume
The soft air with their early bloom.
Come, my Beloved—Thou art mine—
And I would fain be wholly Thine.

I come responsive to thy cry
Into thy vineyard—here am I ;
But what, dear heart, are these that spoil
The first-fruits of thy costly toil ?

No wild boar from the wood is here,
Nor hard, nor lion's steps appear,
But prints of little stealthy feet
Have yielded bitterness for sweet.

Stray thoughts, and risings of distrust,
And words of passion's angry gust,
And secret pride and selfishness,
And sin that faintly whispers “Yes.”

So drive these far away, dear heart,
 Nor of thy fruitage offer part;
 For, if I claim thee for my own,
 Thou must be mine and mine alone.

E. H. B.,
 August 12, 1877.

I do not wish in this volume to import anecdotes of an amusing character, but I cannot refrain from telling the following. I had taken the same text and subject at a children's service during the Mission at Holy Trinity, Paddington. A lady asked to see me, and thanking me for the address, said that her young daughter had been greatly impressed by what I said, particularly by one remark. I told her how glad I should be to know what that remark was which so deeply impressed her child. "Oh!" she said, "it was what you told us, as among the habits of foxes *'that they were sly and sometimes hid themselves in holes.'*"

To me who have known Whitby for many years, it is in some senses no longer the same. There were no "spa," no "pierrots," none of the indescribable "racket" of the Whitby of to-day. It was a quiet seaside resort for those who in quest of rest after work, or seeking retirement because of some great sorrow, or recreation after a prolonged illness, found here what body, soul and spirit craved for. An entirely different class of people resort now to Whitby. The "tripper" element is everywhere present and many of that ilk spend little money to the

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benefit of lodging-house keepers and tradesmen. *Tout cela est changé.* The noticeable change is a result of the age in which we live. I very much doubt if it were possible nowadays to half fill the Iron Church, were it available, for a daily "Bible Reading"; a record of which and of the large attendance is given in the *Whitby Gazette* of 1876-7, which has kindly been sent to me. The short service commenced at 12 p.m., and closed punctually at 1 p.m. The Iron Church was generally filled. I took the First Epistle General of St. John. And here I would fain remark on the value of what some call "Instruction" and others call "*Bible Readings*"—I have good reason to know how the laity appreciate them—preceded and closed with a sweet hymn and a few collects. Opportunity is given for a leisurely and detailed exposition of God's Word. A Bible Reading is a sort of running commentary on a chapter or portion of a chapter, and has none of the formality, so to speak, of a sermon. I have often at Retreats and elsewhere recommended them to clergy, many of whom feel the burden and strain of preaching an original sermon twice a week, and even more. It does not mean less painstaking, but it saves manual labour and enforces a more diligent study of the Word of God, comparing Scripture with Scripture, and the use of marginal texts which so fully bears out what has so often been said that if the Bible is the best handbook for the Holy Land, the best interpreter of Scripture is the Scripture itself.

The Mission I conducted at St. Michael's was in some sense, if I may so say, abridged. It is more particularly the Sailor's Church, and was so conditioned and circumstanced that it had been wasted time to have any other Service than in the evening. My wife, herself Cornish, took the deepest interest in her successful endeavours to persuade the Cornish fishermen to attend, and they, with many of the working classes, filled the church. "Each evening," to quote the *Whitby Gazette*, "there have been large and attentive congregations, every seat being occupied, and extra seats placed in the aisles. A most solemn and holy feeling prevailed, and we cannot doubt that much good will result from the Mission." The congregation was not of the class that would write letters to you, but no one present could well forget the heartiness of the singing and the quiet devotion of those who so gladly and readily availed themselves of the Services.

Farewell to dear Whitby and its people !

DEAR SIR—

Let me thank you most earnestly for your morning Bible Readings. I feel as if I could never forget the solemn words of advice and warning then spoken, and it will be my constant and earnest prayer that you may always have the power to touch hearts as you have touched mine.

Believe me always, dear Sir,
Very gratefully yours,

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August 31.
Sunday night.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I cannot leave Whitby, as I propose doing early to-morrow morning, without expressing to you, as a brother in the Ministry, my thanks for your earnest addresses in the Iron Church and in St. Michael's. I sincerely thank God who put it into your heart to undertake those services. He has been better to us than our fears and has more than answered our prayers. We came here fearing that we should miss the earnest hearty services which we enjoyed here in years that are past, but He has permitted us to have the refreshment of many very edifying gatherings.

When I thought quietly over what you said to me, one thing puzzled me—"There is a great deal to be done," you said. But what *can* I do? I can't do *anything*, except pray to the Holy Ghost, as you told me; and nearly all day long, whatever I am doing, the cry is going from my soul—"That which I see not, teach Thou me." Do you really think I shall ever know peace and joy in believing? I have so often and often prayed for it, and tried to cast my soul on Jesus only, for I see and know I can never do anything to merit salvation. I do intensely long to realize the love of Jesus, and I want to know and love Him. Since I saw you I have felt more shut out from Him than before, an outside sort of feeling; but I thank God for taking away the want of earnestness, for I cry to Him now from a sense of *need* and read my Bible with a longing for a message. Am I in an unsafe state until I *know* that I am safe? I try to say that hymn from my very heart, "Just as I am," and try to believe how willing Jesus is to receive me. I can't think what hinders me from receiving the blessing others get. You spoke of

giving up the world: the pleasures of the world are no great temptations to me; its *cares* try me, but for the future I will endeavour to cast them more upon God.

Salvation is, I now see, full, complete and present, and to be realized only through simple faith in Christ as a living, loving, personal Saviour.

I pray God we may be all stimulated to increased zeal in making known the Saviour by a fuller sense of the wondrous love of Christ to ourselves.

Excuse my troubling you, but it may be an encouragement to you to know how much my wife, my children and myself appreciated and enjoyed the services which you have been conducting here.

Wishing you every spiritual blessing and grace in Christ Jesus,

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

MY DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

Pardon the liberty I have taken in thus writing to you; but I feel so thankful for what God has done for me through your means, that I cannot refrain from doing so. I have regularly attended your Bible readings and children's services, and it is by them that I have been brought to see my state.

I thank God for it, and now I truly feel a real desire to give my heart to Him, and I want Jesus to be by my side through life. It is what my dear father—whom I lost a little more than a year ago—prayed for so earnestly for me when he was dying.

Trusting and praying that we may meet one day at the throne of grace,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

August 28, 1877.

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WHITBY,

August 28, 1877.

THE REV. F. PIGOU.

DEAR SIR,—

We feel we cannot allow you to leave Whitby without writing you a few lines to express our *deep* gratitude for the addresses and sermons you have so kindly given during the last three weeks. They have indeed been most blessed and profitable seasons, and many of the Lord's children have been refreshed and strengthened, ourselves amongst the number.

Words fail to express how *deeply* we thank you for *all* the services you have held here. Praying earnestly that our Heavenly Father will bless you and yours with His best blessings.

WHITBY,

Tuesday Evening, August 28, 1877.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

Somehow I feel that before you leave Whitby I should like to tell you how very intensely we have enjoyed your Bible readings and sermons.

The dear Lord Himself, we know full well, has by His Holy Spirit through you His servant preached unto us many a cheering message, specially I may add to the "building us up in our most holy faith."

We long for more light on the Word, and doubtless He has in this way supplied our need.

I can assure you our prayers are most sincere for you, that He will abundantly own and bless your work, and that through you many precious souls shall be gathered in.

Again thanking you,

Believe me to remain,

Deut. xxxi. 6.

REV. F. PIGOU.

DEAR SIR,—

After speaking to you last evening, though feeling I sorely need a little help, yet I almost wondered what I should say to you. I feel all in a mist, and things seem cloudy and dark to me; my life seems to me nothing but failure. Prayer has become a burden, and the Bible does not speak to me. Religion lately has given me no peace or joy, though I know it must be my own fault. I have known much trouble all this year, but instead of it drawing me nearer to God, I feel it has left me fretful, indolent and faithless. I want to *know* that I belong to God, and that I am His forgiven child. I want to be *true* and *real*, but I feel I am not what my friends think I am; I have no power over besetting sins. I felt last night you yourself *believed* and meant what you spoke of.

h 26.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

_____.

BOSTON PARISH CHURCH, 1876

It has been my lot and privilege to minister in some of the more noble and spacious churches in England and elsewhere. Amongst these are Doncaster and Halifax ; and in cathedrals, such as Chichester, Llandaff, and Bangor. I am not now writing of such parish churches as St. Michael's, Coventry, Grantham, Newark, Hull, Beverley Minster, St. Mary's, Beverley, Sheffield, and many more, but rather of conducting Missions in such churches as Great Yarmouth, Macclesfield and Boston, where the congregations were to be numbered by thousands at a single service.

The Mission God called me to conduct at Boston lives in my memory. The Vicar, who invited me, the late Canon Blenkin, was a ripe scholar, a devoted parish priest, and throughout the Mission evinced a deep and prayerful interest in it. The magnificent church, so conspicuous in the surrounding Fen Country, with its beautiful octagonal lantern on the top of the square tower, known as "Boston Stump," gives the church a high rank amongst the examples of Gothic art. Of the tower, this is

said in the local guide-book : " Under every light, in sunshine or in storm, the open lantern is one of the most beautiful things it is possible to imagine, an ever new delight to those who live within sight of it." Its total height is 272 feet. The church is known as the Church of St. Botolph. St. Botolph is said by the Venerable Bede to have been " born " early in the seventh century. Here was founded a monastery in what was then a retired and desolate spot. The foundation stone was laid at a time when the prosperity of the town was at its height, and the pious gratitude of the burghers led them with much enthusiasm to begin this stupendous work.¹ In the midst of an agricultural district, much of which has, at great cost, been reclaimed from the Fens, the staple trade was wool. The raw material was sent to Flanders to be manufactured. The situation of Boston, in the midst of rich, marshy pastures, was very favourable to this particular trade. In the lapse of years, and the changes which years bring as affecting trade, Boston found it difficult to hold

¹ I notice in the accounts of the dimensions of large churches, that while there is sufficient difference to justify our saying that Great Yarmouth is the largest parish church in the kingdom, its area being 23,265 feet, Boston is 20,270 feet. It is larger than the area of Bristol Cathedral. I have in my study one of many cherished souvenirs of the Mission, a beautiful drawing, by one of the curates of the church itself, with his own conception of the mists gathering round the church and enhancing the beauty of the tower.

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its own; and though, during the present generation, great and to some extent successful efforts have been made to revive the trade of the town, it is not now with Boston as once it was. But the church, enriched by many endowments and gifts, remains a monument of the piety and zeal of those who built it, and of those who, in succeeding generations up to the present day, revere and are justly proud of it. As you enter it, it gives a sense of enormous space, and its internal arrangements adapt themselves admirably to a Mission. The congregations are well in front of the pulpit. There are few or no parts of it where a preacher with clear voice and distinct pronunciation may not be heard. Proceeding up the nave we come to the pulpit, placed against the first pillar from the chancel arch on the south side. It is a fine specimen of Renaissance work, dating from early in the reign of James I, during which a sermon began to be popularly regarded, as indeed it was until quite recently, as an essential part of every service. The pulpit had a sounding-board in the same style, which was removed in 1851.¹

¹ Apropos of "sounding-boards," as far as my experience goes, they do not help in carrying the voice, but rather suppress it. Light and sound obey the same laws. I had the sounding-boards at Doncaster and Halifax removed and utilized them as tables. Nothing is more conducive to the carrying of the voice than a pulpit with a pillar immediately behind it, as we have in Bristol Cathedral. It seems to me to "stand to reason" that the voice is,

At the evening services the noble church was crowded to excess, and Miss Hamond, of a well-known Norfolk family, had very large attendances at her addresses to women. I found much encouragement and help at the hands of Mr. Cheney Garfit and Mr. Claypon, well known and respected residents.

I recall one out of many instances of how the Word of God is "sharp as any two-edged sword, a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." I had been saying that many so-called religious people, regular worshippers and even communicants, have really no comfort in their professed religion in those crises of one's life when you would naturally

if I may so say, reflected. Never have I been more impressed with the oppressive inutility of a sounding-board than when preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral. The voice seemed beaten back with a perpetual buzz about one's ears. One reason why any one, with an ordinary voice, can be heard in Boston Parish Church, is because of the pillar immediately behind the pulpit.

I recall a remarkable instance of the success of the American system in the teaching of mutes. I was in Boston Church one afternoon as an American and his wife and grown-up daughter were looking over it. I conversed with the daughter, pointing out some few of the more noteworthy objects. The father said to me, "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for so kindly acting as cicerone to my daughter. I ought to tell you she is a mute, and has not heard a word you have said." I was indeed surprised. I said, "Is it really so that you do not hear a word I say?" and she at once replied, "Yes, but I know by the movements of your lips." She was a successful pupil of "lip language."

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look for and expect it. I said, "How should this be? Is the fault with religion or with the one who professes it?" I received a visit the day following from one who was present at that service. He said, "That remark arrested me. I have known sorrow, sickness and trial, and I have failed to find comfort in what I profess. I went home asking myself the question, 'Is the fault in my religion or in myself?'" He was amongst those to whom that Mission was greatly blessed, and I keep on my study table the copy of the Greek and English New Testament which he gave me as a souvenir.

God so owned that Mission that, if the work was to be carried on, I told the people on the last Sunday morning, that their good Vicar would need the help of at least two more curates. Boston, as I have already said, is not a wealthy place. The majority of the people have slender incomes. But to show how real the work, under God, had been, and how full of promise that it would not begin and end in mere momentary and effervescent excitement, the offertory on the Sunday following amounted to £405. Where the sum came from, save from grateful hearts, I know not. Apropos of this generous offertory, I have never had to appeal for expenses over and above what throughout the ten days have been voluntarily contributed. I cannot deprecate too strongly a Mission being made the occasion or excuse for pleading for money. It should, as far as possible,

be free from the thought that money was the object in view. I know of more than one Mission where the Missioner erred grievously in this respect, and to a large extent prejudiced the minds of not a few against it. If opportunity be given in boxes at the doors for free-will offerings, people will give if their hearts have been touched. Not infrequently I have had thank-offerings sent to meet expenses without solicitation or appeal.

I append one or two letters, and the leading article of the local *Boston Independent*, which shows what was felt in Boston, and the verdict of a Non-conformist editor. I have another souvenir of the Mission, besides the well-executed sketch of "Boston Stump" and the New Testament. It is a large folding-screen, of three folds. The material of scraps, from pictorial magazines, Christmas, New Year, and Easter cards, as contributed by the district visitors, and all cleverly and laboriously put together by Canon Blenkin's eldest daughter, now the wife of Rev. G. S. Streatfield, Rector of Fenny Compton.

Extract from a letter of the Vicar of Boston to the Churchmen of Boston, alluding to the necessity of more clerical help :—

It would extend this letter beyond its proper limits if other desirable results of the Mission were entered upon. An opportunity will be given for so doing in a short account, which will speedily be published, of the history of that happy and blessed season. I cannot,

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however, refrain from expressing here, however briefly, my deep sense of the value of that work, and my unspeakable obligation to those who conducted it with so much judgment, faithfulness and love. Never during a ministry of upwards of a quarter of a century amongst you have I seen such a season of general awakening—such “a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord”; and, while I bless God for its influence upon other souls, I should be thankless indeed if I did not acknowledge its blessing on my own.

BOSTON VICARAGE,
October 30, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I will not allow the day to pass away without expressing by letter what I utterly failed to express in the bustle of leave-taking this morning, my very deep and heartfelt obligations to you for all that you have done for us during the week.

Meanwhile, let me say that I believe the parish has been thoroughly moved—and in a way which it has probably not known since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers: and many, I fully believe, are thanking God for their own and others' share of the blessing.

BOSTON,
November 8.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I am thankful to tell you that we are receiving constant evidence of the blessing of the Mission. Our Confirmation candidates seem likely to be three times as large as they usually are, and of a very earnest kind for the most part, and I expect a very great increase in our Bible Classes also. A body of gentlemen have also met at my house and decided to have a curates' offertory on December 3, the result of which, I doubt

not, will be one, if not two, additional curates for the parish.

You will receive by the next post a sort of official acknowledgment of your services from clergy, churchwardens and representatives of the congregation. We might have got any number of names, but we thought this would involve a great deal of needless work, and that you would accept this as representing them.

With kindest regards from all here to yourself and Mrs. Pigou,

Believe me,
Yours affectionately,
G. B. BLENKIN.

BOSTON,
October 30, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—

Will you please forgive the liberty I am taking in writing, for I cannot help it. When you spoke to me coming out of church, I wanted to ask you to pray for me, but I couldn't speak. I didn't half feel how wicked I was, and yet I did give Him my heart on Friday; but it seemed as if I was so wicked, with such a wasted life, that I was so afraid God wouldn't have it because I didn't feel my sins enough. I was afraid it wasn't all right, that it was only the beauty, the poetry of religion, and that it would all die away like so many of the good feelings I have had. But all yesterday that verse kept coming in my mind, "The bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." Last night's service I shall never forget, and I see it now: it is not feelings, it is Christ I must trust to. I see the difference between "working for Christ and working from Him." "Making a god of one's religion," that's just what I've been doing ever

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since my Confirmation. Oh, sir! this love of Christ I cannot understand, it seems so great, so wonderful! Will you pray for me, that I may be kept to the end?

Yours most respectfully,

BOSTON,

November 13, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I return you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your kind remembrance of me, and for your gift of Faber's Hymns, which I shall always preserve in grateful memory of your visit to us.

I cannot tell you how much comfort your words of sympathy and counsel afforded to me in my state of despondency and doubt about my spiritual state. I felt *then*—after your words and prayers—and, thank God! I feel *now*—the peace and joy of the Blessed Spirit, the Comforter: happy consciousness of sins forgiven, and of a new life in God. I have tried to consecrate my strength, my medical skill, my means and influence to promote more and more God's work on earth. I know I have had strength from Him for this blessed service, and I pray He may keep me faithful to the end.

It has been, indeed, a time of refreshing, and men's hearts have been stirred by the Spirit in a miraculous manner. We are trying, in all sorts of ways, to keep up the good impressions left by the Mission, and I think our prayers and labours will be abundantly answered.

With grateful thanks, believe me,

Yours sincerely and obliged,

This is an extract from a newspaper:—

THE MISSION.

The Mission week has come and gone. It has swept over us like some fertilizing rain-cloud, that comes upon a thirsty and thankful soil; and we trust time will show this ancient borough to be the better for all the fatness it has been dropping.

What vast growths of mind, or at least what changes of history, the world has witnessed since the gallant missionary *Mayflower* sailed forth with that "seed of men," which was to shoot up into the mighty transatlantic race, who regard Boston with such filial devotion. Whatever their divarications of politics and creed, it was to Boston-stump that their piety gathered them to plant their Cotton Chapel beneath its sacred shadow; and all the men of the old Boston as well as the new are proud of the association. But if this is so—even with those whose faith, transplanted into a soil that fosters gigantic growths, is assuming an infinity of forms—much more do we, the people of the mother-place, not yet so shattered asunder as they, retain of sheer necessity an affectionate claim upon this noble, beautiful and venerable landmark and sea-mark, whose chimes play over us the holy hymns that enliven our labour and solemnize our leisure. The fact is, we are given to crowd beneath its fretted roofs and long-drawn aisles upon all great occasions. Men, now white-haired, can remember being carried upon their fathers' shoulders among the masses that thronged to the funeral service of that darling of the English people, whose death deprived them of a princess at the hour when she was giving them hopes of a prince. Again, we recall how dense it was with mourners when our beloved Queen was widowed of Albert the Good.

But all who can recount such solemnities aver that on no former occasion were the hearers so closely packed

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as on the evening of Sunday last. And what was it that brought us together? It was no national event, no public calamity. We do not perhaps write from a standpoint wholly ecclesiastical, but we simply make it our duty to explain as we can the facts which we are called upon to record; and if in ordinary times we now and then forget ourselves and write bitter things, which may wound, without our meaning it, the feelings of our brethren—why, are we not the more glad to do them justice and pay them honour when the occasion demands it? For the rest, let bygones be bygones, and let the time past suffice us. But what went we forth for to see? and what went we forth for to hear?

We are glad to feel it was no narrow spirit which was at work. The hearts of our people, Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, have been moved as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind. This has been no party movement. It is as honourable alike to the one as to the other. The latter have for the nonce merged their antipathies, as the former for the nonce—*esto perpetua*—have widened their sympathies. It may fairly be regarded as a kindly act of respect to the feelings, and of consideration to the freer manners of our chapel worshippers, that the wonted frigidity of Church forms was in a marked degree relaxed; and our varied readers may well inquire why, if the Church has all this while been capable of this elasticity in their behalf, they have been constrained to seek it elsewhere? But let us leave that question for the future to solve. It is not so much the spirit of the Church of England, as the indwelling spirit of the Church *in* England, which, coming up like a flood, swells, sweeps over, and effaces all our lowlier landmarks. As in an inundation the face of the country is laid under water, so that no man can say which field is his own or where he may

find it, thus it was with this vast sea of spiritual life which last week overwhelmed the population. Nobody asked who was of Church, who was of Wesley, who was an Independent, who was a Baptist; but all said, "This is God's beloved Son; hear Him." While this solemn tide flooded and filled the streets, lanes, alleys and courtyards of the town, skilful fishermen of the Master lost no time in doing His gracious bidding and letting down their nets for a draft. And if we judge rightly, the draft was something miraculous.

Well, the time of emotion—for we will not say excitement—is past, and the time of trial has come. We trust to see our town more pure, more just and more sober for all the good words which last week have been resounding. We hope to see our churches and our chapels more full of devout and earnest worshippers; and we shall be disappointed if we do not find many fresh faces of those who have come to learn the sweetness of religion and the blessedness of the service of Christ. These are the fruits that we may fairly look for, and we earnestly pray that this bread cast on the waters may be found in these after-days and in the after-years. We trust that the maidens of the factory, the men of the railway, the hands of the foundry—those exemplary men of iron, who esteemed the Word of God so much more than their necessary food that they gave up half their dinner-hour to hear it—may have become so possessed of the new life, that all with whom they have to do may take knowledge of them that they have been with—and are remaining with—**JESUS.**

If our name of "Guardian" has any meaning, we hold that we guard the best interests of our town by saying what we have felt it our duty and our pleasure relative to this mighty movement of the "Mission week."

BOURNEMOUTH, HOLY TRINITY, 1877

THE Mission in Holy Trinity Church in 1877, which I revisited in 1878, was one of special, I might almost say, of pathetic interest. The much-loved Vicar was the Rev. Canon P. E. Eliot, now Dean of Windsor, and he exercised a faithful and much-appreciated ministry for many years at Holy Trinity. The church itself is conspicuous for its bell tower, detached from the church. It lends itself peculiarly well to a Mission. Looking at the correspondence which followed it, I might make a separate volume on that Mission itself. Every one knows that Bournemouth is a favourite sea resort. I know from experience what it was to myself, after a very severe and trying illness, in restoring me, under God, to health and strength. There is, of course, a very large proportion of residents of the leisured class, and of these many are highly cultured and intelligent. I can never forget the midday celebrations of Holy Communion for invalids. It is for this reason I use the word "pathetic." No one could fail to notice how they bore the trace of suffering and weakness, and to

them this opportunity of communicating, with no long service preceding it, was a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The Bible Readings, being held at the convenient hour of eleven, were very largely attended, certainly more largely than I have seen in any other Mission I have conducted. Nor can I remember any larger gathering of servants than we had there. Masters and mistresses remained at home that their servants might attend the special services for them. I think some 800 were present. For them I used to speak either on the words, "I am small and of no reputation, yet do I not forget Thy commandments," or "Henceforth I call you not servants, I have called you friends," and endeavoured to point out to them how a servant might become a "friend," and how, as a rule, masters and mistresses valued one who had been many years in the same place, so that they were regarded more as "friends" than servants. How often, in pointing out to them how lowly service is capable of consecration, have I quoted George Herbert's lines—

All may of Him partake :
Nothing so mean, but for Thy sake
May not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery Divine,
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

I hear that nowadays it is almost impossible to arrange for a service for "servants." They do

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not like to be so classified or labelled. So great and marked is the change that has come over the domestic mind that if they do not style themselves "Lady-helps" they are impatient of what is certainly a name not to be ashamed of. "I am among you as one that serveth." One cannot but regret that the disinclination to attend a special service should exist amongst servants. It is a great opportunity for good and for speaking to them words of encouragement in well-doing, as well as of pointing out the special temptations which beset their station in life. I have, however, good reason to know that the services held in Holy Trinity were greatly appreciated.

In connexion with this Mission, I recall one or more incidents. Preaching one evening on the work of the Holy Ghost in convincing the soul of sin, and bringing sins of years gone by, unconfessed and unforgiven, to our remembrance, I heard a wild, hysterical shriek which penetrated the church throughout. It is the only time that anything of the kind has occurred to me when conducting a Mission. I felt that the only thing to do was to take no notice of it, and to continue preaching.

The other incident was this. The late Lord Chancellor Cairns, at the time a resident of Bournemouth, regularly, with Lady Cairns, attended the services. I had been saying how surprising, and even contradictory it was, that while many deprecated or disbelieved a "sudden conversion" as

possible in this present life, they did not deprecate or disbelieve it on a deathbed, that the passionate cry for mercy, which many of us have heard uttered by the dying, implied the possibility of a miracle of grace at the last. Lord Cairns came into the vestry to see me, and said, "I have been much struck by what you said this morning, and shall often quote it." I replied that it would be very encouraging to me if I might know what I could have said to one of such ripe Christian experience that could have arrested his attention, and that he thought worth while to quote. He said, "What you said is quite true, I never thought of that before." Helpful is such testimony, especially when it is given by those whose words are weighty and command respect.

I bear in my mind a most grateful remembrance of that Mission, and of all the personal kindness I received. I revisited Holy Trinity, January 14, 1878, and was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Dixon and his family, residing at Amber House, whose kindness and hospitality nothing could exceed. His two daughters are still with us.

THE BANK, WEYMOUTH,
February 12, 1877.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—

I trust that you have reached home safely and not quite worn out by the labours of the Mission and the sermon at St. Paul's.

I shall never cease to be thankful for having been

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permitted to be present during the whole time—for besides all the interest of the work among my people, I am conscious of much blessing received in my own soul. I have been strengthened, and refreshed and comforted, and taught. Let me again thank you from my heart for coming among us. I shall often remember you in my prayers, please remember me and mine in yours.

Believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

P. F. ELIOT.

BOURNEMOUTH,

February 14.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I cannot refrain from sending you a line to tell you what a blessing my soul has received during the Mission week. I have known the Lord now for three years or more, but was gradually getting into a state of great spiritual deadness. Thank God for the Mission during which He has brought me to a fuller knowledge of Himself and a more earnest desire for His glory.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

BOURNEMOUTH,

February 21, 1878.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

I must beg you to excuse me for troubling you with a letter, but I feel sure you will deeply sympathize with me when I tell you with great thankfulness I have been given to know that I am accepted of God, and forgiven. Need I say that the sense of pardon and security is very sweet to me! though I grieve to say that sometimes doubts come, but I make it an earnest

prayer that I may have more trust—and may I ask for your prayers to be added to my own for the same. I had some hard conflicts just before feeling God's great love, and I can only marvel I have lived all these years without Him, and been so blind to my faults and great sin. I shall never forget the night you spoke to me, and that I feel was the turning point in my life. One of the many assurances of my loving Father's goodness, is that He never left me, but time after time convictions came, which I have until now resisted.

The hardness of my heart is terrible to think of! but I cannot express the deep thankfulness I feel to God for having called me, and I pray that I may live to work for Him and show my gratitude. My earnest prayer is that God may spare you to be to many the blessing and help you have been to me.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very gratefully and sincerely,

_____.

February 9, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I would not venture to trouble you but that I am sure it is dear to you to know from themselves that you have helped any one of those who have attended your services this past week. On your leaving this place I cannot help writing to you to tell you how grateful I feel, and I trust that the Holy Spirit of whom you spoke so much will be with me and guide me into the way of truth, for from my early girlhood doubts came into my mind though they did not trouble me much then. But when, nearly three years ago, death took from me him who was dearer than life itself, it left me in despair, and my agony of mind and my doubts as to there being any future life ever since have rendered my life

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at times more than I can bear. I prayed and prayed for faith and hope, but it would not come, and my heart has been like a stone, and as if it could not believe.

I have led a worldly life, and loved all the things of this life till I was not able to enjoy them any more, and I have sinned very deeply, but have truly and bitterly repented, though it brought no peace with it, and I cannot feel that I am forgiven yet.

I cannot tell you how greatly many things that you said touched and softened my heart and seemed to lift a load of doubt and misery from me, and I feel very different now at the end of this Mission week than I did at the beginning, though still there seems a cloud or mist over everything. But I know that you will pray for me and all such as me, that the morning may break and the shadows flee away at last.

I knew nothing about Missions when I came here, but kind friends, thinking it would be good for me, asked me to come while it was going on. I only came because I liked the change, and then only went with them to please them. But after the first I went of my own accord, and when last night on going out you gave me that hymn, and said that you hoped this past week had been blessed to me, I was not able to answer you, to speak a word, or even to say "thank you," and it has been on my mind ever since to write and tell you how much you have done for me and how deeply thankful I feel to you.

I shall very often pray that you may help many miserable people like me, and also for yourself that you may be saved from weariness or sickness and any ill, seeing how hard you labour for your God in whom you trust.

MACCLESFIELD PARISH CHURCH, 1878

OF all the Missions I have been privileged to conduct, that in the "Old Parish Church" of Macclesfield was one of the most God-owned and remarkable. The church, now by the zeal and munificence of the good people of Macclesfield restored, is replete with historic interest. It was erected in 1278 by Queen Eleanor of Castile, and dedicated originally to All Saints and All Hallows. It is generally known as the "Old Church."

I conducted the Mission at the request of my valued friend the Rev. Canon Turner, now Vicar of Neston, Cheshire, and was much assisted by the effective and appreciated help of the Rev. J. A. Dibben, now Vicar of Altrincham, Cheshire.

The fine old and spacious Church was not, in its unrestored state, the best adapted to a Mission. It was disadvantaged by large galleries, but all this is soon forgotten in the actual conduct of a successful Mission. I never entered on one with such a feeling of anxiety, and, indeed, of depression. It was not from any want of faith, nor because of unmindfulness of promised help, but partly from a feeling

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that I was responsible for all the work that lay before me in a Mission of no little strain, a feeling so overwhelming that, to tell the truth, I would fain have withdrawn from it. All this sense of unworthiness and natural anxiety only made me cast myself more wholly and earnestly on God that He would grant me more and more of the help of His Holy Spirit.

There are not a few whom I know amongst the most earnest of Clergy who can understand, enter into, and sympathize with all I felt. I may not mention them by name, though, were I to do so, it is a feeling of which they need not to be ashamed. They have told me how "nervous," how full of "fear and trembling" they have been, when about to address a large and strange congregation. It is a healthy feeling. I would not part with it. It always possesses me when I have to preach on some special occasion. I have heartache when I see some young and comparatively inexperienced man enter a pulpit with jaunty air, or if not with that, yet with apparently one of self-satisfaction, and an absence of that feeling which should, at least, make us both modest and humble. Can you not, somehow, tell at once, without "judging" but "discerning," whether or not a preacher is "lowly in his own eyes" and awed with the solemn responsibility of speaking to others the Word of Life?

The congregation which filled the "Old Church" to repletion on the first Sunday morning was in

itself an inspiration and a "token for good." If any town in this world was ever "ripe" for a Mission, I should say it was Macclesfield, and this is no reflection on its faithful Vicar's ministry. He took all pains in preparation for it, and threw his whole heart into it. Thousands of earnest clergy, labouring for years in one stated place, sometimes sigh to see "results." They long for some special effort amongst their people, and are rewarded with seeing then results of their own faithful ministry to gladden their hearts. What do I mean by saying "ripe for a Mission" as fruit is ripe for gathering? I was once asked what I meant by saying that many of our people were "ripe for a revelation." It is really much the same as the saying of our blessed Lord, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." St. Paul was ripe for a revelation. It pleased God to reveal His Son in him. So far as his knowledge of Divine truth went, he was not an unbeliever. He was well versed in the Old Testament Scriptures. So far he was regarded as an authority on all questions touching the Law. He only wanted what awaited him on the road to Damascus, the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit so to teach him that he might preach Christ in the very synagogues in which he had more than once blasphemed that Holy Name. I compare, illustrate, this being "ripe" for a revelation by showing a seed dried up to a state of extreme tension by cold March winds. The April sunshine and showers

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quicken the seed and develop its latent life, as could not be but for sunshine and shower. To more than one well-known preacher, still with us, I have given an "object lesson" which they have quoted and used. I have in my cabinet seeds which I have had for some fifty years, "dry as dust," "desiccated," as we say. I place one on the stage of my microscope, and ask whoever may be looking through the microscope not to look away, but to be intent on looking at the seed. I let fall a drop of water on this desiccated seed, and instantaneously the pent-up spiral vessels of the seed are released and the process of growth commences. And yet, with "Nature's Teaching," you find many, if not ridiculing, yet gravely questioning the fact of "conversion!"

It is so with the individual, versed in Scripture, brought up from the cradle in the Christian faith, a regular worshipper, or communicant, a Christian worker, he has never "apprehended Christ" because he has never thought or believed anything more to be necessary. It is so with a parish, especially, I think, where the ministry has been one and the same for many years. There is the same voice, the same message. The congregation almost anticipates what their pastor will say. They become, to use a familiar, yet true saying, "gospel hardened." There is no considerable increase in communicants from year to year. There are but few recruits enlisted on the staff of

church workers. To put it simply, there is a lack of "life." Nothing short of the invocation of the Holy Spirit to come from the four winds of heaven and breathe over the dry bones in the valley can give that life. After a season of "preparation," of earnest prayer that God would pour out of His Spirit from on high, and water with His blessing the arid, thirsty soil of the parish, a Missioner comes. The prayer of many earnest hearts is on their lips, "Revive Thy work, O Lord, in the midst of the years, send a gracious rain on Thine inheritance, and refresh it when it is weary." The Missioner brings no new message. He preaches no other gospel. He may put "the truth as it is in Jesus" before people in a different way, but it is the same truth. He gives opportunity to all classes of people, e.g. short addresses at early celebrations, Bible Readings. He holds After-meetings in the quiet and hushed silence in which the voice of the Spirit is more clearly heard. He sees those who are inquiring, anxious, troubled, "faint yet pursuing." He prays with, and counsels them. He takes down the names of those he has seen and gives them over to the charge of their own parish priest. He urges them not to wait for more conviction but act on the conviction already theirs; not to make a Saviour of feeling, and to be always saying, "I do not feel sufficiently, I want to feel more"—for that is to make a Saviour of our feelings—but to trust; and in order that all new-born conviction, all stirring

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emotion may not be evanescent, he encourages them to take up some work for Christ, to teach in the Sunday-school, to visit in a district, to join a Bible Class, a Communicants' Guild, and to identify themselves with some one or more of the opportunities for help in any well organized parish. It is almost "marvellous" how people will respond to and act on the suggestion of a Missioner when they have heard, and heard in vain, appeals from their own parish priest to the same effect. The names of all who have been influenced for good are transferred to the Vicar for his care.

I may repeat what I have often said in preliminary addresses that the Vicar of a parish in which a Mission is to be held should bethink himself well beforehand what work he can immediately give to those who desire to do some work for Christ in his parish. In connexion with iron works and melting furnaces, the liquid, molten metal flows at once into the moulds of clay or sand waiting to receive it, and is then and there given shape and fixity. It does not do to urge people to take up work for Christ, and then, when the desire has been created and the resolution made, to leave them at a loss to know how to use and give effect to resolution or desire. I have already said that Macclesfield was ripe for a Mission and responded to it in a degree I have rarely seen. Tradesmen asked of their customers that they would make their purchases early to allow of their attending the evening service.

At the last service on Sunday evening, not only was the church crowded out and all approaches to the church blocked with people, but the police had to make a way for us through the throng.

The results, under God, were of an abiding character. One was additional Curates, and in its way, I am persuaded, it had not a little to do with the restoration of the noble church itself. It was a great joy and privilege to me to be invited by its then Vicar, now the Rector of Bath (the Rev. Preb. Boyd), to preach the sermons on the first Sunday after the restoration to crowded and enthusiastic congregations. May God bless yet more abundantly the efforts of the present Vicar and those associated with him.

I was the favoured guest of my kind and most hospitable friend Mr. Kershaw, who contributed so largely and generously to the restoration of the Parish Church.

RASTRICK PARISH CHURCH, 1878

RASTRICK is one of the many so-called "townships" in the immediate vicinity of Halifax. The Vicarage is one of the thirty-five in the gift of the Vicar of Halifax. The population is about 10,000, and is almost entirely composed—with the exception of such families as that of Mr. Clay, and professional men—of mechanics, artisans, and factory hands, whose hours of labour preclude the possibility of attending many weekday services. Notwithstanding, I was able to have a daily early Celebration, a Bible reading at 11 a.m., and the usual evening service. My wife assisted me in giving addresses to mill-hands, which were largely attended and much appreciated.

The Vicar was the Rev. J. Irving, who, because of enfeebled health, has since resigned, than whom no vicar was more loved, respected by and devoted to his people. No one who has not had experience, such as I have had, of over some twenty-three years of work in Yorkshire, can realize the warmth of heart, the "go," the earnestness of Yorkshire folk, not only in business but in Church matters. I

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doubt if there is anything like it in the more phlegmatic South. All the great towns are centres of physical and mental activity. The clergy are infected with or inspired by their environment. The different parishes offer opportunities of seeing work and gaining experience of peculiar interest and value to the newly-ordained. I have often been struck with the great interest the churchwardens of even small villages feel in the different parishes, the pains they will take to secure preachers for special occasions, the hearty support they give to their vicars, the liberality with which they contribute. Sunday-schools in the South can bear no comparison with the Sunday-schools of Lancashire and the West Riding, both in the number of scholars and the zeal of the teachers. It is as impossible for the Vicar to be a drone in the midst of so many working bees, as it would be for the people to tolerate a drone. Go into what "township" or village you please, you are sure to have a hearty service. The singing, led by artisans and factory girls, is a revelation of rich if not cultivated voices. The services are full of life. The people may be somewhat rough and "rude of speech," but that is their way. They must not be judged by that. It may take some time to find your way to their hearts, but when you have done so you find a warm place there. All this is true of Rastrick. The crowded congregations in the evening, and the deep interest taken in the Mission, have left an inefface-

n South

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able impression on my mind. Those who attended were not of the class who write to you after a Mission. But it does not follow that the Word was preached in vain, and that no "signs" followed. Results which, under other circumstances and conditions come to your knowledge, are not made known to you in the form of correspondence. I have but few letters by me.

I give part of the good Vicar's letter (page 281), and one out of some few to show in what direction the Spirit of God wrought in an individual soul.

HASTINGS, ST. MARY IN THE CASTLE, 1880

IN 1880, I conducted the Mission in the Church of St. Mary in the Castle, Hastings, doubtless so called in honour of the ancient chapel of St. Mary in the Castle. It is a capacious structure, and will seat some 1,200 persons. From its singular appearance it is called, facetiously, "the Dutch oven." The Vicar was the Rev. F. W. Whitfield, the author of so many of our best-known hymns. This church is one of those that does not in one sense "lend itself to a Mission," but as elsewhere, so here, when the Spirit of God works, you become oblivious and indifferent to the surroundings. The services were the same, the message was no other than elsewhere. The Mission was made the occasion of much preparation and much constant prayer. I append (pp. 283-91) a selection of letters out of a large number lying before me.

HASLINGDEN PARISH CHURCH, 1881

I CONDUCTED a ten days' Mission at St. James', Haslingden, during the Vicariate of its late much respected Vicar, Rev. Canon Champneys, son of Canon Champneys, who was for some time Vicar of St. Pancras, London. He has passed to his rest and is succeeded by the present energetic Vicar, Rev. A. Spencer.

My wife accompanied me, and assisted in the Mission, giving addresses to women daily, and on the concluding Sunday some 1,500 women came to the Special Service held in the Town Hall.

This is not the place for giving a history, however brief, of the comparatively old town of Haslingden, nor of different parishes into which the old Parish was divided in order to provide for the spiritual wants of the increasing population. The Parish Church itself is one of considerable historic interest, and has a record of much faithful ministry. It is situate among the East Lancashire Hills which are spurs of the Pennine Chain, and is 843 feet above the level of the sea. The congregation is composed almost wholly of the trading and operative classes, and but few really Church people now live in the parish. In view of the trading and operative classes

it was a Mission of much and peculiar interest. I have not by me records such as I have of other Missions, correspondence, testimony, etc., and must draw on my memory. I do recall that this Mission was, under God, a time of refreshing from His presence. We had every day, in one or other of the numerous factories and workshops, a short service from 25 to 30 minutes. The factory hands and employés readily gave up a portion of their hour's rest that they might be at the service. It was a striking and memorable sight. The noise of busy wheels hushed, begrimed artisans and factory lasses, joining, as perhaps only Yorkshire and Lancashire folk can, in our few simple hymns, all as attentive as they would be in the House of God.

How true it is that the field for the sower of the good seed is "the world"! How many, gracious, and varied, are the opportunities for preaching the Word! Down in the bowels of the earth with colliers for your hearers, out at sea in the fore-castle amongst emigrants, in prisons, in slums, in thieves' kitchens, amongst costermongers, in the open air where many congregate, in the streets and lanes of our cities, in life's byways and lanes we have these opportunities. I have spoken to emigrants on board ship, to navvies in the very heart of a railway cutting, to thieves and fallen women in their dismal lodging-houses, to gipsies and tramps, to many assembled on market-days, to prisoners, to the poor, aged and life-weary in workhouses, to volunteers

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camping out, to workmen engaged in church building or public works. I cannot recall any act of irreverence, or interruption, nor have I found any unwilling to hear the Word preached or to join in prayer. The reason is not far to find. There is a soft spot in every heart. There is everywhere a consciousness of sin and of the need of pardon. There is always, more or less, the ideal of a more true and better life. And go where you may, be the hearers who they may, the "old, old story" has lost none of its power, nothing of its adaptedness to the individual wants; none, I might almost say, of its fascination. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." How often I have known instances where, sowing the seed by the wayside, it has taken root in an honest and good heart; where the very circumstances amidst which it was sown, so novel, so free from formality, have arrested, attracted and pre-disposed the heart, with the preventing grace of the Spirit, to receive it, or some have been convicted and convinced, who for years perhaps never entered the House of God. Some erring feet have been brought back to the paths of peace, and many have given testimony to the power and reality of the Spirit-wrought conviction in altered lives. For all this God be praised. We know of a surety that it was so at Haslingden, and that whatever blessing accompanied the stately and more formal services in the Parish Church was not withheld from the simple services held in the workshops and factories of Haslingden.

PARIS EMBASSY CHURCH, 1883

How little could I have thought, when Chaplain of Marbœuf Chapel from 1856 to 1859, that God would recall me there after an interval of twenty-seven years and would “ordain” that I should conduct a seven days’ Mission in the very same Church which I had every reason to believe was to have been mine, the English community having subscribed £10,000 to secure my appointment !

The Mission which the then Incumbent, Rev. Mr. Moran, invited me to conduct was the first ever held in Paris. The very novelty excited both comment and interest. Extracts from the papers are evidence of this. The *Echoes from Paris*, a local calendar of Church events, gives a lengthy and detailed account of the services.

To have a Church of England Mission in Paris has been a longing for years : it is looked upon as a great means of gathering in scores of our countrymen in the outlying communities, and we are thankful that Dr. Pigou, whilst in temporary charge of our Church, i.e., Christ Church, Neuilly, should have been called to take such a Mission in the very centre of Paris, at the Church of the Rue d’Aguesseau.

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A preliminary service was held in the American Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, Rue Bayard, with a view to enlist the sympathies and co-operation of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

The Paris correspondent of *The Times* writes—
“An interesting service was held to-day in the American Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, Rue Bayard, as the commencement of the seven days’ Mission about to be held in the Rue d’Aguesseau Church, from the 3rd of March next, conducted by the Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., Vicar of Halifax. The whole of the Episcopal clergy and English Nonconformist ministers in Paris, and English-speaking pastors, were invited to spend a ‘quiet day’ together. Two impressive addresses were given by the Rev. F. Pigou, and the ministers of the different denominations received the Holy Communion.”

It is only they who have lived abroad and have come in close contact with life on the Continent, who know how difficult it is for our countrymen to resist and not succumb to the many temptations and seductive inducements to break faith with God, and to make light of His sacred ordinances. So many of our countrymen, as soon as they cross the Channel, seem to think that they are at liberty to part company with the restraints or the obligations of religion. There is an idea that what would be noticed and commented on at home will pass unnoticed and uncommented on abroad. They are not aware of or are indifferent to the impression made on the

minds of foreigners. How often it has been said to me in Paris by Roman Catholics, "If your creed is so much better than ours, and you are always condemning Roman Catholicism, why is not your practice better?" At some places of Continental resort, with which I am familiar, e.g., Homburg and Grindelwald, there is less to complain of. The same people who would "turn their feet from the Sabbath" in their own country would not be likely to amend their ways when they go elsewhere. The services on Sunday at Homburg and Grindelwald are largely attended, and when I volunteered to have an evening service at Homburg the church was filled with those who *faute de mieux* would have spent the evening at the Kursaal. I held one year a "quiet day" at Homburg for visitors, and all the services were well attended. At Grindelwald the English Church is conspicuous and capacious, and there is no lack of worshippers. If excuse can be made for the small attendance of English at Vichy, it may be found in the condition and situation of the only available place for Divine Service, shared with the French Protestants. When I took the Chaplaincy there for one summer, about twelve persons attended at the inconvenient hour of twelve, and from four to six in the afternoon. I dare not here describe the public "nuisances" which deterred some from ever approaching the church itself, let alone the fact that a "menagerie" was close by. I cannot but think it would be far better to hold a

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service in a "salon" of one of the hotels, than to invite and expect people accustomed to the dignity, order and decorum of our churches at home, to find their way to such a church (!) as that at Vichy, so unhelpful, so uninspiring in all its details.

Paris, with its gay life, its secularization to a very large extent of God's Holy Day, with the temptations to "do as Paris does," to discard and break away from the restraints and observances of religion at home, to go down to Versailles on Sunday to see the famous fountain playing, or to Chantilly for the race, or to other well-known places of resort on Sunday, is very detrimental to the spiritual life. It is, in very truth, a hard and difficult task for the local clergy to endeavour to "strengthen the things which remain, which are ready to die." How constant, how earnest, were the pleadings with our people to abstain from doing what could not be well pleasing to God, and which was a frequent subject both of surprise and reproach, and does irreparable harm to the cause of Christ.

In addition to a considerable number of "well-to-do" English who reside in Paris, they who come only for sight-seeing and a few days' residence are not aware of the numbers of English scattered all over Paris, e.g., young men and girls employed in shops; grooms and stable-boys in some of the larger racing establishments; Englishwomen who have married Frenchmen, or vice versa, All of these need some sort of "shepherding," visiting and

looking after. It will be easy to understand how many of these, through force of example and because of their environment, soon lose touch with all means of grace and become absorbed, if I may so say, in the ways and habits of the French.

It will be gathered from what I have thus far said, that over and above the faithful and unwearying labours of the stated Ministry, a Mission in Paris was even more desirable than in some of our English parishes; and though I have but very few letters following on it, I have good reason and great thankfulness to know that it was blessed to many individual souls. The *Church Times* made kindly reference to it:

I am happy to state that the services of the Church Mission here have been successfully carried out during the week. At the opening services, the Rev. F. Moran, the chaplain, officiated; but on Sunday evening Dr. Pigou addressed a very large congregation, composed mainly of young men. The early morning Communion have been well attended, as have also the special evening services. On Wednesday afternoon a service for women only was held, when the church was completely filled with females of all ranks of society, and an address was delivered by Dr. Pigou, which evidently conveyed a deep impression. A special service for men, also well attended, was held yesterday afternoon; and in the evening Dr. Pigou again preached the concluding sermon of the Mission to a large congregation. I understand that the services have attracted the attendance of many members of Nonconformist bodies in Paris, as well as Church-people.

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I have kept a letter ever since the Mission from my loved and valued friend, Professor Yeatman, whose wife is head of one of the most admirable schools at Neuilly for English and American girls, but it is too personal for me to publish.

I append one which shows the state of mind and spiritual apprehension with which some attend Divine service in quest of truth and peace.

The appended notice of the Mission may be of interest to those of my readers who are acquainted with the French language.

Le pasteur anglican de la rue d'Aguesseau, le Rev. Moran, organise une "mission" qui durera sept jours, à partir du dimanche 4 mars, et dont le Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., vicaire d'Halifax et chapelain de la reine, sera le principal prédicateur.

Le dimanche, il y aura cinq services dont un pour les jeunes gens et les enfants ; pendant la semaine, il y aura tous les matins, à 8 heures et demie, célébration de la sainte Cène ; à 10 heures et demie, court service avec explication de la Bible ; à 8 heures et demie du soir, court service, explication de la Bible et sermon.—Le mercredi après midi, à 3 heures et demie, sermon spécial pour les dames.

C'est la première fois qu'un effort de ce genre est tenté à Paris. En Angleterre, le système des "missions" est de plus en plus employé dans les Eglises anglicanes et les résultats sont en général excellents.

D'après la circulaire anglaise, le but de semblables missions est triple : 1^o atteindre ceux qui n'ayant jamais été convaincus et n'étant pas convertis, mènent une vie qui n'est pas consacrée à Dieu ; 2^o vivifier des chrétiens formalistes qui sont pour l'Eglise une source de

faiblesse ; 3° édifier les enfants de Dieu dont un grand nombre ne profitent pas de leurs privilèges.

Mardi dernier, à l'Eglise épiscopale américaine de la rue Bayard, le Dr. Pigou a célébré un culte spécialement destiné aux pasteurs et aux laïques ayant une activité dans l'Eglise. Sa manière calme et pénétrante, sa parole claire et convaincue, son sérieux intense, nous font bien augurer des services de mission qu'il va entreprendre.

Pourquoi n'imiterions-nous pas un jour ou l'autre l'exemple que nous donnent nos frères anglicans ?

DEAR DOCTOR PIGOU,—

From my heart I thank God for having sent you to Paris and for allowing me to have the great privilege of being three times at the Bible Readings. God has been very good to me in sending me comfort and encouragement just when I most wanted help. I am one of those who, having once known and experienced God's love and pardon, have again wandered away. I have let the things of this world take that place in my heart which Christ once held, and though I knew the way I have not kept in it. Ten years ago, before and after my Confirmation, I was very happy, but the last eight years I seem to have made no progress, but only constant backsliding. Now my heart is entirely melted with the thought and hope that perhaps the Lord will even pardon me and bring me back again to a realization of His most forbearing lovingkindness. At times during this past week I have realized fully how entirely unworthy I am, and how entirely loving and merciful He is. Will you pray for me that He will show me more and more my sinfulness and restore to me again the abiding joy of His salvation, and that He will give me in His own time and way, some small work to do for His sake.

May God give you all power in His Spirit wherever

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you minister in holy things, and give you a rich harvest of souls saved to glorify Him. May He spare you long to proclaim His truth, and when all your work for Him is done, and He calls you home to Himself, surely "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Thanking you again and again for the help you have given me,

I am, gratefully and respectfully yours,

One would join in special thanksgiving for the glad comfort and strength of God's Spirit brought through this Mission to a heart before weighed down with weariness and discouragement "because of the way."

DEAR AND REVD. SIR,—

I am seventy years of age and have led a life of sin and worldliness. I have broken all God's commandments, neglected every duty, and sinned against the clearest light, and now my heart is dry and withered like grass. I have no love to God, no love to the Saviour, and the horror I feel when I look back on my wasted life, gone beyond recall, as I fear, remorse and not repentance. It is dread of the judgment to come, and I can only think of God as a God that taketh vengeance on sinners, and I feel as if there could be no hope for me. I have often tried to repent and turn from my wickedness, but my prayers never seemed to reach the mercy-seat, and no answer comes to my cry of distress.

When I was young I was resolved that later on, when I had enjoyed the world and tasted its pleasures, I would then turn to God. Oh! let no one ever dare to make so rash an experiment. I am now old, and the time for repentance has never come, and I must soon stand before the Judgment seat. This the awful

sentence gone forth, "She is joined to her idols, let her alone."

I have attended your Mission services and felt improved for the moment, and tried to pray on my return ; but my heart is so hard I cannot pray. It seems as if my prayers returned to me void and empty. Indeed, I do not think, often as I have tried, that I have ever really prayed, great as has been my need to do so.

Will you, dear sir, pray for me ? Can you give me any hope ? Is it possible that such a one as I can ever be made fit for heaven ? I know that the labourers who entered into the vineyard at the eleventh hour received the same reward as the others, but they had not been invited till then, while I have lived all my life within the sound of the Gospel and have closed my ears to its call.

Have pity on me, and if you can give me any comfort I will bless you, and if my awful state can serve as a warning to the young not to delay repentance till it is too late, make use of it.

May God bless you in your work, and give you many souls to bless you for ever.

HORNSEY OLD PARISH CHURCH, 1884

THERE must be few travelling North by the G.N.R. who have not noticed the ivy-covered tower of Hornsey Old Church. The church was the scene of Canon Harvey's ministry for some years, and he was succeeded by the Rev. J. Jeakes, who was largely instrumental in the erection of the new and spacious church. At his request I conducted the Mission in the Old Church, and had a most able and acceptable coadjutor in the Rev. Canon Pulleine, now Bishop of Richmond. The Old Church did not lend itself, with its high-backed pews, to a Mission as other churches do; nevertheless, God was pleased to bless the Mission as He had done elsewhere. A considerable number of the residents were City men, with a fair sprinkling of people who are partial to Hornsey and its neighbourhood.

I have nothing very special to record of it, except that nothing could exceed the sympathy and kindness of Mr. Jeakes, and of those associated with him at the Rectory. My object in writing this record is mainly to show how the same Word preached in faith, and in the sought presence of the

Hornsey, Old Church 193

Holy Ghost, has everywhere brought about the same results.

Canon Pulleine wrote thus :—

“ It was a very happy time, and I have to thank you for an introduction to a kind of work which I have often wished to see. I am quite conscious of my own shortcomings, but I learnt a good deal about myself, as well as about Missions, during my stay at Hornsey.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

J. A. PULLEINE.

DUBLIN,
CHRIST CHURCH, LEESON PARK, 1884

THE God who has guided all my steps in life brought me back to the scenes of my youth as an alumnus of Alma Mater, and I conducted the Mission at Christ Church during the incumbency of the Rev. Maurice Neligan, D.D., father of the present Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand. This fact of itself was of special interest to me, it being the first Mission, conducted by Englishmen, held in Dublin. I give a list of the services, all taken by myself, from which it will be seen how great must be the strain on all one's powers; for I very firmly believe in one and the same man, where possible, taking every service, with the same message throughout, and the same voice delivering it. The services were largely attended by the *élite* of Dublin society, and under the happy and favouring auspices of the acceptable ministrations of Dr. Neligan. In one respect it differed from, I would say, every other Mission I have conducted. By reason of the standing controversy with the Church of Rome to which I have elsewhere

alluded,¹ and the apprehension of anything being said or done which might seem to "savour of Rome," I announced from the pulpit—giving my reason for it—that I would not invite any one to see me personally in the vestry after service, lest I should be suspected of encouraging "auricular confession," and imperilling the Mission by such suspicions. In my heart I grieved it should have so to be. Persons coming to you voluntarily is very different from being required to come. Our Prayer Book encourages voluntary confession. At some Missions I have seen and prayed privately with as many as thirty or forty persons daily. I do not know that I have ever subjected them to minute and detailed questioning. I have left them to tell their own tale of either wrongdoing or soul-distress. Why should not they who have some soul-harassing doubts, imperfect faith, or besetting sin, wearied and burdened with sore heartaches, be free to consult a clergyman with the same freedom that they will confide in their medical man all the details of their bodily ailments or infirmities? If it be a relief in the one case, even necessary to the physician if he is rightly to diagnose their state and prescribe for it, it is not less necessary or expedient that a clergyman should know what is the plague of every man's heart if he is to minister to them that are sick with soul-sickness. In how

¹ *Phases of my Life.*

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many instances, to my certain knowledge, have the few minutes' interview, the outpouring of a troubled mind, and the commendation of an anxious, inquiring soul in faithful prayer to God been the crisis in the soul's life! How many hearts are sad that God would not have to be sad, who from too much introspection, instead of looking away from self to the great Healer, have got into a morbid condition of the spiritual life! How many are constantly saying, "I do not feel, or do not feel enough," so that they make a saviour of their own feelings instead of making Christ their one only Saviour! How many are constantly trying to "feel" instead of seeking the convicting and convincing work of the Holy Ghost! What sick man says to his physician, "I am trying to feel ill"? How many are waiting for more "troubling of the waters," deeper conviction, more faith, instead of stepping into the pool, and acting on their present conviction, with a faith which, while it touches only the hem of the garment, is still faith enough to heal! A grain of gold is gold. It is at such times as these that the word spoken in due season is blessed of God. The advice not to wait but to trust is as balm of Gilead. I have known one who, overwhelmed with the sense of sin, was contemplating suicide. She had to see that her "godly sorrow" was the earnest of pardon. I have many letters before me bearing grateful testimony to what the private interview, advice and prayer have been at such a crisis, In how many a

vestry have sin-convicted souls, penitent and believing, been "sealed with the Spirit"! The testimony to what I write is such as it were almost to sin against the Holy Ghost to dispute or deny. In the large correspondence which followed from this Mission I have not, therefore, one letter such as I have abundantly received after other Missions showing what a personal interview has been to individual souls. And yet, was it not on the whole more expedient to forego, under the peculiar conditions of a Mission in Ireland, and especially in Dublin, what might give occasion for really groundless suspicions? I do not hold that these interviews with inquirers are essential, but I regret where circumstances make it advisable not to encourage them. That the Mission at Christ Church was fraught with blessing to many souls, the preaching of the Gospel accompanied with "signs following," one or more of the appended letters show. (See pp. 294-8.)

MY DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

Your visit last month, during our "Dublin Parochial Mission," to Christ Church, Leeson Park, has been honoured and owned by God. Inquirers have come into clearer light, wavering souls have been "stablished," tempted ones have found strength, those who have "fallen away" have been restored. They now allow a covenant God to lead them in His way by His loving hand.

In the name and on behalf of loving friends, whose names are appended, I ask you to accept this clock and to allow it to remain near you as a souvenir of those

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hours and days of rich blessings during the Mission, and as an indicator that we are all looking forward calmly and hopefully to "the day" when "time shall be no longer"—and as "the sheaves of the harvest" are laid at the Master's feet, "they who sow and they who reap shall rejoice together" to His eternal glory and honour.

Joined in every loving and holy wish for your happiness by your many grateful friends, believe me,

My dear Dr. Pigou,

Yours affectionately in the Ministry of Christ,

MAURICE NELIGAN, D.D.

Incumbent, Christ Church, Leeson Park,
Dublin.

NEW YORK,
CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST, 1885

THE blessing which has confessedly attended the Revival Movement of late years within the Church of England, and which under the name of a " Mission " has so quickened the spiritual life of pastors and people at home, could not fail to attract the attention and excite the interest of other Churches in communion with her. It was a true report that was heard on the other side of the Atlantic. The Episcopal Church in America, which can boast of many distinguished bishops and hard-working parish priests, had for some time watched the movement, and it was decided, after much deliberation, to have, as far as possible, a Mission conducted on the same lines in New York. I was amongst the privileged invited. Canons Wilberforce, Body and the late Dean Hole were invited, but could not go. Only five clergy of the Church of England were able to accept the invitation. These were the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, now Canon of Norwich, James Stephens, E. Walpole Warren, R. B. Ransford and myself. To this day the great gatherings of men at midday addresses by Canon Aitken are remembered as most

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remarkable. I received a letter from Dr. Morgan, inviting me to conduct the Mission in the well-known church in Fifth Avenue, "the Church of the Heavenly Rest." The congregation represented the *élite* of American society. It will interest my readers to see the "special reasons" which the local Committee gave "for desiring to have a Mission in the City of New York." These reasons cover all that could be contemplated by a Mission.

SPECIAL REASONS FOR A MISSION IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

1. A large class of well-to-do and refined people who have ceased to be, or never have been, Churchgoers
2. Formal communicants.
3. The irreligion of the young men of our well-to-do families.
4. The evils in the life of men and women in fashionable society.
5. The feeble recognition on the part of masters and mistresses of the need of Church attendance by their servants, resulting largely from a want of care for the spiritual welfare of servants.
6. The evils of Class Churches.
7. The evils which come from the instability of Church connexion.
8. The lack of opportunity for private prayer, consequent upon the condition of our tenement and boarding houses, and the fact that few churches are constantly open.
9. The want of definite, positive instruction in religious duties, and in what practical Christian living consists.

10. The lack of personal spiritual ministry to the rich.

11. The drain upon the minds, souls, and bodies of two classes: (1) of those who give themselves up to the demands of society life; (2) of those laden down with too much work—unfitting both classes for a healthful Christian life. Among the causes of this drain we specify: (a) late hours; (b) stores open late Saturday nights; (c) no Saturday half-holidays.

12. The religious deprivation suffered by the large and rapidly increasing portion of the population called to labour at night, in connexion with the homeless and the vicious classes abroad under cover of darkness.

13. The wrongs inflicted by employers upon their employés.

14. The lust of wealth, issuing in the manifold evils of unscrupulous competition; over-work, under pay, scamped work, and mutual enmity and discontent between employer and employé.

Very great interest was excited throughout the States. Many bishops and clergy of note came from considerable distances to attend the services. The leading organs of public opinion, notably the *New York Tribune* and *Herald*, published a daily record of them, and by this means information was diffused far and wide throughout the States. With the proverbial generosity and liberality of America I received a cheque for £100, to secure with the return journey comfortable berths, on board the *Oregon* and the *Aurania*, and a special request was made that Mrs. Pigou would accompany me. She gave addresses to women, which were largely attended,

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and held a "permit" from the Lord Mayor of York which, like the permit of the Prefect of the Seine, gives access to the inmates of workhouses, hospitals, penitentiaries. She was also overwhelmed with invitations to deliver addresses in some of the houses of resident leading citizens. We were the guests all throughout the Mission of Mr. and Mrs. John Glover in Madison Avenue, and nothing could exceed their thoughtful care of us.

Infinite pains were taken in preparation for the Mission. The keynote was struck by Bishop Potter—whom to know is to love—at the preliminary service held on Saturday in the Church of the Heavenly Rest. He gave an admirable address. Rarely have I heard words of greater sobriety and chastened thought. He had had no experience of a Mission, yet he did not commit the mistake of saying "I hope." His was the language of sober confidence. He spoke in the spirit of Joshua: "Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do great wonders amongst you." Every one present felt that he kept well and wisely within those limits which, while not representing all as *couleur de rose*, warns against regarding lively impressions, stirred emotion as the same thing as solid and enduring perseverance in well-doing. This would at the same time be a restraining thought on the part of any who might discredit or disparage a Mission, reminding them, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." A fellow-passenger on the outward

journey said to me: "We hear, sir, that you are coming to us to conduct a Mission. I do not exactly know what is meant by a Mission, but if it means that you are coming all this way to preach some modern views or latest theories, it is hardly worth your while taking so long a journey. We in America get all that is modern direct from France and Germany. But if you are coming to preach the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, you will have all New York at your feet." And so in very truth it was, for human hearts and the soul's needs are everywhere the same. The broad Atlantic, with its separation of nations, does not affect or vary these needs.

It were but to repeat myself were I to dilate in detail on the Services. All, except the early celebrations, were well attended. The one Service that seemed to me most to interest the people and to excite deep devotion was the Bible Reading. The Services for "women only" were crowded to excess. The evening congregations filled the spacious church. But the Service which the American Bishops told me most impressed them was the short Intercessory Service which followed on the Bible Reading. I encouraged those present to send in, anonymously, special petitions. These were read aloud and humbly presented. I have more than once dwelt on the office of the Holy Ghost in connexion with prayer, on praying "in the Holy Ghost," and generally have given a short address on Romans viii. 26-27. I encouraged

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the people to honour the Holy Ghost in connexion with prayer. It is interesting to know that the synonym for "making intercession" here used, is in the Old Testament "the Spirit of God 'brooded' over the face of the waters." The word translated "brooded over," and in the Greek "maketh intercession," nowhere else occurs in Old or New Testament. I drew attention to the words, "He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit"; that God the Holy Ghost would suggest prayer that would be "according to the will of God." The suggestion of the Spirit to one who "prayed in the Holy Ghost" would invariably be for God's best, not His second best, the *δωρημα* and the *δόσις*. The dowry and the occasional gift, thus paraphrased, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

I received daily from twenty to forty petitions. Some of them did not reach me in time to look over them. But so powerfully and really was the Spirit of God present that I felt confident that every petition would be a suggestion of the Holy Ghost. Not that it would have been wrong to have made the Intercessory Service an occasion of prayer for some temporal gift, but I cannot recall one request which was not for some spiritual blessing for self or others. Many were moved to tears on hearing them read, so touching, so tender, so yearning. I was struck, when conducting the Mission at St. Pancras Church,

how many petitions sent in were with reference to unbelief. I was equally impressed with the many petitions in New York which had to do with intemperance. I have by me hundreds of petitions. What these petitions proved was the presence of the Holy Ghost, How little do many clergy know, and perhaps would hardly believe, of the spiritual condition, aching hearts, yearnings and longings of the people who attend their churches, and to whom an occasional intercessory service would be the opportunity for making known the wants, and interceding with "strong crying" for those near and dear to them.

On the last evening of the Mission and its Service of praise and thanksgiving, many petitions sent in during that week were answered and prayers turned into praise. I took into the pulpit the petitions, and read in the ears of the people the direct and, I might say, immediate answer to them. "Never," wrote Dr. Morgan, "can we forget those Intercessory Services, those wonderful meetings in our church." I find it difficult to select one or more of the numerous letters in my possession, each and all bearing grateful testimony to individual blessings received, all of them showing that the Gospel of Christ is still, as in Apostolic times, the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." What encouraging testimony all this is to the promises of God in Christ in connexion with believing prayer, testimony to the presence of the Holy Ghost, in

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applying the Word spoken to individual hearts and in suggesting what we should pray for and how we should ask!

I cannot conclude the record of this most interesting Mission without making mention of the great generosity and liberality of the congregation of "the Heavenly Rest." Only once did I venture to remind the people of certain inevitable expenses connected with the Mission, adding that I was sure they would not allow the Churchwarden to be held responsible for them. In response to these few words the table in the vestry was "littered" with dollars and "greenbacks." In the course of my wife's visit to some of the public charities on Blackwell's Island—e.g. the Penitentiary, the Workhouse, and the Hospital—she noticed the lack of flowers with which to brighten the rooms and wards. She mentioned this in addressing the members of the G.F.S. The result was that she had to engage four men to carry the flowers, tea and fruit, with the money placed at her disposal. When I say that I was asked four dollars for a single rose in a flower shop, I quote it as an illustration of the generosity of the girls of the G.F.S. in New York.

I have many treasured souvenirs of that Mission in my home, but as further proof of the goodwill and kindness of individual members of the congregation, added to the thoughtful kindness of our host and hostess, I may mention that Mr. Leech said to me, "You have done me, under God,

great good. Have you ever been to the Niagara Falls ? ” On my telling him I had not, he added, “ I will take you and your wife there and back on one condition.” “ What is that ? ” I inquired. “ That you do not have a single dollar in your pocket ” : a condition easily complied with. We went and returned *en luxe*.

My valued, personal friend, Bishop Potter, writes thus after the Mission :—

“ You found all well at home, I trust, but do not forget that you have some spiritual children in New York, and come and see them when you can ! We are seeing fresh fruits of the Mission every day, and the morning of your visit will long live in our hearts as a gracious epoch in the history of our Church life.

We all send greeting to Mrs. Pigou, and I am,

Dear Dr. Pigou,

Yours very faithfully,

H. C. POTTER.

The Rector writes :—

MY DEAR CANON,—

I rejoice to tell you that the fruits of the Advent Mission are abounding on every hand. As you are aware, it is customary with us to send, year by year, about Easter, one or more boxes to some of the Missionary Clergy in the more distant parts of the States. But what I wished especially to mention is this, Mrs. Morgan and Miss Milton who have just returned from the monthly meeting of the “ Domestic Mission ” report that very many of the boxes this year are sent “ as a thankoffering for blessings received during the Advent Mission.” In

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our own parish the blessing has indeed been great. Our Easter collections amount to nearly seventeen thousand dollars. I have this afternoon received a cheque for \$500 from a parishioner towards the object which we had in view at Easter, viz., paying off the debt. We cannot be too grateful to God for His manifest blessings and to you, next to Him, for your ministrations.

The following is the verdict of a leading layman, a lawyer in New York :—

I am so thankful that the Mission has proved so great a success. We have every reason to feel that the work has been owned and blessed of God. Not the least important result that I, a resident in New York, feel is, that by its means different "sects," as you call them, are now feeling that there is more of the bond of union between us and them than ever existed before. If the Mission has contributed ever so feebly to the grand result for which our Saviour prayed, I know that you will feel repaid for all the share you have had in the good work.

Testimony to the same effect might be given *ex abundanti*. I have read with peculiar interest the reflections on the Mission on the part of outside observers, and the conclusions arrived at by those who have been much interested in the movement

ST. PANCRAS PARISH CHURCH LONDON MISSION, 1885

Two Missions¹ had been held, previous to the one I conducted, in the well-known and prominent Church of St. Pancras. One incident which occurred during the Mission conducted by Dr. Goe as showing the importance of having a band of workers who will go out into "the streets and lanes of the city," and compel those found therein to "come in" to the service is worth recording. The neighbourhood of St. Pancras, situate near one of the principal railway stations and many hotels, is or was haunted by "fallen women." A lady worker told off to endeavour to persuade some of these "unfortunates" to attend the service, accosted a young girl and asked her to attend on one particular evening. The girl's reply was, "Oh! I am too wicked"—probably, as in nine cases out of ten, more sinned against than sinning—"I am too wicked to go inside a church. I should expect the four walls to fall in and crush me to death."

¹ The first by Canon Thorold, afterwards Bishop of Rochester; the second by Dr. Goe, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne.

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The lady worker offered not only to accompany her, but on the impulse of the moment lent her the Bible which her mother had given her on her deathbed and on which she, naturally, set great store. After the service she lost sight of the girl in the crowd as they left the church. The following morning she was sent for hurriedly to see a girl dying in a neighbouring hospital. She had been wondering if she should ever recover her Bible. To her amazement she found that the dying girl who had been run over was the same whom she had persuaded to attend the service, and to whom she had lent her Bible. The girl's last words, ere she passed into her Saviour's presence, were, "Thank God, I did not die yesterday." She had found peace, and had realized the forgiveness of sins at that service.

One cannot exaggerate the importance of that careful, thorough preparation for a Mission, which, in addition to other details, secures "a band of workers whose hearts God hath touched."

Nothing could exceed the pains which the then Vicar, Dr. Spence, now the Dean of Gloucester, aided by his faithful Curate, Dr. Oliver, now Vicar of Ealing, took to prepare for and make it known. The Scripture readers' districts were divided into three great divisions, and these were subdivided into about thirty districts. Each of these was taken charge of either by the district visitor or some other worker, with a view of visiting every family within its borders. By this means it was hoped that, literally,

no one in the vast parish would be without a distinct personal invitation. Thirty or forty thousand letters, tracts, papers, and prayers were distributed in connexion with the Mission, besides copies of the special Hymn Book. No wonder that the spacious church was, particularly in the evening, crowded to excess with "all sorts and conditions of men."

Every one familiar with London knows St. Pancras Church and its neighbouring streets and squares. St. Pancras is of a very heterogeneous population, containing certainly an unusually large number of clergy, lawyers, and medical men. There are also thousands of dwellings in which reside the poorest of the poor, and hundreds of wretched hovels which entitle it to be included in "Horrible London." Within a stone's throw of the Church itself there are, or were, dwellings which, for moral and physical pollution, may vie with any other of the slums of London. Ossulston Street had some years ago—things are improved since—a very bad name as the haunt of costermongers and receivers of stolen goods. It was in that notorious district that I once officiated at the opening services of a new mission room, when my wife's brother-in-law, Mr. Haynes, was in charge of it. I have told elsewhere, how the "roughs" came in during Divine Service, turned off the gas, and let loose a bulldog upon us.

Few men in the Church of England have had larger experience of parochial work than the present Dean of Gloucester. His Sunday-

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school was probably the largest in England. I addressed some 3,000 Sunday scholars and their teachers one Sunday afternoon, and St. Pancras was the centre of great and varied Church activity. I cannot find space here to name all its mission-room clubs, Bible classes, penny banks, needle-work societies, services on Sundays and weekdays, for waifs and strays, every thoughtful provision for invalids, for many in deep affliction, devotional meetings, mothers' meetings, blanket and maternity charities, soup kitchens, etc., in the parish. There were frequent meetings for devotion, the Clergy were thorough evangelists. "There are," says a writer in the parochial magazine, "many things done in St. Pancras for which we look in vain elsewhere." In the heart of such a great London parish, so thoroughly organized, so conspicuous for earnest work, I was invited to conduct the Mission, in a church handsome and imposing, and attended by crowded congregations. We were not disappointed of our hope in the blessings which accompanied the ten days' Mission. They were the occasions of a great ingathering of wanderers to the fold of Christ. It was a time of refreshing to those amongst us who have set themselves to follow Christ. Prayers were answered "beyond anything we could ask or think."

I append a few letters, selected out of many. (See pp. 302-6.)

LLANDAFF, THE CATHEDRAL, 1886

AMONGST the Missions which I have been invited to conduct, few were of more interest than that which I conducted in Llandaff Cathedral, and, later on, in Bangor Cathedral. I am fairly familiar with certain parts of North and South Wales. For several years in succession I have, accompanied with a friend, gone to the neighbourhood of Snowdon on fishing excursions, and twice I have taken a locum tenency in the Island of Anglesey. I took a "Quiet Day" for Clergy and Workers at St. Asaph Cathedral, when the present greatly esteemed Head Master of Rugby, Dr. James, was Dean. I also conducted a "Quiet Day" at Brecon for Clergy. I have often preached at Carnarvon Parish Church in the days of Mr. Vincent, and have had several other peculiar opportunities of coming into contact with the Welsh Clergy. As a rule they are hard-working parish priests, and in many cases their work is such as we know not in England. They have four services on Sunday, two in English and two in Welsh, and are not a little harassed by the unfriendly attitude

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of political Nonconformity. I rejoiced in the opportunity, which conducting Missions in two of their cathedrals gave me, of practical proof of our sympathy with the clergy in Wales in their hard and handicapped work.

The Llandaff Mission was, in one respect, different from others. It was, in fact, a carrying out of what I have suggested elsewhere of a few days being spent in different parishes. To quote the Bishop of Llandaff in the letters he wrote to the Clergy. "Certain towns, to be hereafter selected, shall be the headquarters of the Missioners for a week, during which they will hold a Mission on the Sunday in the towns selected and on the succeeding days of the week in those of the country parishes around it."

The Bishop of Llandaff, Bishop Lewis, invited me to be his guest, and besides the services in the Cathedral on Sundays, I preached in the Parish Churches of Canton, Ely, Caerleon, Llanhenog, Penhow and other centres. Bishop Lewis asked me, in fact, to be his guest for three weeks, and to preach in different churches in his diocese with a view to judging, as far as one could, of the spiritual condition of the Church in Wales. Archdeacon Griffiths, the well-known Vicar of Neath, was disposed, if not to ridicule, yet seriously to question how any one could, in the limited time of three weeks, form an opinion on the subject. But three weeks thus spent by a stranger, without any pre-conceived

Llandaff, The Cathedral 215

pre-opinion, would surely give him, if not large, yet a fair opportunity of judging. The impression left on my mind after preaching for three weeks daily in different parishes, was that I could see no reason why the Church in Wales should be molested or disestablished. I often recall the "Quiet Day" held in Llandaff Cathedral for Lay helpers and teachers in the elementary schools. It was most remarkable. We had some seventy at an early celebration, and I addressed at that service and at two other times, very large and most attentive gatherings. Of course, Llandaff being such a small city, our congregations were chiefly drawn from Cardiff and neighbouring towns.

Wales

The services, as far as possible, were much the same as at other Missions. One of great interest we held for navvies. "Of all the services," writes the Editor of the Llandaff Parochial Magazine, "perhaps the most interesting was that which was held at the quarry. It was an interesting sight to see the upturned faces of the men as they listened to the Word of Life.¹ Near the preacher stood the Bishop

¹ I have generally distributed the accompanying "Rules for Daily Life," printed on a card, after addressing men at occasional services for them, especially, voluntary parade Services, etc.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

Begin the day with God ;
Kneel down to Him in Prayer :
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

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of the diocese, not the least interested spectator of the scene, and when the service was over his lordship, addressing the men as brothers, addressed a few words of kind and earnest counsel and encouragement, and then gave them his blessing."

To show how various and complex are the "uses" in a cathedral which, as at Bangor, is also a Parish Church, I had to have the permission or rather invitation to preach on Sunday by three different persons. I preached in the morning by invitation of the Bishop, of Dean Vaughan in the afternoon, and at night of the Rev. J. Buckley, the much

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there ;
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be ;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God ;
Thy spirit heavenward raise ;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to Him confess ;
Trust in the Lord's atoning Blood,
And plead His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep ;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

esteemed Vicar, who took a warm and sympathetic interest in the Mission. It might be asked, "Why say sympathetic?" Alas! many of us know that sympathy may be lacking where you would most look for it. Engraven on my memory is one Mission, I will not say where, when, coming into the vestry after the glow of a grand thanksgiving service, a clergyman in disrobing said aloud, "Thank God it is over."

The Bible Readings were, through force of circumstances, not largely attended. There were the "two or three gathered together," amongst them Bishop Perry and Dean Vaughan. And here I may, perhaps, without venturing to express an opinion, recall something that occurred during the Mission. When Bishop Moorhouse reluctantly accepted the See of Manchester, and left Melbourne, it was generally understood that Canon Thompson, of Cardiff, would succeed him at Melbourne. Canon Thompson was one of the best parish priests and ablest preachers in South Wales. So generally was this understood that he received presentations from his attached parishioners, and went, I believe, to Bishop's Court, Manchester, to confer with Bishop Moorhouse. The appointment to the See of Melbourne rested with a few trustees, and had to be decided, not by a majority, but the nomination had to be unanimous. Bishop Perry was one of the trustees. He refused absolutely to vote in favour of Canon Thompson, assigning as his reason that

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Canon Thompson taught consubstantiation, if not transubstantiation. In vain did the Bishop, and also the Dean of Llandaff, assure Bishop Perry that he was mistaken. Both told me they had done their best to vindicate Canon Thompson. I believe the real truth was that Bishop Perry, an old man, was not only physically deaf but also deaf to all persuasion! The reason I say this is because though sitting very near me at my Bible Readings he invariably, when they were concluded, came up to me and said, "I did not hear a word you said; you must speak louder." I reminded the Bishop that Bible Readings were different to a Mission Service in the nave, and did not require great loudness of utterance. From this I judge that Bishop Perry really did not hear Canon Thompson. Canon Thompson was not nominated, and Bishop Goe, who was present at the Mission, "reigned in his stead."

CAWTHORNE PARISH CHURCH, 1887

THE Mission I conducted in the ancient and beautiful Parish Church of Cawthorne at the invitation of the Vicar, Rev. C. J. Pratt, whose guests we were, was one that would be classed under the heading of "Rural Missions," and which has been the subject of not a little discussion. It might seem to be almost an undue expenditure of time and strength to conduct a Mission in a parish where, in 1901, the population, all told, was 979 in 228 houses. I have often thought that few things, under God, would be found more helpful, would more tend to godly concord, and to some extent would do away with the restrictions and limitations of small country parishes, if four or six of our country clergy should agree to have a Mission in their churches—not a Ten Days' Mission. They would, as it were, be knit together; and that the Missioner should hold services for two or three days in each separate parish. Such gatherings of the neighbouring parishes would unite the clergy and people in a "holy fellowship." They would be brought together for united prayer. It would be some corrective of unworthy jealousies

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and clerical sensitiveness. The "showers of blessing" would fall on a larger area. If it be objected that the difficulties and obstacles might *inter alia* be the varying "schools of thought"—e.g. one parish where the parish priest is "High," another "Broad," another "Low"—any man of good taste and largeness of heart would always take care that, without any unworthy compromises, he was always safe in preaching "Christ and Him crucified." Which one of the three "schools of thought" would take exception to ministrations which kept out of sight divergencies of opinion and things indifferent and sought only to win souls to Christ? I do not know if what I suggest has ever been attempted.

The population being chiefly miners and agricultural labourers, I could not have Bible Readings at eleven. We had a daily Celebration with short addresses. My wife, at their request, held daily meetings for women at different places at 10 a.m., and one for men only at Hoylandswaine, all largely attended. We had Evensong at 4.45, and the Mission Service with After-meeting at 7.30.

The good Vicar writes in his local Magazine, "The earnest, loving, devoted work for God among us will long be remembered in the parish."

CAWTHORNE VICARAGE,
June 25, 1887.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—

I could not trust myself to speak to you before you

Cawthorne Parish Church 221

left us of all that my heart was full, of all the thankfulness to God, and of my obligations to you and dear Mrs. Pigou. You have left behind you here a memory which will last for many, many years, and work for our Blessed Master which cannot but bring forth much fruit to His Glory.

Our services last Sunday were very well attended, and our special Evening Service showed the deep impression the week's Mission had made upon our people's hearts and minds. At each service, I took some words you had spoken, as I noted them day by day, and did my best to make it impossible they should ever be forgotten.

I had no thought in my mind that our week could ever be to us all that we, every one of us, felt it to be. Its influence is being felt in many of our cottage homes.

At each service I expressed in one way or another the peculiar happiness it had been to me that all your Mission teaching was just that I had myself wished to teach them.

For all you have done for us and our people, and for all you have been to us in our home, we shall for ever feel full of thankfulness.

Our Mission has given a happy subject of conversation in one's pastoral visiting: the heaven is working for good.

Believe me, my dear Pigou,

Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. T. PRATT.

BANGOR, THE CATHEDRAL, 1887

It was proposed by the Bangor Diocesan Committee that a Mission should be held in Bangor in connexion with a special movement to hold Missions throughout Wales. Over and above what was hoped for for the city itself as the result of a Mission, there was this further object, "to give an opportunity for younger men who may undertake Missions in smaller parishes to attend the Bangor Mission, and obtain some knowledge and experience in the conducting of successful Missions." I received a very earnest request that I should conduct the Mission at Bangor, and had as assistant the Rev. W. Davenport. The arrangements were left entirely in my hands. The Dean and Chapter most readily placed the Cathedral at my disposal, feeling that the Mission should be held in the Mother Church which is also the Parish Church. It was regarded, and rightly, as the most important Mission in the Diocese. I am not aware that a Mission conducted on the lines of the Church of England had ever before been held in North Wales. The Cathedral seats about 1,500 people, and some of the services were held

in St. Mary's, of which the Rev. W. Edwards was Vicar, or more properly Vicar of Bangor. From first to last he took the warmest and most active interest in the Mission.

In addition to those in the Cathedral, services were held at *Clio* Training Ship; Llandegia Church, Port Penrhyn; at St. Mary's Church special addresses were given to children; to yard-men, sailors, fishermen, etc., and railway men. My wife gave addresses to women daily at 3 p.m. We were the guests of Bishop Campbell at the Palace, who both in his Pastoral Letter, and throughout all the Mission, evinced the deepest sympathy with it. I cannot exaggerate the effect that his constant presence at the Evening Services at the Cathedral had for good. It not only showed how the Mission had his sanction, but how, always closing it solemnly with the Benediction, we felt a blessing would rest upon it.

Bearing in mind my object and main purpose in writing this record, viz. that we want no "New Theology," nor "any other Gospel" than that we have, it is instructive and interesting to notice that the reasons for having a Mission are invariably the same. These may not be set forth with such details as in the case of New York, but the Pastoral Letters of the Bishop of Bangor expresses, *totidem verbis*, the like reasons, with the earnest appeal to people to attend the services.

"The Mission addresses itself alike to those who

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are openly irreligious, to professing Christians, to those who are becoming lukewarm and indifferent to their profession. It is not that the Missioner has any new truth to declare. His message is nothing else than that which was 'once committed to the saints.' His office is to press home to the heart and conscience what is already revealed. The Mission is not now a new thing. It has been tried and not found wanting in other places. Why may it not be so here? May it please Almighty God to send His Holy Ghost to guide us into all truth May He bless this means of grace also to the glory of His Holy Name and our own eternal welfare."

All this, while it disarmed all possible suspicion or fear of "strange doctrine," was a happy augury of the success, in the best sense, of the Mission itself. It was begun, continued, and ended in God.

All the services were largely attended. The Bible Readings were held at St. James' so as in no way to interfere with the stately Cathedral services. People came from far and wide to attend the Mission. The nave of the Cathedral was simply "packed" with devout worshippers. Considering the somewhat excitable disposition of the Welsh, there was an utter absence of anything bordering on excitement. Being a Parish Church, the afternoon services on Sundays were of a parochial character, but a considerable number of parishioners, imperfectly acquainted with English, remained

until the evening service. The Bishop on more than one occasion congratulated me on not being disturbed by ejaculations. He attributed this to my more quiet method.

"There was an entire absence," writes Rev. W. Edwards to me, "of what is called and known by the Welsh people as excitement. The weird utterance 'Hwyl,' with education and more modern ideas is dying out. This refers to the preacher who shouts out his sermon with peculiar musical intonation to excite the feelings of his congregation in regard to spiritual things, e.g. the Atonement, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. The old Welsh folk indulged in such ejaculations of approval as 'diolch iddo' (thanks be to Him), and 'gogoniant iddo' (to Him be the glory)." I never went into the "Hwyl," and I never heard "gogoniant iddo." The Thanksgiving Service will never be forgotten by any who were present.

I have before me many letters expressing deep gratitude to Almighty God for personal, experienced blessing, and many petitions "offered up at our Intercessory Service." The letters are each and all to the same effect.

Lest any should think that the object of a Mission is only to affect the more emotional elements of our nature, and would therefore probably be effervescent in its results, I give (pp. 311, 312) a copy of the card distributed, the moulds prepared for the molten metal; and instead of publishing letters

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received from individuals, I prefer to give the verdict or comments of the local Press (pp. 312-14), which will be read with interest by those who would fain know what the state of religious feeling is in Wales, what the hopes, desires, or the aspirations of the Church in Wales.

BECKENHAM,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 1887

THE Mission at St. Paul's, during the vicariate of my friend, Rev. Charles Green, who has been succeeded by Canon Hammond, had one or more characteristic features. The church is attended by the well-to-do classes, a very considerable portion being "City men" and their families, and it had the peculiar disadvantage of having no poor. When I undertook the Mission I was informed that the *on dit* was that no one would think of attending St. Paul's who had less than £1,000 a year. I was also told that the success of the Mission depended very much on the verdict of the "City men," who would discuss it on Monday morning as they went up to town. I had every reason to be greatly encouraged. The results far exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

The addresses at Holy Communion in the early morning, and the Bible Readings at noon, were most helpful, though the rapt attention paid to all the addresses bears witness to the singular power of religious truths over the minds of men when quietly expounded. More than 300 attended the Service for Women only, which was held on the

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Wednesday afternoon ; and on the following day a still greater number of domestic servants were present at a service specially arranged for them. On the afternoon of Sunday, nearly 200 men availed themselves of the service for men only, and the Mission was brought to a close on Monday evening by a most impressive service, characterized throughout by "praise and thanksgiving." I can never forget the presenting of memorial cards to old and young as they knelt before the altar, and amongst them not a few "City men."

The Mission had been most thoroughly and prayerfully prepared for, and St. Paul's was "ripe for it." To persuade City men to attend an evening service is a confessed difficulty. Let us not misjudge or censure them. It is quite true that, as a rule, business men are not devout men. Business, its rivalries, its keen competitions, absorb their minds and in too many cases are fatal to spirituality. Still there are not a few exceptions, and, difficult as it may be, they can be persuaded. I trust no one will misunderstand me when I say that, considering that City men are from home and its amenities for the greater part of the week-days, they look forward to Sunday as a day of rest, not with the Puritan view of the Lord's Day, as if there were no rest except in attending service, but in the other sense of rest from business, and recreation of mind and body in an evening spent, not irreligiously, with their wives and children at home. Hence

they are not present at the evening in the same proportion as at morning service. Religion must not be made a bugbear, nor must a "City" man be denounced as a Sabbath breaker because his views about Sunday depend very much on what sense he regards "rest." I was very thankful to God to see how many City men gave up their dinner hour that they might regularly attend the evening service throughout the week, and I received not a few letters full of gratitude for what the Mission had been to them. As the looked-for result, "confirming the Word with signs following," I received the same testimony to the work of the Holy Ghost in individual hearts, showing how "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and that it is a message as welcome as it is needful for rich and poor. One thus writes: "The Mission will be recalled as a very blessed week. There is but one verdict about it, and that pronouncing it to be such a success, under God, as was little dreamed of. To a great extent the cold reserve with which people fenced themselves round when matters of religion were introduced has given way. The number of communicants at early celebrations has shown an increase, the Vicar's Bible class is largely augmented. The confirmees are quite double what they were last year. You will know how to appreciate all this at its true value."

That the Word preached was confirmed with signs following, the letters (pp. 314-18) prove.

TORQUAY,
ST. MATTHIAS' CHURCH, 1888

A GENERAL Mission was held throughout Torquay
in the autumn of 1888.

*Letter from the Bishop in preparation for the General
Mission, November 17-27, 1888.*

LYNTON, DEVON,
September 5, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

You are aware that it is proposed, God willing, to hold a general Mission in Torquay next November. This Mission has been now for a long time the subject of earnest prayer with your pastors and their helpers in Christ Jesus, as well as with those whom they have invited to come as your Missioners to preach among you the Gospel of the grace of God. It is no new Gospel which they will preach. They will proclaim the same glad tidings of God; love to man, which most of you have heard from your childhood, and which breathes in every page of our Bible and our Prayer Book. But it will be pressed upon your acceptance once more with a holy impressiveness and importunity.

Are there not hundreds—shall I be wrong if I ask, are there not thousands, in Torquay who are deeply conscious that they are not at peace with God? They have not kept the vows of their Holy Baptism, vows which perhaps

they have renewed at Confirmation. They have forsaken the guide of their youth and forgotten the covenant of their God. Some may have fallen into open sin and by their example have led others astray. Some may have maintained an outward form of godliness, but they know not its power. The sweet music of heaven has sounded in their ears, but it has not led them to the Saviour's feet. They have resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit. They are not prepared to die. They dread to face eternity. To all such the Mission brings that message of eternal life which Jesus Himself was the first to preach (Mark i. 14, 15), "The Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel."

Are there not many others in Torquay who have lapsed into carelessness of walk with God, and into slothfulness of work for Christ? Once it was very different with them. Their conscience was tender, their ear open to catch the whispers of the Saviour's voice; the House of Prayer was precious to them, the Holy Table their feast of delight, the service of Christ their glory. But they grew indolent in prayer, and study of the Word of God, and preparation for Holy Communion. Little by little the world crept into their hearts. And now, it may be, weeks or months, or even years, have passed without that close intercourse with God, which was the very joy of their existence. To such the Mission comes like that voice which spoke to the Church of old, "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen." "And I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely" (Hosea xiv. 1, 4).

And then are there not in every parish of Torquay many, very many, faithful servants of God, who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, who crave for a strong faith, a clearer hope, a warmer love, and a more consecrated and fruitful life? It may be the

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Mission will bring its richest and choicest blessings to them. They are the Lord's remembrancers. They ought to plead with God, like the wrestling Jacob, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." God will grant them their heart's desire, and fulfil the request of their lips. Their own soul shall be like a watered garden, yea, like a spring of water, overflowing with unspeakable blessedness and blessing to those among whom they dwell.

Nor can I close this letter without the expression of my earnest prayer that in this Mission many of the lambs of Christ's flock may learn to plead the words of Moses, the man of God, "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

Only may God be with you in this great work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope; and then will pastors and people, Missioners and those to whom they are sent, parents and children, masters and servants, sowers and reapers, rejoice together, and eternity alone will measure the harvest of thanksgiving.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Father in God,

E. H. EXON.

I received an invitation from my departed friend, the Vicar of St. Matthias (Rev. J. Hicks), to be the Missioner. The parish of St. Matthias numbered at that time about 1,700 people, and the well-ordered and appointed church held about 600. The parish, as is the case at most of the favourite seaside resorts, consisted almost exclusively of "villa" residents of the upper ranks of Society, a cultured and intelligent class, their servants, etc. There are few poor.

The services were of the "Moderate High Church" type, and were noteworthy for their reverence, devotion, and freedom from all that could be questioned or could offend.

It were only to repeat myself were I to do more than say that much the same number of services were held daily, with special addresses to men, women (by my wife to women), and domestic servants, and were all largely attended. At the closing service I distributed memorial cards with resolutions to a very considerable number of all classes, and a small stained glass window was put in in the Chancel as an enduring memorial of the Mission. I cannot but think that, where the people can afford to do so, a stained glass window, or brass tablet, would be a fitting memorial of an event in a parish church of such a nature as that of a spiritual revival in it. I encouraged my confirmees, when Vicar of Halifax, to fill in each year a small stained glass window in the Clerestory of the spacious chancel, in pious remembrance of their confirmation and their "première Communion," and they did so.

Conducting a Mission in a church, conditioned as that of St. Matthias, and amongst the people who frequent it, has often set me thinking as to what is the real result and effect of the regular stated ministry on habitual worshippers, as contrasted with that of a ten days' Mission. The people "go to Church," they take their accustomed places, join out-

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wardly in the appointed service, listen to the same voice, become accustomed to much the same teaching, Communicate and return home, Sunday after Sunday, year after year. What effect has all this on their spiritual life? Not long ago a faithful clergyman said to me, "I have ministered in this same parish for twenty-five years, and have never once been allowed to know if I have done any good to a single soul." It does not follow that he has not done any good because it has not come to his knowledge that he has, but it would be an encouragement to him to know that there were given him "souls for his hire and seals to his ministry." In the course of one year, how many have known "godly sorrow for sin"? How many have truly repented of their faults? How many have a lively faith? How many have been truly converted? How many have experienced the constraining love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost? How many have been raised up to be living witnesses for Him? How many are happy and rejoicing Christians? How many can say that one evil habit has been overcome? How many are living new and altered lives? How many with new-born conviction and grateful hearts can say what one, brought to Christ, wrote to me—

What I sing, I cannot measure,
Why I sing, I cannot say,
But I know a well of pleasure
Springeth in my heart all day.

Prothero in his most interesting work on the Psalms describes the religious condition of the vast majority before the great religious revival, 1688-1900, as "formal, full of propriety, drowsy, prosperous, regarded as something which could be ignored, but as something which imperatively demanded to be either obeyed or condemned."¹ With how many is this description still true? So one asks, "What is the effect, result, of the same service, the same message, the reiteration of Divine truth on one and the same congregation? Is it not much more than a safeguard against infidelity, for there is no saying into what any might drift but for being habitually "put in remembrance"? Do our people become saturated, so satiate with hearing, that anything more might seem superfluous? And yet if I may judge by the 150 letters before me, containing requests for prayer of a most tender and touching nature, fragrant with deepest gratitude and thanksgiving for what the Holy Ghost wrought in that congregation within ten days, one cannot say that the Mission was superfluous. How much, neither guessed nor suspected, was really working as leaven in some soul seeking for truth, conscious of want of pardon, and of reconciliation, alive to the conviction that the heart was not right with God notwithstanding "church-going," and that the life that appeared so

¹ *The Psalms in Human Life.* By R. E. Prothero, pp. 298-299.

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fair in the eyes of others was bringing forth no fruit unto holiness. The ministry of the stated parish priest has, according to his light, been faithful. For fear of giving offence it may not have been incisive. He has assumed too much, and, but for what a Mission has revealed and brought to light he never would have believed what was the real spiritual condition of the habitual worshippers. Yet these are the facts, account for it as we may, such as no one can dispute. And who shall say how long this condition of things would have continued but for "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" ?

Instead of putting into print some of the letters I received, I give one or more hymns I have frequently, quoted, and place them at the service of my readers ; but I cannot forbear giving the words of one who had never truly honoured the Holy Ghost.

" You have helped me very greatly to realize the third note in the Divine chord ; or, rather, it has found me. It is just what I wanted."

This is the only letter I publish, as showing how heaven works in the souls of men.

Several asked me in their letters to give them a copy of "One Word More." In many a bedroom these lines are framed and hung in some prominent place.

One writes, " Will you tell me where I can find those lines you repeated, ' Keep me from Falling,' for the fear of falling is great with me ? You have told me what to do. I shall trust in the Holy Spirit to

enable me. The words to which I refer will help me."

Another writes, "I thank you for the happy suggestion of consecrating my life daily, 'Just for To-day,' thus focussing into a point the desire of my life and enabling me more fully to realize the face in daily life."

I have often said that were I again called on to prepare candidates for confirmation I would go so far as to dissuade a candidate from a life-long promise or vow. There will, of course, be many who will differ from me, who will say that the office of Confirmation contemplates a life-long vow. But does it necessarily do so? The experience of the clergy is that so many of their confirmees are not faithful to their promise and vow. The vow was made in apparent earnestness and with full intention to keep it. But it was in many cases made in ignorance. The young life had been sheltered in a Christian home. It as yet knows next to nothing of the world, and the forms in which temptation assails the soul. Our worst temptations come after our holiest seasons. Our blessed Lord was tempted of Satan in the wilderness after the fasting, not before. To commit one of tender years to a life-long promise, made in ignorance of that which awaits it, may to a large extent account for one of the saddest facts in the Christian ministry. I believe a higher and safer course would be to make a daily vow, to dedicate yourself daily as part of your devotions, to renew the promise daily with some

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such formula, "Here, Lord, I dedicate myself to Thee. I place myself at Thy disposal, keep me from falling."

If grown-up people have over and over again asked me for a copy of the verse, "Keep me from Falling," in the consciousness of the weakness and instability of their natures, how much more needful must this be for the neophyte? None, perhaps, save they who have been present can realize the effect of the reading of the poem, "To-day," or "Keep me from Falling," or "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," in all the hush and quiet of an After-meeting. The Spirit of God seems to be, nay, is felt to be powerfully, graciously present in bringing these words home to individual souls. It was so at St. Matthias', as letters in my possession abundantly prove.

It were wanting in me not to express the grateful recollections of the "abundant kindness" shown to my wife and myself in all thoughtful arrangements for our comfort, as also for much kindness at the hands of Mr. Aldous Clarke.

TORQUAY,
December 17.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

Thank you much for sending me the card which I received this morning, and thank you also for thinking of me. You have helped me very much indeed; realizing the third note in the Divine Chord seems to have been just what I wanted.

I suppose light comes more slowly to some people than

to others, and mercifully so, for I see my past life with all its sins of thought, word, and deed, as I never saw it before. I feel that even now I hardly realize my great sinfulness—I do at times, and then it goes from me like a dream. Is that why I also fail to grasp the idea of God's great love to me personally? I know it, I believe it, but cannot feel it for myself as I do His love for others. For love I ought rather to write forgiveness, as looking back over my life I see such mercy and help and guidance ignored, slighted, or carelessly appropriated as covers me with shame. And then the Holy Communion of my earlier life make my heart ache now to think of them. I never was prepared for Confirmation (we lived abroad and advantage was taken of a passing Bishop to have us confirmed) and was never taught anything about Holy Communion; but that is a poor excuse, as I had my Prayer Book, and a small portion of the time given to French, etc., would have taught me much. We came to England, and I thought the different phases of religious opinions matter of intellectual, rather than of personal interest. When in London I attended a church whose Incumbent has since become a Unitarian. He gave me an idea of God which I hope never to lose, of His Fatherhood, of the beauty of Christ's character, the dignity of humanity, the immortality of the soul—but still I felt vaguely that was not enough. Years went by—my mind was still balancing what to believe, when about six years ago Canon Wilberforce held a Temperance Mission here. His missions are far more religious than secular, and he advocates temperance on very spiritual grounds. This is only to tell that he gave me what I had not been able to find, a feeling of the reality, of the living personality of our Lord. He showed me Christ crucified, and since then I have been dimly and brokenly trying to realize all that

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involves, but even then without grasping the idea of the Third Person of the Trinity. You see how slowly I learn, how "dull" is my "blinded sight," but what you never can see is all I have to unlearn, though your knowledge of the human heart will tell you something of what I suffer in the process. Pray for me, for I cannot always pray for myself. Pray for me, that I may be taught that which I see not, that my faith may not fail, and believe me,

Very gratefully yours,

EVEN ME

LORD ! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father !
Lost and sinful though I be ;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favour ;
When Thou callest, call for me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me,
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
Oh ! forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

Love of God ! so pure and changeless ;
Love of Christ ! so rich and free ;
Grace of God ! so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even me.

Pass me not, Almighty Spirit !
Draw this lifeless heart to Thee ;
Impute to me the Saviour's merits ;
Blessing others, oh ! bless me,
Even me.

ONE WORD MORE

ERE thou goest from thy chamber,
Whilst thine hand is on the door,
Tho' thy morning prayers be prayed,
Pause, and utter one word more.

Lift thine heart and eye to Heaven ;
See, by faith, thy piercèd Lord ;
Thou hast prayed to be forgiven,
His protection hast implor'd.

Now, ere yet thy door be open'd,
Gently speak to HIM, and say,
" Help me, Lord, to find out something
I can do for THEE to-day."

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Any loving word or action,
Any selfish wish denied,
In thy daily path of duty,
Will by this be sanctified.

Few have any great occasions,
Few are martyrs nowadays ;
But the cooling "cup of water
Is to ME," the Saviour says.

Ev'ry earnest word to knit in,
Friendly ties contending foes ;
Each self-sacrifice, to lighten
Or remove another's woes ;

Ev'ry unkind thought forgiven,
Every courteous action done :
Ev'ry pleasure thou hast striven
To bestow on any one ;

Ev'ry gentle warning given
To the pilgrim by thy side ;
E'en a friendly clasp of hand, may
Index be his path to guide.

E'en a look of sympathy, may
Cheer the lonely 'midst the crowd,
Or may point the tearful mourner
To "the rainbow in the cloud."

Such the joys of living service ;
Not to gain the praise of man,
But to glorify the Saviour ;
Thus we offer what we can.

Then at eventide, our chamber
Ent'ring in, before we pray,
Each may feel the blest conviction—
"I have worked for God to-day."

HIS the Glory, HIS the praise ;—
Ours the hope of grateful heart,
That in His appointed service,
We have humbly borne a part.

C. H. P.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL,
April 6, 1906.

KEEP ME FROM FALLING

"Keep me from falling!"

O Lamb of God, whose ever-pitying eye
Looks down from heaven on each disciple's cry,
I come, a suppliant, needing all Thy care,
And in my joys and griefs repeat the prayer
"Keeping me from falling."

"Keep me from falling!"

If in the darkness I should stray afar;
Like some lost traveller with no guiding star,
Be Thou my Light, O Jesus, Thou my Friend,
And o'er these stony paths to life's dark end
"Keep me from falling."

"Keep me from falling!"

When I am tempted by the world to sin,
Let Love Divine make pure my heart within,
Press nearer, Lord, be constant at my side,
Hear Thou my cry, yea, with me still abide,
"Keep me from falling."

"Keep me from falling!"

Soon shall I tread the shores of that dark sea
Which all my hopes, my fears divide from Thee;
Then, Saviour, help me, shrinking from Death's tide,
Stretch out Thy hand my tottering feet to guide,
"Keep me from falling."

F. A. L.

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TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray :
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray :
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey :
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say :
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season, gay :
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Let me, dear Lord, if I must die,
Go Home to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray.
But keep me, guide me, love me,
Just for to-day.

DARTFORD PARISH CHURCH, 1889

I CONDUCTED the Mission at Dartford Parish Church in October, 1889. This church is that in which the present Archbishop of Canterbury held his first curacy. My wife gave addresses to women and spoke at one very interesting service to the employés at Messrs. Burroughes, Wellcome & Co., the well-known manufacturers of tabloids. The local papers bore testimony to the success of the Mission. "Our fine old church was filled in every part at the Thanksgiving Service held on Monday night, with people who attended for the purpose of returning thanks for blessings received." The good and faithful Vicar, the Rev. Alan Watts, writes to me words of great gratitude. "We are starting at once a men's Bible class, and a Bible class at the railway station on Sunday afternoons for the employés, a Band of Hope, a mission service on Sundays at 8.15, Confirmation classes twice a week." From this it will be seen that the molten metal was soon run into moulds, in forms which, with God's blessing, gave promise of more effective results. In keeping with the main purpose of this volume, I append one out of many letters received.

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CRAYFORD,

October 18, 1889.

Feast of St. Luke.

DEAR MR. DEAN OF CHICHESTER,—

This Mission has been an unspeakable blessing to me. I had "life" before, but now have "more abundant" life. My special prayer was answered before the first service of intercession was over, and the prayer turned at once to thanksgiving. Last night, during the singing of the hymn, "Thou did'st leave Thy Throne." He came into my heart as He came into the stable at Bethlehem, and I realized what was done as I walked back, and that my craving was supplied.

Yours faithfully,

SOUTHSEA,
ST. JUDE'S, MARCH 22-30, 1890

THE Mission at St. Jude's was one in many respects remarkable, as any one who knows Southsea may imagine. The Vicar, Canon Blake, had laboured there for many years to a large and attached congregation. In many ways the Mission, which he confidently invited me to conduct, was the occasion of great encouragement to himself, who, like many clergy who have ministered for many years to the same people, yearned to see some results of a faithful ministry.

His congregation was largely composed of the "well-to-do" classes, who have as a rule much time at their command, are of moderate incomes, and are liable to the special temptations which belong to leisure. If a life of business has its special temptations, a life of leisure is not without them. To have little or nothing definitely to do beyond the ordinary commonplaces of life is not a healthy life. A man called at his friend's house and was surprised to see the knocker on the door enveloped in crape. "I did not know," he said to the servant, "that your master was ill." "Oh! yes, sir; he died

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two or three days ago." "What did he die of?" "Oh! no particular disease, sir; but I heard say that he died of having nothing to do." It is not difficult to imagine how a life not more or less occupied with some definite object beyond that of living must degenerate into listless ways and sauntering habits. We have had to invent a word to express what becomes of such a life: that word is "pastime." The mind is set on the grave question how to get through the day, and hours that otherwise would be vacant are filled up with "At Homes," Bridge parties, golf, and some new amusement to ward off sheer ennui. They who mind earthly things become worldly, and one effect of a Mission is to recall better days and to revive what is "ready to decay."

In the Boer War a Highlander was fast dying from a ghastly wound. The chaplain bent over him and said to the dying man, "Do you know Jesus?" His answer was, "I did once, sir." That, I think, might be the answer if the question were put to many who have lost touch with God. From letters received during the Mission at St. Jude's, I have reason to know that, with a considerable number, the effect was to bring back those feet which had wellnigh gone, whose treadings had wellnigh slipped, to revive the smoking flax which had not been quenched, to restore a soul that had wandered, and once more to set erring feet upon the rock.

As evidence of a faithful ministry, I received more

petitions at one Intercessory service than at any other Mission. Some good work must have been going on in the hearts of Canon Blake's people which had so far predisposed them to believe in faithful prayer, that they only wanted the special opportunities of an Intercessory service, which in the usual stated ministry is rarely given, to "make known their requests unto God."

It was a very, very happy, God-owned Mission, and at our Thanksgiving Service I read in the ears of the people the simple and unaffected testimony of what God had done for their souls, and how he had confirmed the Word with signs following. To God be all the praise!

Out of many letters I select two, and out of all the thanksgivings one which most gladdened my heart, from my valued friend, Canon Blake.

SOUTHSEA,
March 31.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

I was unable to be present last night, or to send in my thanksgiving in time; but I must let you know that your kind prayers with me, that God would soon in His mercy send me more light and love by His Holy Spirit, was answered by a most marked message from Himself to me at the moment I partook of His Blessed Body at Communion in my own church yesterday morning. My heart is full of gratitude to Him for permitting me to come to the Mission, and by so doing strengthening my earnest, longing desires for further knowledge of Himself. The

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answer came within three days as you said it might—not twenty-two years! May God ever bless you, is the sincere prayer of your grateful

L.

DEAR SIR,—

Though to serve God had for long been the desire of my heart, and in my own neighbourhood I was looked to to take a foremost place in all work going on, a sad feeling at times crept over my heart that, like the Church in Sardis, I had “a name to live and was dead.” How can I ever tell you the blessing that came to me as you spoke of your being “kept” by God, or of the flood of light and joy that filled my heart on the Saturday, as there seemed to come to me a revelation of the love of God. It seemed then that I had always been trying to love God, instead of seeking to know His love; and oh, the difference it made! In the horror of the woe and misery that in so many ways beset the world, I had as it were always excused God to myself, instead of simply believing and trusting that His love and mercy ruled over all. That changed feeling has made my work a very different thing to me.

I know that life, and all that lies before me, has assumed a different aspect since, under God’s blessing, I was led under your teaching, and from my heart I thank you and pray that in blessing others you may be doubly blessed yourself.

Two poems you quoted at Hastings I have often wished to meet with. One represented the soul fleeing from the presence of God as a terrible Judge, and turning to find Him a loving Father, the refrain of the other was “Sitting alone with my conscience is judgment enough for me.” If you would tell me where to find them I should be so glad.

Earnestly trusting that you have quite recovered
from your illness,

Believe me,

Yours most gratefully,

The Vicar of this church desires to praise God for
His manifest blessing upon the Mission."

CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH, 1890

Is it mere coincidence, or is it for reasons known only to God, that He should have "ordained" for me to conduct some of the Missions in the scenes of my boyhood and the earlier days of my life? ¹

How little I could have thought when about twelve years of age, that I should be called to conduct a Mission in the Parish Church, associated in my days with Dean Close. Having no Chapel of our own, we were taken to Christ Church during the ministry of Dean Boyd and Frederick Robertson, and my first venture as a Sunday-school teacher was at Christ Church. Canon Bell, who has bequeathed to the Church a valuable legacy of books of devotion and many sweet hymns, invited me to conduct the Mission at the Parish Church, but the majority of the services were held at the new Church of St. Matthew.

I do not know that the holding of the Mission at St. Mathew's rather than at the Parish Church much

¹ I was at the College with Lord James of Hereford, who is now the President of our Council. I was one of the few boys at Cheltenham College, under Dr. Phillips, in Bayswater Terrace.

affected the Mission. I think it did in some ways. Canon Bell, rightly or wrongly, endeavoured to persuade people to regard St. Matthew's as the Parish Church, but in vain. The love of the Parish Church is deep in the hearts of parishioners. It has traditions and associations which no new or district Church can ever have. You cannot alienate the affections of the people in favour of a new church which has no such traditions. You may transfer the scene of ministrations, but you cannot transfer the deep-rooted attachment of English people to another Church, and persuade them to regard it in the same light as they regard the "old Parish Church."

But, notwithstanding this, our services were all largely attended, and I have before me a very considerable number of letters testifying to the blessing which came to individual souls. One of the local newspapers remarks: "The Missioner's visit to Cheltenham has, under God, done an immense amount of good, and we trust that its effects may be lasting in the parish, and produce the increase promised to the sower of 'precious seed.'"

In connexion with this Mission again, as in its way evidence of a faithful ministry, I found a most responsive people. It would be difficult to say whether one would rather conduct a Mission in a Church where "Christ and Him crucified" could hardly be said to be characteristic of the teaching, or one where the people are "gospel hardened." Much may be said on either side, but my own

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experience—and nothing short of personal experience would justify my saying this—is that people may become so habituated to hearing “the Gospel,” so familiar with the one and the same message, as to become gospel hardened. They are so satisfied with what they hear of “the truth as it is in Jesus,” that they rarely pause to inquire how far they have, individually, personally accepted Christ, and have been really taught of the Holy Ghost to believe in Him to the saving of their souls. So many letters I have received acknowledge this, that I feel justified in saying what I say about being “gospel hardened.” The tendency to dwell on justifying faith, not to the ignoring of, but not to the same extent as insistence on good works as the fruit of faith, reminds me of the words of St. James, “As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.” By this I would not be understood as even implying that a strictly evangelical ministry is not “fruitful of good works.” But I have found, as I have already said, that persons who have for some years been under an evangelical ministry discover that they have never really accepted Christ, and so personally appropriate His Atoning Sacrifice as to be able to say “My Lord, and my God.”

I retain a very grateful remembrance of much kindness shown to me by the late Canon Bell and his family throughout the Mission.

PEWSEY,
ST. JOHN BAPTIST PARISH CHURCH, 1890

I CONDUCTED the Mission in this most interesting church at the request of a very dear personal friend, the Rector, the Hon. and Rev. Bertram Bouverie, son of Lord Radnor, who used with his family to attend St. Philip's, Regent Street, and with whom I often stayed at their beautiful home, Longford Castle, near Salisbury. Both he and his wife, Lady Constance Bouverie, took a very deep and warm interest in the Mission. My wife gave addresses of which the Rector writes: "We cannot forget the gentle and heart-stirring words spoken by Mrs. Pigou at the gathering of women in the Barn, which we feel sure never failed to stir in the hearts of each and every one of the hearers a desire for a higher and holier life."

Besides the services in the Parish Church, so beautifully and artistically adorned by mural paintings, and carved reredos, executed by the Vicar himself, we had open-air services and addresses in outlying districts. "It was very remarkable to notice the increase of hearers at the open-air gatherings. Commencing with about 100, the

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number increased to over 300, and these showed by devout and earnest attention how glad they were to listen to the message of love."

In the narrowest part of the valley, separating North and South Wilts, lies the little agricultural town and parish of Pewsey, giving its name to the vale and to the rural deanery in which it is situated.¹ It nestles cosily among the breezy downs, far away from the great centres of trade and commerce, and not even near any of the greater thoroughfares of men. It contains about 1,800 souls, consisting chiefly of day-labourers and small shopkeepers, the centre of a number of small rural parishes in which are no large landlords; and is a fair example for showing what the effects of a soberly conducted Mission may be expected to be in such a district. We give details of the services, because we believe that many are asking whether Missions are of any use in country villages, or whether they are useful only in towns and large centres of population. Of course, as yet we cannot tell what the after-fruits may be, but we can say this, that the parish has been stirred to its very depths, and a spirit of earnestness and desire for true life has been evoked that has astonished even those who had the most hopeful expectations of results. The church on Sunday evening was densely packed, when a thanksgiving

¹ A very interesting and concise history of the parish of Pewsey has been written by the Rector. (Skeffington & Son.)

service was held, at which no less than 436 persons took away memorial cards of the Mission. We fully believe that indeed the Spirit of God was blessing the work and "confirming it with signs following." That it will bear much lasting fruit to God's glory is our firm belief. So writes the Rector. "One result I know was a large accession of candidates for the Confirmation which followed quickly on the Mission." The Rector had a large "poster" printed of my letter to the people after the Mission, so that it could be seen and read of many.

The Mission was held very shortly after the restoration in 1890, to which the Rector himself contributed munificently, and is enriched by many gifts from his devoted people. The time, therefore, for the Mission was happily chosen, the restoration of the fabric being a parable or outward expression of the revived spiritual life of the parish itself, both very gratefully remembered even to this day.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS, CHRIST CHURCH, BLACKLANDS, 1891

A GENERAL Mission was held throughout Hastings and St. Leonards, and I was very cordially invited by the Vicar, Rev. Prebendary Hodges, to conduct it at his church. His affectionate and devoted ministry greatly endears him to his people, and has been recognized and appreciated, as it deserves, by his being presented to a prebendal stall in Chichester Cathedral.

My wife accompanied me, and daily throughout the Mission addressed women and girls in the Parochial Room. In his pastoral letter, the Vicar struck the right note when he says: "The success of a Mission depends on the power of the Holy Spirit. That power is exercised in answer to the prayer of faith. May I ask you, therefore, both in private and at the family altar, to use daily the prayer which is appended to this letter, that our parish may receive great spiritual blessing, and that many may have cause to thank God for ever for the special effort about to be put forth in His Name." The prayer was richly and abundantly answered. "The Mission," the Vicar writes to me,

“ will long be green in the memories of my people, and many, I know, have received much blessing. It has been in every way happy and successful.”

It was a general Mission, in which all “ schools of thought ” were represented. Father Maturin, Revs. J. Tanner, Sparrow Simpson, A. E. King, Halsey, Field and Mosse, Canons Jelf and Body, and others officiated in the different churches. This was as it should be.

At the united and striking meeting held at the close of the Mission, Canon Jones very truly remarked “ that he felt sure that the great meeting, for such indeed it was, was not only the result of a marvellous unity of action and concord, but that it expressed admirably, by the audience present, the great essential unity, together with a certain amount of outward diversity, which characterized the Church of England. The Church of England was of necessity wide and comprehensive, and this, within limits, was as it should be.”

I confess I have never had much sympathy with the Society for the Unity of Christendom, if by that is meant that all should think alike and adopt a uniform ritual. Constituted as we are, I doubt a unity of Christendom can ever be brought about save by mutual compromise. Any student of Nature knows, and could give endless illustrations of it from the natural kingdom, that the great, outstanding law of nature is unity consistent with infinite variety, and not unvaried sameness. Even

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two leaves on the same tree are not precisely similar. The pollen differs in every plant. Landscape is made up of very varied features. No two human faces nor voices are exactly alike. The impression given on surveying some fair landscape is of harmonious beauty. After the outpouring of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, men "spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Nature, which is of God, would fain teach us a lesson of large tolerance, to recognize what is good in different schools of thought, and that he who is not against us is on our part.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O God, art more than they.

There are, alas ! so many hopelessly bigoted and uncharitably prejudiced, that nothing will persuade them to have anything to do with others who conscientiously differ from them, and cannot bring themselves to endorse the Golden Rule—

In things essential, Unity ;
In things indifferent, Liberty ;
In all things, Charity.

No harsh note of discord was heard throughout this general Mission, for while different Missioners delivered the message "in their own tongue" and adopted different uses, all and each "desired as far as possible to combine together all those

who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth."

I revisited Christ Church, and held services on the anniversary of the Mission. It is for many reasons desirable to do this. I often think of all that underlies what we are told of our blessed Lord : " This was again the second miracle which Jesus Christ did (at Capernaum) when He was come out of Judaea into Galilee." Any prejudice which may have existed in the minds of any before the Mission, any fears of excitement, any reluctance to attend the services has disappeared. In the course of the interval of a year, the Mission has been freely discussed, certain undoubted facts have become known, the teaching has been (may I use the word) soaking in many hearts which, when the Mission was actually held, were reserved or apparently unresponsive. A confidence had been established between Missioner and people, and in some cases I have been allowed to hear of even more blessed results than I was allowed to know during the conduct of the Mission itself. A second visit is perhaps as good and safe a test of what the Mission really was, under God, of matured conviction, and of a gladly welcomed anniversary than any other test.

It was so, thank God for it, at Christ Church, Blacklands.

Act. xv. 36.

TAUNTON,
ST. MARY MAGDALENE, 1893

It was my privilege to conduct the ten days' Mission in the beautiful Church of St. Mary Magdalene, by the cordial invitation of the present greatly esteemed Vicar, the Archdeacon of Taunton. He has published a short History of this interesting church, of which he is justly proud. Magdalene Church and tower, the pride of all the natives of Taunton Dean, for many miles round is a conspicuous object, to be seen by travellers on the G.W.R. line. Of it Macaulay writes : " Every stranger who climbs the graceful tower of St. Mary Magdalene owns that he sees beneath him the most fertile of English valleys." " As it now stands," writes Archdeacon Askwith, " it bears enduring witness to the continuity of English Church life, and to the stability of our dear old National Church, while at the same time it furnishes to our eyes an infinitely more important evidence of the fact that, while the opinions of men are continually being modified, the truths of the Kingdom of Christ are abiding for ever." To the truth of this last sentence the ten days' Mission bore abundant testimony.

The services throughout were the same. I have seldom seen reason for altering them as affording opportunity for "all sorts and conditions of men." The truths preached were here as elsewhere the same. The Word preached was "confirmed with signs following." A considerable number of Intercessions were offered up, and during that time many prayers were changed into thanksgiving and praise. I had throughout the help of my wife, who gave daily addresses in the Temperance Hall, which were attended by daily increasing numbers of women.

And here I would take occasion to remark on the great value of such help which one of special gifts and of a sympathetic heart can render. Some do not approve of a woman's ministry in this direction. Let us give St. Paul credit for limiting his inhibition to speaking in a church, when he wrote, "I suffer not a woman to teach." Our Blessed Lord pronounced no such inhibition, and the disciple is not above his Master. If there be one notable fact in these latter times it is the fulfilment of the prophecy of Joel: "It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit."

Women are in every direction realizing more and more the debt they specially owe to Christ, Who

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"has loosed them from their infirmity." Thousands are working with consecrated hearts in His service in all the activities of constraining love. The lips of thousands are touched with a live coal from off the altar, and many more are fully qualified by gifts of grace and of utterance to bear their testimony, from happy personal experience, to saving truth. In many respects they are more qualified to address their own sex than men can be. They know more of their real temptations and special needs than men can do. The proof of this is shown in the large numbers, sometimes reaching 1,500, of women and girls that attended my wife's addresses, and of the grateful testimony many gave to how they valued and appreciated them. I have never heard of any woman who had the least desire to overpass the necessary limits of her opportunities or to give addresses anywhere save in mission rooms and halls or other unconsecrated places. I look upon a woman gifted to speak from experience and out of the abundance of the heart, in which the Holy Spirit dwells and inspires, as a true "handmaid of the Lord."

The petitions offered up daily at our service of intercession were much of the same character as at all other Missions, and I retain a very grateful recollection of the Mission at St. Mary Magdalene, Taunton.

WALMER PARISH CHURCH, 1895

THIS is the latest and the last of the Missions which God has been pleased to call me to conduct.

The Rev. Canon Venn, M.A., was, as he still is, the Vicar of Walmer, and had made all thoughtful and thorough preparation for it. I was assisted in it most ably by the Rev. Prebendary Jones, Vicar of Stogumber, whose ministrations in our Cathedral during Lent have been greatly appreciated by our people. My wife gave addresses every afternoon in a convenient parish room, and the Misses Hankey took very kind interest in the Deal boatmen.

The parish was, in some respects, not favourably conditioned for a Mission. The Parish Church of St. Mary's was rather too distant from the centre of Walmer, and our ministrations were divided between it and St. Saviour's. The early Celebrations were almost always at St. Saviour's. Nevertheless, the Vicar writes in his Parish Magazine, "In many homes there has been thanksgiving to God for truths made clear, for duties made plain, and for resolutions newly formed. Families have felt the softening influence of the services in which they have been

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united, and hearts have been drawn together, because they have been drawn nearer to the Saviour."

Would all this have been if there had been no Mission? The devoted Curate, the Rev. B. Smyth, writes to the same effect. Much of new or revived work resulted from the Mission, and there was an increase of communicants and candidates for Confirmation. Mrs. Venn, who attended the Mission I conducted in Edinburgh, took a very lively and active interest in opportunities which were opened up to her after the Mission.

There lie before me some sixty very interesting and touching petitions offered up at our daily Intercession Services, all showing how God the Holy Ghost had been "brooding over" the minds of many present and suggesting prayers that were according to the will of God. I print one out of many letters (p. 324).

And this is the last Mission I have conducted, and at my age I should not have the physical strength to conduct another. This God knows, and does not call me to it. I regard the nave service in our Cathedral as my weekly recurring opportunity of preaching to those who come from all parts the same truths as those which a gracious Father allowed me to preach at all these different Missions, and my heart is full of gratitude that He has been pleased to allow me to have borne a part in this special feature of the ministry in Christ's name.

CONCLUSION

IN summing up, as it were, what I have recorded in this volume, I would remind my readers that my object all throughout has been to show that we want no "New Theology," which can improve upon or supplement "the faith once delivered to the saints." Christianity is not a worn out Creed, unsuited to the increased intelligence of our days, a Creed that cannot adapt itself to the altered conditions of life, or that is gravely affected by modern scientific research. There is much in the altered conditions of society or in more extended research which still lies outside the fundamental and imperishable facts of our Christian faith and practice. What the speciality of a ten days' Mission "*ex abundanti*" elicits and proves is, that you have not to preach one Gospel in one place and another and different elsewhere. Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ is still needful for every soul that would be saved. The simple truth of Christ and Him crucified preached in momentary dependence on God the Holy Ghost has lost none of its exhaustless grace. It is still "the power of God unto salvation to

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every soul that believeth." The enlightenment and revelation which are experienced throughout a Mission show that Christ still lives as the Saviour of men, and that the Holy Ghost is ever present with His convicting and enabling grace. The results of a Mission are practically much the same. The intercessions are of the same nature. Some have for the first time consciously accepted Christ who for years professed His Name without such personal acceptance. Some have been recalled who have wandered and gone astray. Many have been "built up in their most holy faith." Hundreds have definitely decided for God, and dedicated themselves to Christ and His service. They have enlisted as recruits in the "band whose hearts God has touched," or been led to serve Him from no other motive than that of constraining love. All these results cannot for one moment be doubted. Parochial clergy have had their hearts cheered, and found a fresh inspiration to perseverance in well-doing by what has been brought to light where least suspected.

18.x.26

The Bishop of London remarked on the occasion of the opening of the Palestine Exhibition that he wished his younger clergy could visit it and better realize the singularly interesting facts of Judaism. One would, indeed, wish that every newly-ordained curate, fresh from University life or from a Theological College, whatever his theoretical training for the ministry may have been, could go through a

ten days' Mission with an experienced Missioner, and be brought face to face with the real work of the ministry, with the real wants of the individual soul, with the response of sin-sick and weary to the simple message of the Gospel. They would learn much; they might unlearn more. They would find that the knowledge of human nature, reading the leaves of the book of life, however necessary may be the study of theology, and the insistence on the externals of religion, would be most helpful to them in their future ministry.

In a ten days' Mission more may be learned of all that concerns the spiritual life, in its needs and possibilities, than can possibly be learned in any other way.

If this record of thirty-two years' experience in this special work establishes the faith of any who already believe, or helps to persuade some that Christianity is not a worn-out Creed, my prayer, which has been much upon it that it may be helpful, will have been answered, and all labour spent upon it have been gladly spent if it serve to prove that the Word preached is still, as in Pentecostal time, "confirmed with signs following."

APPENDIX

Macclesfield

MACCLESFIELD.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

You said you would like to hear from me, so I am availing myself of the privilege to write a few lines.

When I spoke to you in the vestry I had already sought and found that peace which passes understanding, but I was afraid of going back again to my old forgetfulness of God and sin against Him, but now, though I do "slip" very often, I know I shall not "fall." I have already tasted something of the blessedness of the Christian life and have, by the Holy Spirit's help, endeavoured to cast off every weight, and I earnestly long to grow in grace.

How different Holy Communion seems to me now! I had been confirmed nearly two years ago and had communicated occasionally since, but always with great reluctance and dread, but now I am only too thankful whenever there is an opportunity, for is it not my own Father's table, and if I go through faith in Jesus' blood will He not bless me there? It is one of the most sublime thoughts that even I can call the great God my Father. It has a special comfort for me, for both my parents have been dead many years, and I love to think that if I am spared I can give the best part of my life to Him, for I am not quite eighteen.

I am sure the Mission did a great deal of good. All

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the church services are much better attended and there are many more communicants than there were before. I never forget you morning and evening in prayer, I always think of you with gratitude, for it was through your preaching that I saw clearly the Saviour's love for *me*.

You will pardon me for troubling you with this faulty letter and

Believe me to remain,
Yours thankfully and truly,

DEAR SIR,—

May I ask you kindly to answer me the following questions? I suppose I ought to know without asking, and a few years ago I should have answered all without hesitation; but *now* it is so different. I have so often found myself wrong, that I fear I may again be mistaken, and till I know, I can make no progress; this must be my apology for thus troubling you.

First.—When I go to God in prayer, beseeching Him to pardon my sins and to deliver me from their dominion for His Son's sake—am I *entitled*? *may I* believe, WHATEVER I FEEL OR DO NOT FEEL, that He HAS done the one, and *will* do the other as I daily need?

Second.—May I take the promises of God in His Word as my own without questioning whether I am a believer or not? It would give me strength to know that He will “certainly be with me,” and will neither fail nor forsake me. But it takes from me all the comfort of His Word if I think I have to prove myself a believer before I may appropriate one of His promises. Yet I have several times, during the last few months, met with this remark. “The promises of God are *only* to believers and they alone are entitled to appropriate them and rest upon them.” Is this true?

Third.—The thought that whatever I do, unless done from the right, the new, the only motive acceptable to God, but increases the number of my offences, has frequently paralyzed my efforts and rendered me unable to do anything. But, if I endeavour to do God's Will *because it is His Will*, though the "new motive" may not be mine, will He accept my service? I know that nothing I can do merits reward, that even my best actions need washing in the Blood of Christ, and that I *deserve* anything from God. I do not say that these questions always trouble me, but they often recur to my mind after an interval of quiet, and distress me, and sometimes I am sorely tempted.

Believe me,
Yours truly,

DEAR SIR,—

Though your letter has proved to me that I am still far from God, and has been the cause of bitter grief to me, I must and do thank you for answering my questions. I wanted the *truth*, and you have told it to me.

Though in answer to my question you tell me that anything done from a desire to do God's Will, may not be—is not altogether unacceptable in His sight, I cannot rest contented. I want to know *Him*, serve Him, love Him, first and best. He *can* give me this, I believe, and He would not have given me the longing desire to leave it unsatisfied! When I think this, I hope in Him.

Some months ago the words "My God shall supply all your need" were a great comfort to me. It was *rest* to know that He who knew my need better, far better than I did myself, had promised to supply it and would surely perform His promise. Then the

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question I mentioned in my last letter arose. Have I a right to this? Am I reconciled? and my hope was gone! for though I had asked for forgiveness, I had not the *consciousness* of reconciliation which I looked for and which I gather from your letter should accompany it. This was why I asked what may have seemed to you my somewhat strange questions. Pray excuse me writing so much about myself; this is only to explain my last note, and to thank you most sincerely for yours.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

DEAR SIR,—

I am still far from the Saviour, yet cannot find out what it is that keeps me from Him. I know that self-righteousness underlies all I think or say or do, and I have asked Him to put it far from me, and to leave me nothing to cling to but His mercy. I have thought that perhaps I have been prescribing my own way of salvation and have been unwilling to be saved in His way and in His time. Ought I to be willing to wait? To watch and pray and trust that He will send me light at last? In answer to this, "Now is the accepted time" comes to my memory. Then the words "ye ask and ye receive not, because ye ask amiss" occur to me, and I think I must have asked amiss, as I have not received. Yet I have asked only in the Saviour's name and for His sake alone. Can it be that I have thought that I deserved God's pardon for my repentance, for my prayers and sorrow for sin? Is it this that has hindered me? Sometimes the dreadful thought comes to me that I may have slighted His offers of mercy too often, that He has hardened my heart so that I cannot believe, for it is so cold and hard

and dead. But, surely, surely, not this. Then I think that this may be my last opportunity, my last day of grace, that perhaps even now I am resisting God's Holy Spirit, and He will not always strive. What can I do? It seems as if I had sinned against light and knowledge and could not turn to Him. I reason with myself day by day, yet am no nearer. I am weary, yet cannot find rest and peace in Him. You will tell me not to think of my feelings but of Christ. But if I knew Him, would not this be natural to me? I could not love Him without knowing it? It may be that I have never really cared to know Him—but He died for sinners, and as such I need His mercy.

Believe me, yours truly,

MACCLESFIELD.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

I am very grateful to you for undertaking the Mission and am very thankful I was permitted to attend those services, for I cannot describe the blessing they were to me, a lost and miserable sinner. I was very wretched and could not find comfort although I prayed constantly, but now I see God was making me sorry for my sins and showing me my need of a Saviour's love, so I resolved to see if you could not help me and great was the comfort when you told me you had yourself felt the same as I felt. I longed for reconciliation and pardon, and yet Satan was all the time trying to make me deny Christ. But then came that After-meeting, "Quench not the Spirit," which decided me. I stayed for the Sacrament and received Christ in all His fulness, making me one of His own children. "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Rest! what does that imply? None but true believers know—God grant that I am one, and that I

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may have the privilege to work for Him who has done so much for me. I have given in my name as a district visitor, and hope and trust to be a faithful ambassador for Christ, the Holy Spirit helping me.

Again I thank you for bringing me to see my great need of a Saviour, and I ask your prayers for the Holy Spirit to keep me in the narrow path which leads to everlasting life.

I remain, yours sincerely and indebted,

Christmas Eve, 1878.

MACCLESFIELD.

MR. PIGOU.

REV. SIR,—

I hope you will not think it presumptuous of me for thus writing to you, but I can show my gratitude in no other way for the blessing I received under God through you during the "Macclesfield Mission." I gave my heart to God on Friday night, the 6th of this month, and I do feel so much changed. I cannot thank my patient loving Father enough for bringing me closer to Him through your kind and encouraging words. I have often made resolutions, but I find I made them trusting too much in my own strength. When any doubts arise, I think about the words in your last sermon here, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Oh! God is very good to me; I wonder at the patience He has had with me, waiting sixteen years for me to give Him my heart. I will pray more earnestly for the help of the Holy Spirit, that I may be enabled to live more in accordance with His blessed will every day, that I may be a blessing to all around me.

From your humble servant,

DEAR SIR,—

I take the liberty of writing to you, as you said at Macclesfield it was encouraging to hear of any result during a Mission. I am thankful I was led to visit my brother at the time of the Mission; though for some years I have believed I was a child of God, I could not realize that I was forgiven. But, thank God! the last Sunday morning of the Mission, the Holy Spirit shone into my heart and cleared away the mist, and I now feel the happiness of forgiveness. I cannot say it was any word spoken, but rather the whole tenor of the happy services dwelling so much on the love of Christ. With earnest prayer for your spiritual welfare, and that you may be enabled to walk wisely and kindly in your responsible position,

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,

_____.

THE VICARAGE, MACCLESFIELD,

December 30.

MY DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

We shall never forget the happy Mission week, so full of blessing to our people and to ourselves.

Our early Communion have been very successful, and are much appreciated. On Christmas Day we had thirty-two at 8 a.m., and sixty-eight after the morning service. Thank God, we continue to see the good results of the Mission, many having been deeply impressed who did not come forward to speak to the Missioner. I was told by a mill-hand yesterday, that in the room in which he worked the language of the workpeople used to be horrible, and that no respectable person could go into the room at any hour without being horrified at the talk of the men; but that since the Mission

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this was entirely changed, and that now bad language is the exception and not the rule, as formerly.

A large number of candidates for Confirmation have come forward, and we hope the Confirmation will be early in February.

THE VICARAGE, MACCLESFIELD.

MY DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

Wherever I go, I hear expressions of thankfulness for blessings received during our Mission. It has indeed been a time of great blessing to all of us, to myself as well as my people. There are very many souls who will remember with thankfulness the Macclesfield Mission as long as they live.

We have cause indeed to thank God.

With our united kind regards, believe me,

Yours affectionately and gratefully,

E. C. TURNER.

MACCLESFIELD.

CHURCH MISSION, 1878.

Put a Cross opposite what you wish to do.

..... Do you wish to join a Confirmation Class ?

..... Do you wish to join a Bible and Communicants' Class ?

..... Do you wish to take a Temperance Pledge ?

..... Do you wish to become a Sunday-School Teacher ?

..... Do you wish to become a District Visitor ?

..... Do you think there is any other work for God you could undertake ?

Please give this to your Clergyman or place it in the Letter Box at the Church Door.

Name

Address

MACCLESFIELD SPECIAL MISSION.

The revival of spiritual life which has marked the memorable Church Mission just concluded in Macclesfield has arrested the serious attention of even the most worldly, while among the many earnest workers and promoters there has been a deep and thankful recognition of the Divine blessing. There have been to all appearances, a general awakening of the masses to the privileges of religious worship and Holy Communion; a reverent and humble solicitation of the Divine Spirit; a joyful appreciation of the appointed means of grace, and a devout demeanour at the varied and searching services. Hence, nearly all the churches have been filled day after day, in some instances literally to overflowing, and occasionally hundreds (as on Sunday at the Old Church) had to go away unable to obtain admission. It is, of course, too early to speak of effects, but we are glad to learn that many most gratifying instances of good results have been recorded by some of the workers, and it may be mentioned that means will be taken to endeavour by the blessing of God to secure permanently—both physically, morally and spiritually—the ground wrested from the enemy during the awakening time. It has been sought to make the Mission most general and searching. The local clergy and their valued lay assistants have obeyed the command of their Master, in going out into the highways and hedges and compelling them to come in, by the power of kindly invitation and direct appeal to the heart; the careless, profane, unbelieving, and scoffing have been made the subject of special prayer, that ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of God's word might be taken from them, and that the lost might be brought home to the fold.

—From *The Macclesfield Courier and Herald*.

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Extract from Letter of the Rev. E. C. Turner.

NESTON VICARAGE, NEAR CHESTER,

May 3, 1901.

I referred to the Mission in my sermon on Tuesday. . . .
I also said that the Mission had left an indelible mark
on the religious character of Macclesfield.

Believe me, ever your faithful friend,

E. C. TURNER.

Extract from Letter of Rev. S. A. Boyd.

THE VICARAGE, MACCLESFIELD,

May 3, 1901.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I think you may justly regard the place the Church
holds in the regard of Macclesfield people as due in a
distinct degree, under God, to you, and may the effect
never pass away!

Believe me, truly yours,

S. A. BOYD.

MACCLESFIELD PARISH CHURCH.

To the Churchwardens of the Old Church, Macclesfield.

MACCLESFIELD,

December 12, 1878.

GENTLEMEN,—

It appears to us that if that portion of Macclesfield
which is comprised in the Old Church district is to
retain the benefit which it has derived from the Special
Mission recently held in the town, the work which has
been commenced must not be suddenly and entirely
discontinued, and at the same time we are convinced
that it is impossible for our Vicar to meet the spiritual
requirements of so large a district (containing about
10,000 or 11,000 souls) with the assistance of only one
curate.

We have, therefore, taken on ourselves to request

you to call a meeting of the congregation and parishioners to consider as to providing a fund, by means of annual subscriptions, for the purpose of enabling the Vicar to have the assistance of an additional curate.

The object is one of vital importance, and will, we believe, meet with a cordial support.

In compliance with the above requisition we respectfully invite the attendance of all who may be willing to support the proposed object at a meeting for the above purpose, to be held in the vestry of the Old Church on Thursday next, the 19th instant, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

ANTHY. HORDERN, }
ARTHUR SHELDON, } Wardens.
S. BEESLEY. }

December 13, 1878.

Rastrick

THE PARSONAGE, RASTRICK, BRIGHOUSE,
April 1, 1878.

MY DEAR MR PIGOU,—

I cannot thank you sufficiently for the blessing the Mission has been to this place. Although we had such a heavy snow-storm yesterday morning the church was well filled with a most attentive congregation, and at night there was not a single vacant seat in the Mission Room when I was preaching. I held a short "after-meeting," and a great number remained, and at the close five adults came and offered themselves as candidates for Confirmation, and I was told that a great many more would offer themselves at the class this evening. Is not all this most cheering and a great cause of thankfulness?

Affectionately yours,

J. IRVING.

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RASTRICK,
Friday.

DEAR SIR,—

My heart is so full that I feel constrained to write and try to thank you for your Mission amongst us, though God only can know all that it has been and is to me.

It is many years since I first began to know Christ, and for a long time, I think I may safely say, I was very happy in Him, "resting from self" and trying to live in and for Him. My life has been a very change-ful one. Trials of one kind or another have come thick and fast. Almost all my loved ones have gone home. But in those early days I took my troubles and losses so directly from a loving Father that they brought me nearer Him.

Latterly, however, it has been far different. My peace and joy have passed away like the early dew of morning, and I have been weary of myself and my life. Life, too often, has seemed a hard, bitter reality, full of labour and sorrow, and I have rebelled against God and grieved His Holy Spirit. I am ashamed to say I have found my faith wavering, and I have been beguiled from the simplicity of "the truth as it is in Jesus." But, thank God! He has sent a message to my darkened soul, and He is helping me by His Spirit to "press out of my darkness into His light." Joy has not come yet, and I have sometimes doubted, during the Mission, if I ought to come to Holy Communion; but each day the sense of my own unworthiness deepened within me and my cry was more earnest, "Lord, I believe (but) help Thou my unbelief." I see, with deep sorrow, how I have wronged the Holy Spirit, myself and others; that I have been so often "overborne by care, weak and heartless, anxious and troubled" when "His joy" might have been "my strength."

I see before me the same strife and weariness, the same

proneness to be disquieted because the "thing that is nearest" and must be done is often very dull and uncongenial; but I see also how I may "change anxiety to prayer," how I may keep worldly cares outside me and "let the heart be God's alone."

Pray for me that I may be kept from falling, and that He will restore to me the full light of His countenance.

Yours gratefully,

Hastings

ST. MARY'S, HASTINGS,

February 24, 1880.

MY DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

Every day brings fresh evidence of the great blessing that has rested on your loving words here. The work has not only had a direct but also an indirect effect. Christians have had their spiritual life deepened; Christians only in name have passed out of darkness into light; careless ones have been made thoughtful; whatever prejudices existed against a "Mission" have completely disappeared. In the streets, in the houses, in letters I receive, I am hearing of the blessings people have received.

When will the heads of our Church see the value of Missions? When will they become aware of the fact that the true revival of the dear old Church of England lies here? May God visibly bless your own soul for the inestimable blessing you have left on my church and parish and all around us! Many are praying for you and *will* do, and your name is deep in the hearts of many here.

Believe me, my dear Dr. Pigou,
Most lovingly from us all,
FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

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DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

Ever since the happy "Mission" week, I have been longing to write to you. I feel I can no longer resist letting you know what a happy, blessed time it was to me, and I want to thank you so very much for all the tender, loving counsel and instruction you gave us. I have felt helped and strengthened ever since, and so encouraged to consecrate my life more entirely to the Master's service. It was a time of such sweet communion with God when His Presence seemed very near. I cannot say how much I enjoyed that peaceful, happy week, and as our home is in Ireland and not at Hastings, we felt it such a privilege to have been permitted to be there during the Mission. The impressions made on me will never leave me as long as I live, and if I have been enabled in any greater degree to overcome "the sins which so easily beset us," I shall owe it, under God, to you. I have learned Faber's beautiful poem on charity, and trust I shall be enabled all through my life to put it into practice, and by the Holy Spirit's influence to so see the depth of sin in my own heart, that it shall leave no room to detect the faults of others. Forgive me for taking up even this much of your time; all I would add is to ask that when at the Throne of Grace you remember your "many dear children" I may be included amongst the number.

Believe me,

Most gratefully yours,

HASTINGS.

DEAR SIR,—

I send the enclosed as a thank-offering for mercies received during this Mission, for the sick in your parish. Through your instrumentality I was awakened after

being a backslider for ten years. May I ask for your prayers that a full realization that I am accepted may be given me notwithstanding all my departure from God. I feel sometimes that I ought not to expect anything else than to walk in darkness to the end of my days. Oh! how much I have to thank you for. May you carry blessing with you wherever you go, is the sincere prayer of one

Truly yours,
_____.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA,
Saturday.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

In the few words we had in the vestry to-day I did not express how grateful to you I felt for each day's teaching that I have been permitted to attend, especially may I mention the motive for work, the constraining love of God. My work has not been altogether this, though I trust it has in part. I so want to have that single eye in everything I do, for my love is so cold, such wretched motives creep in, so much of self and so little of Christ comparatively! Oh for the power to abide in Him always, that my every thought and word and deed might be in Him and by Him and for Him; that He would make my heart His abiding-place so that He would never leave! My fear is, and I must confess it is a great fear, that perhaps I may so act that He cannot continue to abide; and yet from all you have taught this week a something tells me that the longings to be more than ever entirely His cannot be disregarded by my loving, living, gracious Saviour, and so I shall be kept and be permitted to work for Him, unworthy as the instrument is. I ask you to accept my grateful thanks, and remember me in your prayers

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as one greatly needing all the spiritual blessings that the Holy Spirit alone can bestow, and

Believe me,

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

HASTINGS,

February 24, 1880.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

I am only a visitor here, and have been privileged, with my wife and invalid daughter, to attend most of the Mission services, and can bear testimony to their value in stirring us up and bracing us afresh for the great conflict. I trust and pray that the impression may never wear away, but that it may be deepened in us as years roll on. I am sure a great and real work has been done here. I, like many more old-fashioned Churchmen, have had a prejudice against Missions, and rather looked upon them with disfavour and suspicion; but your Mission here has quite removed this impression, and I quite see now that Missions *rightly conducted* are the great want of the Church of England at the present crisis. With every good wish and prayer that God will ever have you in His holy keeping, and that you may be blessed and a blessing to many,

I remain, dear Dr. Pigou,

Faithfully yours,

DR. PIGOU.

DEAR REV. SIR,—

I may not have the opportunity of speaking with you this morning. I want to tell you, I believe the blessing I have been seeking and longing for is now resting on me. I thank God for the text you selected for the After-meeting last evening, "Quench not the Spirit." An-

other verse immediately rose up in my mind, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." You said "you believed the Holy Spirit was working in some hearts now." I prayed, "Lord, let it be in mine." I returned home from the church quiet and thoughtful, and, on retiring to my room to be alone with God, I prayed as I never prayed before. And in the stillness of midnight the sweet promise came to me, "If ye then being evil" (St. Matt. vii. 11). Then and not till then the Holy Spirit brought to my remembrance the beautiful prayer of our Saviour's in St. John xvii. 13, "That they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves." Thoughts such as these pressed upon me: Can it be possible Jesus would have asked His Father what is not in the Father's heart to bestow? The answer returned with power to my soul. No, it is God's will that we should have it fulfilled. I need scarcely tell you with what thankfulness I rose from my knees. I am sure "He" who has blessed me so graciously will keep me to the end. I can now say, "I will trust and not be afraid."

I shall always remember you in my prayers with deep thankfulness, and thank God for sending you to minister to us so faithfully, and earnestly pray that this our Mission may be blessed to many, and may you have many souls for your reward and labour of love.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Sunday afternoon.

DEAR SIR,—

Will you let me send you one word of grateful thanks before you leave Hastings, as they have indeed already been offered to Him, Who I believe sent me here

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for this past week of the Mission services. Since I saw you on Friday, it has seemed as if a sealed fountain in my heart has been unstopped, and the consciousness of God's love to me, and its power to *keep* me from falling, has come to me with a joy so great that yesterday it seemed more than I could bear. I cannot but believe that this has been the work of God the Holy Ghost, Who I have felt to be so present in all these services, and through Whom the power of self-consecration to my Master, I know, alone can come. I feel—but I will not say I feel—rather, I *know* that a blessing I have been looking for for years has come to my soul, and in “a happy confidence” I can say, “I *know* Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” In the humiliation of my constant inconsistencies, I have often been tempted to say to myself, “Better give up the work you are trying to do for Christ than bring to *His* service such constantly divided motives, or throw reproach on your profession by your shortcomings in your home life; it is no use trying.” I thank God I did not do the former, but henceforth I will seek to do the latter, and rather pray that I “may be enabled.” I know that my spiritual life during the last ten years *has* been a reality, but these sins of infirmity seemed so to cleave to me and darken the true light, and at such times I cannot tell you how I have clung to Isaiah 1, 10; and now I believe the light has come, and I shall go back to my work actuated no longer by the hard sense of duty, but by “the constraining love.” Will you pray for me, that this may be no passing feeling? I do not think it can be, for never before have I so *realized* the love of God, though I have often talked of it to others; but indeed I feel now that I have a message fresh from my own heart to carry to the people amongst

whom I am brought in contact in my village home of Cheam in Surrey. But it is in my own home, amongst my own brothers, that I do so earnestly desire to let the light shine; for it is with them especially that I have so often feared that I have been a hindrance and not a help. Forgive me for writing to you so much about myself. I feel as if I had no right to trouble you about such a stranger as I am, but I could not refrain from letting you know how your ministry in this place has, through God the Holy Ghost, been blessed to one more soul.

Yours ever gratefully,

February 11, 1880.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

Previously to your kind invitation to communicate with you, I had decided to confide in you, partly because from your long and varied experience you may have met with a case like mine, and partly because one shrinks, perhaps wrongly, from telling out anything to those one knows well.

I *have* accepted Christ! Oh, so thankfully! It was long before I became acquainted with the plague of my own heart, and that has been a prolonged and most humbling experience. My trouble and alarm is that the love of Jesus does *not* constrain me. I suffer from a strange apathy, nothing to me seems worth living for but that which bears on eternity, and yet the days flit by so differently from the vigorous, earnest Christian life, which ought to be the fruit of faith.

Over and over again have I taken the beautiful hymn, "Take my life and let it be," repeated it, on my knees before God, but no *power* seems to accompany it. There is a miserable lack of power in my life, a want of *heart*. How shall this self be conquered, and Christ reign alone?

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I am sure this is possible. I once knew it for a little while, and they were days of heaven upon earth, but this is long since and sometimes I get so hopeless ; my will so strong for self, so weak for God.

It seemed an opportunity I must not lose, to get your prayers and help, for I have not any joy in the Lord and very little peace. I dare not ignore the reality of past experience nor the painful longing to live a healthy Christian life. God has been so patient with me. He has given me every sort of advantage, ministry, friends, books, position, influence and work for Him, but oh, the return ! Is it not sad that I should have even *now* to say, how can I give my heart to Him ? How can I yield my will ?

To have Jesus for my Saviour without having Him for my Lord never *has* contented me, and I trust *never will* ! But yet time goes on, and there is a dreadful sense of unreality, a consciousness of something wanting which often makes me miserable.

Your words last night seemed to point me out, as one whose life was influenced by secondary motives, and I do not believe I am wholehearted for Christ. My constant prayer is for reality and wholeheartedness. The Spirit has indeed deeply convinced me of sin, but what I meant is to see Christ. Oh, how often I have asked for this ! Yet I am quite sure He is ready to bless. The fault is somewhere with myself.

I often think I have too much to do, too little time for thought ; yet when I see others whose lives are filled up with efforts for the good of others, I fear to yield to this idea ; it seems so glorious to let Christ have the full guidance of the life, but I have not the experience of this.

May God give you grace and wisdom to help all who come to you is the desire and prayer of

Yours, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours gratefully,

HASTINGS,

February 14, 1880.

DEAR DR. PIGOU.

DEAR SIR,—

I am very anxious before you leave Hastings to let you know how lovingly our Heavenly Father has answered the prayer you so kindly offered for me in the vestry, Wednesday evening. His blessed Spirit has led me to see myself a guilty sinner, yet saved by Christ's mercy. Doubts and fears have haunted me for a length of time. Indeed, I find I have been under a delusion trying to believe first and looking for repentance as an after thing. I praise God that He led me to St. Mary's Church, and now that He has taught me the truth, may His blessed Spirit enable me to teach *the truth* as it is in Jesus to others. I yearn for more of His love, in a greater love for the souls of others. It is my earnest desire to spend and be spent for Christ only.

Will you kindly remember me at the Throne of Grace as doubtless you do many others, that I may be *kept* by the power of God from my wretched self, so that I may be a bright *consistent* Christian before the world, every motive and thought springing from *Jesus* and *Jesus* only. May our Heavenly and loving Father continue to bless and own your glorious Mission of winning souls for Him as I know He has done in this town, and praying for a special blessing on the services of to-morrow.

I beg to remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

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Hornsey

November 23, 1884.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

My heart is so full of thankfulness for the Mission that I feel I must write to tell you. It has come to me just when I needed it, for I was settling down, from the force of long habit, into a state of over-anxiety about the routine of my church work in this place, but often forgetful of and living too far away from Him for whom I profess to work.

I am specially thankful for the addresses on Holy Communion. They have brought back to me the teaching of my Confirmation many years since, and have helped me, I believe, afresh to consecrate myself to God. I don't think I can ever again "draw near" without recalling some of your quiet words, so full of sympathy and tenderness, or without praying God to bless you with His best blessings.

Very gratefully yours,

REV. DR. PIGOU.

November 22, 1884.

REVEREND SIR,—

I thank God for the Mission in Hornsey. I have received the blessing for which I have been praying and waiting. Yesterday as you were talking about the Love of God, I realized my own exceeding sinfulness, and how very far below my privileges as a Christian I have been living. I went home and prayed and gave myself up to my own thoughts until my head and heart ached. I came to the evening service and before I left was enabled, by the Holy Spirit, to give myself afresh to Christ. It was to me a second confirmation day in which I consecrated my whole life afresh for the service of the Master that I may with more zeal and earnestness work for Him. Will

you pray that these holy impressions may not vanish, but that they may be imprinted by the Holy Spirit on my heart? I must now end.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

Thursday night.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I must write and thank you for all the help and comfort I have had from the services of this past week, but especially the help God sent through your address on Wednesday night. You spoke of having "to endure," and a "secret sorrow," and if (as I intended could I have seen you alone) I had asked you why it brought so much heaviness with it, you could not have explained it more clearly. I could not see how my Lord, whom I have loved and trusted, and He has been so good in all His dealings, could have sent a sorrow, that was mixed with sin; but now I see that He permits it and that it is a privilege "to endure" for Him. The whole course of the Mission has been a happy time of revival, but the *especial* blessing has been the revelation of what God's great love is towards us.

My requests for prayer are, that some near and dear to me may be convicted, and that God will draw them to Himself, and also that I may be taught and led by Him to feel His heart of love in *all* things. Again accept my warmest thanks, and may God bless and strengthen you, as you leave us.

November 29.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

Will you accept of my warmest gratitude for all your kind teaching during the Mission? When you told us the "old, old story" of the constraining Love

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of Christ and made us feel it, ever since all things have appeared in a different light from before, and His love went down into my heart that evening never I pray to go away again, and I humbly pray our loving Father to enable me by the strength of the Holy Spirit to fight the battle of life earnestly and with more faith than I have hitherto, and I do hope I may never be ashamed of being a witness for Christ. Will you believe me always to remain, dear Dr. Pigou,

Most gratefully yours,

Saturday morning.

A husband and wife who have abundant reason to heartily thank God for all blessings received at the evening Mission services, ask for the prayers of all present at to-day's meeting that "they may be strengthened and upheld day by day in their new resolves and renewed faith."

A husband and wife desire to offer thanks for the revival their spiritual life has received through the Mission, and earnestly pray that the Holy Spirit may be poured upon them in larger, fuller portions, leading them more fully to consecrate their lives to Christ.

Let us ask that the Lord's believing people here may be used in winning souls for Him, and that many be added to their number as a result of this Mission who shall be drawn together in the bonds of Christian fellowship.

Dublin

April 9, 1884.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

I am glad to take this opportunity of thanking you for the blessing I have received through your teaching

especially in the happy Bible Readings. The two great subjects that have impressed and helped me are the honouring of the Holy Spirit and prayer; I seem to have got new light on the path and to be drawn closer to the Lord, and at my Bible Class on Sunday I realized in a way I had not done before the work and teaching of the Holy Spirit, and trust that the Lord will use me more than ever in His service, and send a great blessing upon the members of the class.

I must not trouble you with any more.

Yours gratefully,

July 12, 1884.

MY DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

I have this moment come from the dying bed (I fear) of a sweet girl in the prime of fresh youth. Alas! I fear her days are very few here. She is one of your sheaves gathered in by your Mission. Poor soul! she is so trustful and so restful in Jesus. We have this moment had some of your hymns together.

DUBLIN,

TO DR. PIGOU,

April 6, 1884.

Christ Church, Leeson Park.

A young girl, who for a short time past has felt the working of the Holy Spirit in her, earnestly asks your prayers that she may be brought nearer to her Saviour, and that her faith may be increased. I have attended some of the Mission services; I was there on Thursday evening. Your words were very penetrating to my soul when you spoke of the Judgment. I was brought up by kind Christian parents, with many privileges (all neglected). I began to think, what must I do, how

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shall I know my sins are really forgiven me? That night I went to my room and I said, "I will decide for Christ to-night, I will be earnest about it." I was alone with my conscience and God. I asked Him to forgive me my sins, that they might be all blotted out, never more to be remembered against me. I waited. I asked God, if my heart was right, to bless me; I thought I heard a calm, soft voice in my room, calling me distinctly by my name: "Are they not all blotted out?" Oh, I did feel relieved. I took God at His word that my sins were all blotted out. Friday and Saturday I could not refrain from tears. You alluded to requests for prayer being sent to you, that they must be answered. Oh, may mine be amongst them!

Will you earnestly pray for my six sisters that they may be truly converted, two of whom I fear are far from Christ, also for my four brothers that they may be converted, and for my brother-in-law, who is much addicted to the dreadful sin of intemperance and never thinks of Christ, that the Lord may show him his danger?

I shall ever remember these Mission services; they have recalled me to the privileges of those whose God is the Lord.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

I desire to acknowledge to you and before our Father the blessing of peace I have found through this Mission, but to express it and limit my words is difficult.

For years I have been fully persuaded of my soul's salvation; on many occasions I have had solemn opportunities of testing my confidences. I have felt God's Spirit moving me to prayer and in prayer. I know I was the subject of many prayers, for Christian friends saw in me only the respectable churchgoer.

I never talked of Jesus; I was ashamed amongst friends, it was not convenient with strangers; it might

be misconstrued, I might profane the religion I professed. I consequently often felt without Christ and of no profit. I neglected my Bible, had no enjoyment in it, or in any of the means of grace. Holy Communion was to me a proper service to attend at stated times to "attest" my allegiance, but I had no light or life; it was rather a source of unhappiness to me.

I thank God I have been able to attend so many of these Mission services, that I have been moved to self-examination, that God's Spirit did "convince me." I pray that the Holy Spirit may so rule in me that I may *serve* my God in newness of life to His honour and glory.

Last Sunday morning's Holy Communion was, like my first, solemn and real.

CO. CORK,
August 17.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

I attended the services at Christ Church last year. I am a Sunday-school teacher, secretary to a charitable association, and get through some parish work. But I have begun to see that my motives are all wrong, and I am so unhappy that I must make some change. I see that self-conceit and a wish to be thought highly of rules me in everything. I cannot even pray without a feeling of superiority to other people.

From the time I was a child my father would not let me be checked in anything. I have grown up, literally, without having had my will crossed by any one, and have always had the responsibility of deciding for other people as well as for myself. And now self-confidence and self-conceit are so much parts of my character that I can see no way to fight against them. I am quite afraid of being allowed to fall into some open sin, as the only way of giving me the beginning of humility. When

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I was in London this spring, I thought of going to Kilburn for some months as a sister associate, but circumstances made it impossible.

It seemed as if going somewhere, where I would have had to give up my will to others and obey rules, would have given me a chance of breaking loose from the slavery of my own vanity and self-will.

I want to ask if it is right to go on doing religious work without a right motive? If it is right to go on frequenting Holy Communion, when the whole time of the service is spent either in self-complacent thoughts, or in disgust with myself on account of them? Is it possible to do anything as a cure for the most determined self-will and vanity which comes between me and everything that is right?

Yours very gratefully,

New York

Instead of letters expressive of gratitude to God, I append one or two specimens of the petitions offered up.

My one earnest prayer, offered early in your work, has begun to bring forth fruit. I can see now how it may be answered, which I could *never* see before. I thank you and bless you for your earnest words.

REV. MR. PIGOU.

DEAR SIR,—

Will you kindly pray for my two brothers and my husband, who do as little as they possibly can for God, and seldom, if ever, read His Holy Word. Oh! pray earnestly that they may be convinced of the error of their ways, and in God's good time be made His faithful

soldiers and servants until their lives' end. Also please pray for me that by God's help I may so live that my influence over them may "bring forth fruit an hundred-fold."

A WIFE AND SISTER.

Thursday, December 3, 1885.

I desire to return my thanks to my Heavenly Father that He has been pleased to answer the prayers that were offered for me in Church that I might have patience to bear the cross that was sent me in being unable to attend the early services of the Mission..

From the day the prayers were offered I received that blessed calm, and since then I have been able to attend three services.

December 5, 1885.

The prayers offered for my husband are being answered. Oh! how good the Lord is! let me praise His Holy Name, returning thanks for this great blessing.

A WIFE.

December 7, 1885.

A wife desires to give thanks for great spiritual good experienced by an intemperate husband during the services of the past week. God grant him strength to persevere in this reformation. I also offer thanks for the great privilege enjoyed of listening to the teachings of the Mission preacher which have brought me so much peace of mind and comfort. God's blessing rest upon him both here and abroad.

Friday Evening.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—

Among the many tributes of thanksgiving which I trust will be laid upon the altar this day I would add

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mine. I thank God for the precious services of the past week, and although I have been a follower of the Master for more than thirty years, your teaching has stimulated me to more earnest endeavour for His dear sake. And let me say just here for the encouragement of any who have given their hearts to Christ, I have never once looked back and longed for "the flesh pots of Egypt," as it is sometimes so expressed, and my only sorrow has been that I could not win more to seek that comfort whereby I myself have been comforted.

I desire to give thanks to Almighty God in His Holy Church to-night for all the benefits and blessings received during the Mission week, and especially for answering my petition in behalf of my husband, who was enabled by the gift of God's Holy Spirit to say with me on Friday evening last, "My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise."

December 7, 1885.

A stranger, coming from a distant city, gives grateful thanks for the blessing of the Advent Mission, for the Bible Readings, which have been as manna to her taste. For the privilege of taking the earnest and sorrowful petitions of so many hearts in intercession to the loving Father, who has often graciously and wonderfully heard her prayers.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

I cannot allow you to leave America without first telling you of the great joy I have had in the "Heavenly Rest." I have had there the very happiest week in my life.

I am a wife and a mother. You have through God's help strengthened my heart and hands.

REV. SIR,—

At the early part of the Mission my wife and I requested the prayers of the Church on behalf of one hindered by sickness from attending the Mission Services. From the time those prayers were offered up on her behalf, a spirit of resignation came over her, and she has now recovered in a measure from her illness and has been able to attend one of the services, and we trust will be permitted to attend them daily to the end.

NEW YORK,
November 30, 1885.

REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.

DEAR SIR,—

I kindly ask you to pray for my husband, to ask God to give him the strength to resist the temptation of drink and make a better Christian of him. For the last two months he has not touched a drop of liquor, and he says he never will again. So I feel that if you will pray for him God will help him and make him strong.

A DEVOTED WIFE.

NEW YORK,
November 30, 1885.

MY DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

May the prayers and intercession of our Mission work in behalf of a young married man, who has besetting sins of intemperance and ungovernable temper, and accompanied with deceit and untruthfulness to cover his guilt, and who is bringing a life of misery and unhappiness to his dear wife and family, be offered to, if possible, change his wicked career. Already a communicant of our Church, but now a backslider, it is of course more sad. No persuasion nor kindness has been spared to reform him. Even if he makes faithful promises they are of no avail; a short time, and he returns

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to his former life. May God in mercy hear our petitions and aid us in bringing peace and rest to his broken-hearted wife and family, through the means given to help the fallen and weak-minded, and save his soul ere too late.

St. Pancras

DEAR SIR,—

I thought I might write and tell you what the Mission has done for me.

I began to teach, as also a few years later to visit, because our Vicar's wife asked me to do so. I very much disliked it at first, but I never thought of giving it up. In time I grew to love the work, hoping that I might be able to teach my girls something that would help them to live nearer to God. I never liked district visiting, a great deal I suppose from being painfully shy: even when visiting for this Mission it was a great trial to go among so many strangers. I have no district now.

As I look sadly back over twenty-three years of teaching and many years of visiting, as far as I know my work has been a complete failure.

This past week has taught me why; I have been all this time trying to teach what I did not know myself.

I had some love to God, for our two previous Missions had taught me much, though not the one thing I wanted to know more than anything else. I have a bad temper, and this growing feeling of dissatisfaction with myself made me sadly irritable. I thank God for having sent you to us for you have shown me so clearly what was wrong in me. All these years this has been like a grey cloud which shut me out from God. I have longed all these years to know whether my sins were forgiven.

It is this uncertainty which has hampered me in all my work. When I visited the sick and dying I felt dumb. I hope it will be very different now. The first Sunday you came in December, I seemed to see that during this Mission I might get what I have been wanting so long if I prayed to God for it. I prayed as I never prayed before, and He gave me the blessing I craved for. On Tuesday morning at the Communion, during your address on the text, "God so loved the world," I do not know how it was, but suddenly it seemed to me as if a great load was lifted off me, and all the clouds and doubts of God were gone. You know the peace and joy that came over me, which has increased as I have more fully realized the great blessing God has bestowed upon me through you.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,

I hope you will forgive my troubling you when you have already so much work upon your hands, but if any one can help me I think you can. I sent in a petition the other day asking that the Holy Spirit would show me more of the guilt of sin, reveal Christ to me and teach me to love Him. I think He is answering the first part but I cannot find peace.

Now I must tell you I think no one understands the "Plan of Salvation" better than I do, from earliest childhood trained by godly parents, and a Sunday-school teacher since I was sixteen. Over and over in trying to tell my Sunday class of Christ's love, I have felt how useless when I had no love to Him myself. I think I have got such a thorough *head* knowledge that I cannot realize Christ as a person, living and loving me. How is this love to be awakened in me?

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I know it must be the work of the Spirit. I want the *sense* of forgiven sin. My heart is as hard as a stone. The story of the life and death of Jesus creates no emotion in me. Is there any hope for me? Will you pray for me till I find peace?

Hoping you will forgive my troubling you,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

DR. PIGOU,—

I cannot allow this Mission-time quite to pass away without *some* recognition on my part. I have attended nearly all your morning and afternoon services, and have been much touched by many words. I have been for some little time a Sunday-school teacher. I firmly believe in God and the forgiveness of sins through Christ, and yet my religion does not make me happy.

I have for many years thought seriously of religion, but God can only know how much heartache it has brought me. I love God and know He is willing to save, and yet there seems no peace or happiness for me. I trusted my Confirmation a few years ago would be a help to me, yet though I made it a time of prayer I found no relief. In each Communion, though I long, oh! so earnestly for Him, He does show Himself to me; I feel His love in moments of prayer, but cannot take it with me into daily life.

Can you in some small measure understand the awful worry this brings me?

Your Mission has been a *happy* time for me, and I thank God for it, and though these doubts still hanker in my soul, yet your services have been a blessing to me and I have some hope that they may at last bring me that peace for which I so much long.

ONE OF THE CONGREGATION.

MY DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

I am going to ask you a great favour. I want to know if you will write me a text or something on a piece of paper to put into my Bible. I owe you so much—you have changed all my life, and my Eternity too. I was in such a wretched state before you came. I had a sort of conviction that if the Mission passed without bringing me any good, there was no hope for me. For years I had been trying to do it all myself, and I do believe I was earnest in my endeavours. But it was dreadful bondage, and there was no peace in it, and at length I was so disgusted with the whole thing that I began to give it up, and try and drown all thoughts of it in study. And then you came, and those words of the blind man, "Whereas I was blind, now I see," are constantly in my mind—they just do for me. I have so much to thank God for, especially that He has made my heart His, and allowed me to give my life to Him. And let me thank you again with all my heart for all that, through God's mercy, you have done for me, and many whom I love.

Believe me,

Yours very gratefully,

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

February 6, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—

It has been strongly laid upon my heart that the renewed life which God has graciously infused into the Church as a result of special Missions has not done all we might have hoped for in the direction of Foreign Missions. Might we not reasonably look for (1) an

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increased number of candidates for Missionary work ;
(2) an increased number of earnest workers in our various parishes helping to gather funds to sustain those who go abroad ; (3) larger liberality from the wealthier classes ?

Again, would not the spirituality of the newly awakened be deepened and a very useful outlet for their zeal be found if, towards the end of a Mission, their attention were drawn to the Church's duty with regard to the heathen.

My own experience as a parish clergyman in Liverpool, where one of your addresses to the Clergy was to me most helpful in view of a coming Mission, was that a great blessing came to my own people when their interest was awakened as to the Lord's work in heathen lands.

I believe that if you could see your way to direct attention to the Saviour's command to preach the Gospel to every creature, in your addresses to Christians, mighty results would follow, and that indirectly your words would be a blessing to many far away as well as to many souls in this country.

That the Holy Spirit may work through you mightily at this important time is, my dear Sir, the prayer of

Yours very faithfully,

HENRY SULTON,
(Central Sec., C.M.S.).

Llandaff

Extract from Canon Buckley's letter :

" You have made an impression throughout this part of the diocese, which will not soon be effaced, and several of the clergy have spoken to me of the benefit which they received from your addresses on the Quiet Day."

September 26, 1886.

THE REV. CANON PIGOU.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have been thanking you very deeply since you were here, and seem to myself to sum up my position as to my spiritual life thus: For nearly a year I have been deeply convinced of sin, and felt a horror and bitter remorse at the sins I have committed, and truly repented and forsaken them and my infidelities and “free-thinking” errors. I have realized my need of a personal Saviour, and have accepted Him as such, and gone to Him for pardon, and can feel He has pardoned me. I look back with shame and sorrow on a wasted, ill-spent life, talents flung away, and influence misused, and I am determined, God helping me, to “lead a new life.” I can think and care for nothing else; I seem to have lost all love for worldly excitement and pleasure and friends. I long most intensely to have that perfect peace and burning love for Jesus, that full realization of His love, that “flood of joy and light over my soul” (to quote your own words) that others have, but which I know is not mine yet. It struck me very strongly your telling me you prayed for a fortnight for nothing else, and I remember your words at Llandaff on the text, “I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me.” Indeed I pray unceasingly and with tears to God the Holy Ghost to shed that love into my heart, and so these questions rise up. May I put them to you?

Can I think that Jesus is holding me back from this full joy and peace and love to try the sincerity of my conversion and wait patiently and prayerfully for it, for I know I can never be really happy till I possess it?

Is remorse, which at times is positive agony, incompatible with conversion and the firm faith I have that my past sins are forgiven?

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If my conversion be really true, if I am really renewed in the spirit of my mind, would I not show it more plainly to others ?

How is it I am so terribly tongue-tied and faint-hearted ? How can I speak to those whom I know have no religion ?

I want to work for Jesus ; it seems so mean after wasting a life just selfishly to scramble into safety oneself. I can never be happy here in a human sense. I have made, and others made for me, such a shipwreck of my life. I have gone through such misery, and am so surrounded by sorrows and cares and gnawing anxiety and responsibilities, that I look for no more earthly happiness, and I want to consecrate my life to the service of Christ. I can never be thankful enough to God for bringing me first under the influence of Father Ignatius and then yourself, and for putting it into the hearts of both of you to help me. Father Ignatius writes to me almost exactly as you spoke to me, only he seems to insist upon it that one must be able to point to a certain hour, minute, when a soul, passes from darkness to light, from coldness and torpor to full peace and love. Is it always so ? Or may I not trust that the love I have now for Jesus, poor and feeble as it is, will increase and grow ?

There are times with me, when I am quite alone, or at Llanfauing Church, or at the Blessed Sacrament, when I can almost feel that peace and joy ; then I go back into the turmoil of daily life, and it seems to slip from me.

Would you mind telling me from what magazine you quoted that thrilling poem, " Sitting alone with my Conscience " ? I should like to get it.

I am, dear Sir, entreating your prayers,
Yours very gratefully,

As I have so frequently been asked for a copy of the lines "Alone with my Conscience," I give them for publication.

ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE.

I sat alone with my Conscience,
In a place where time had ceased
And we talked of former living,
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions,
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things,
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my Conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time :
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be ;
But sitting alone with my Conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave,
But no one gave me an answer
And no one came to save.

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Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Gone into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday—
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my Conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease,
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so e'er it be,
That to sit alone with my Conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

Bangor

The Israelite believed that if he looked at the brazen serpent, he would be healed. He did look and was healed.

This was *one* act of faith, and that of *short* duration. It is hardly likely that the Israelite, during his whole life, should have kept the brazen serpent before his eyes.

Will *one* act of believing that Jesus died for our sins suffice to save us?

It is here my difficulty begins. I do believe that Jesus died for our sins. I do believe that God offers salvation as a free gift to all. But I cannot see clearly what is further required of me, after believing these facts to be true.

Is it that the contemplation of this work of love on the part of God and His Son will draw us, by the influence of His Holy Spirit, to reciprocate this love, and that this love must necessarily be of the same nature as the love of God, i.e. a holy love, a living a life of holiness ?

If this be an incorrect view of salvation, may I ask you to pray that God will enlighten me.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

BANGOR,

March 28, 1887.

Canon Pigou's visit to Bangor was most welcome. I have seldom seen the Cathedral so crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, and I have never listened to such universal commendation of what was uttered within those ancient walls. On Monday night the Bishop spoke as he has seldom spoken before. He abandoned his notes and spoke from his heart, and his words went straight to the heart of all those who heard him. I have long been of opinion that there has been too much "book" in our dear old Church; let us have more such addresses as those delivered by the Bishop and Dr. Pigou, and we are bound to draw all men unto us.

BANGOR MISSION.

1887.

*Put a "X" opposite what you wish to do, and sign your
Name and Address at the bottom of the Card.*

Do you wish to be Baptized ?

Do you wish to bring your Children to Baptism ?

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- Do you wish to join a Confirmation Class ?
- Do you wish to come to the Holy Communion ?
- Do you wish to join a Bible and Communicants' Class ?
- Do you wish to join a Mothers' Meeting ?
- Do you wish to join the Choir ?
- Do you wish to become a Sunday School Teacher ?
- Do you wish to be a District Visitor ?
- Do you think there is any Work for God you could undertake ?
- Do you wish to see any of the Clergy ?

Name

Address

Please forward this to one of the Vicars or Assistant Clergy.

THE BANGOR PAROCHIAL CHURCH MISSION.

The ten days' Mission, which was brought to a close on Monday evening with a Thanksgiving Service at the Cathedral, will be long remembered by the citizens of Bangor ; and remembered, if we are not much mistaken, with feelings of unmingled pleasure. We are not of those who inquire whether it has been a success or not, as we do not know of any test whereby the results of a mission can be tried and tabulated. Judging merely from the number of people who attended the different services, and from the rapt attention given to the speaker by the vast congregations in the evening services, we feel sure that words were spoken which appealed powerfully to the hearts of Christian men and women ; and it gives us much pleasure to record our belief that the teaching of the last few days has made a powerful and—let us hope—a lasting impression on all who came within its reach. This is due in no small measure to the truly catholic and Christian spirit shown by Dr. Pigou throughout

the course of his teaching. Taking his stand upon the love of a common Father, he refused to stoop to the level of the theological bigot who declines to allow that those who presume to differ from himself can have any part in the truth. It would be well, we think, if all our spiritual advisers displayed more of this large-hearted spirit of toleration. Surely it is time enough that "those who profess and call themselves Christians" should display a greater anxiety to find out and dwell upon points of agreement rather than of difference.

We have had enough of controversy. This is the unmistakable opinion of the better kind of Christian laymen nowadays; and the sooner the clergy make up their minds to follow their example the better it will be for themselves and for all of us.

If there be one lesson more than another which the Mission week has taught us it is this, that the Gospel Message—the simple truth of the Christian religion—has lost nothing of its charm and power. It works miracles still whenever and wherever it is honestly and faithfully set forth as it was during the Mission by Canon Pigou. What a contrast the Cathedral presented to what is ordinarily seen there! Instead of the listless, apathetic remnant of a congregation after the rush to escape from the sermon, we had a crowd of eager, expectant faces beaming with joy and bedewed with tears. It was difficult to believe that we were in a place where we feel habitually the proximity of icebergs! Yet it was the same place with only a difference in the power of the messenger to deliver his message. Is it too much to expect that the Bishop of the Diocese will try and secure men of faith and power to minister to us in sacred things? It will not do to decry preaching. The pulpit is a power, and would be far more so if properly filled. We hope that in making his appoint-

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ments he will think of this. We can assure him that we want—to use a homely but forcible expression—no more “drones.” In Dr. Pigou we saw what a Christian minister ought to be, and we owe a debt of gratitude to the Vicars of the parish for their very happy choice of a Missioner, and to him for having kindly consented to come amongst us; and we hope that our gratitude will be expressed by honest efforts to remain true and faithful to his teaching.

—*North Wales Chronicle*, April 9, 1887.

Beckenham

BECKENHAM,

February 14, 1887.

DEAR CANON PIGOU,

I am a stranger to you, but I cannot refrain from writing to tell you how gratefully we, as a family, shall ever remember your loving ministrations to us during the past week. The old precious truths which fell from your lips have come to us with a freshness that has brought a great blessing to this household.

With many prayers for your welfare,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

_____.

BECKENHAM,

February 14, 1887.

DEAR SIR,—

I did not add my written testimony to those you read at St. Paul's to-night, but must write you a word of thanks on behalf of my wife and self for all your faithful teaching and loving testimony to God's goodness. The Mission has been a happy time to us both, and for myself it has been a great blessing, for before you came

I was growing colder than I once was to the love of God and spiritual things, and cares, business and other things were beginning unduly to fill my heart. I thank God that by His Spirit I have been enabled to see the un wisdom of seeking anything first before His kingdom, and there is again awakened in my heart a greater desire to live the Higher Life. In gratitude to our loving Father and to you, allow me to express the prayer that the blessing you have brought to others may add to your own joy, and that the Church you have worked amongst—as well as that under your own ministry—may enjoy this “life in Christ” abundantly and increasingly.

Faithfully yours,

February 13.

DEAR MR. PIGOU,—

Yesterday afternoon I had so much to tell you, but when the time came I could not speak.

You ask me if anything is keeping me from Christ. I do not know anything now. I long to love Him, but I can't. I have tried and prayed. Friday evening, after leaving you, I came home and tried to say, “My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed,” but I could not feel it. I am often touched after a sermon, particularly in Lent and on Good Friday, and I resolve to lead a better life, but soon after Easter and the solemn time has passed, I go back to my old way, and all my good intentions. Often and often—in fact, nearly always—I have gone to Communion because I think it the proper thing to do. I have not prepared myself for it. This morning I went, but in a different spirit. I feel that it was not quite a wasted hour. I have lost opportunities that many have not had, for I am afflicted, and

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have spent months in my bedroom. I long so much to lead a better life. I feel if I again go back to the old life it will be awful for me. Will you help me by praying for me that I may have perseverance to pray for the love of God in my heart even though it may be some time before my prayers are answered? I can't thank you enough for all you have done for us this week.

Do help me to pray that I may find Christ soon, not wait for a deathbed repentance.

With kind regards,

Yours truly,

BECKENHAM,

February 14, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I cannot let you leave Beckenham without heartily thanking you for all the teaching of the past ten days. I felt directly you suggested that daily dedication of oneself to God that that would be a great help to me, and when I left you on Saturday morning, I went home and thought out a form of dedication and wrote it down in my book of private prayers in which I enter the answer to my self-examinations.

For several years now I have had a succession of long trying illnesses, and one of my great helps during them was continually reading over the Office for the Visitation of the Sick; and when I have been too ill to read it myself always asked to have it read to me. I made myself every day thank God for His Fatherly visitation. Though each day sometimes I rebelled, that one text has been my greatest comfort, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." And now I am continually thanking Him for those illnesses, for it was through their means I was brought to love my God.

I seemed on Saturday to shrink from going back into the world again in the same way as I have done after an illness, but your teaching on perseverance, and then your word of advice in the vestry and yesterday evening's sermon, have taught me how I am to do so, not trusting in my own strength. I go back again to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. I have mentioned to you about my experience in illness because I thought perhaps you might repeat it to some one craving for comfort some day.

With renewed thanks for all your teaching,

I remain,

Yours very gratefully,

BECKENHAM,

February 16, 1887.

DEAR CANON PIGOU,—

I wish to thank you for the words you spoke to me in the vestry on Monday. After much struggling, and on my knees, my prayer was answered, and the light of God's Holy Spirit revealed to me the truth you told me, "That I was seeking and desiring my earthly blessing before I had sought His infinite blessings." I never realized it before. Oh! what love, to have borne so patiently my wilfulness. I no longer "think" I am His, I know and feel I am. Pray for me that His blessed Spirit may guide and teach me. The awfulness of this awakening seems to overpower me. The sense of my sin against Him weighs me down. Pray for me. I need your prayers. I yearn to know more of my Saviour, and something draws me to learn more of Him from St. John's Gospel. How sweet is the thought that His Holy Spirit guides me in seeking to know more of Him. Every text I read is

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now full of truth. What a happy and blessed week has this been to me. Till this revelation I never realized its blessings. I thought I did, but how different is thought and reality. May God be praised. I cannot help writing to tell you of my new-found joy and peace. No words of mine can ever thank you. Think of me in your prayers. I have so much to learn and it is only by the light of His Holy Spirit I can learn. Oh! pray that I may have more of that light, and believe me to be,

Yours most gratefully,

ST. PAUL'S, BECKENHAM.

MISSION, FEBRUARY 5 to 14, 1887.

A MEMORIAL OF THE MESSAGE OF GOD TO ME AND
OF MY RESOLVES.

Grant me the comforts of a soul forgiven,
And wisdom, Lord, to see
How mortal man lives on the verge of heaven,
By living unto Thee.

F. PIGOU, D.D., *Missioner*.

C. GREEN, M.A., *Vicar*.

SOME HELPS TO HOLY LIVING.

Secret prayer, morning and evening.—*St. Matt.* vi. 6.
Short prayer during the day.—*Ps.* lv. 18.
Daily reading of God's Word.—*Acts* xvii. 11.
Quiet meditation on some truth or text.—*Ps.* civ. 4.
Daily self-examination.—*2 Cor.* xiii. 5.
Honour the Holy Ghost.—*St. John* xiv. 26.
Remember to keep God's Holy Day.—*Isa.* lviii. 13-14.
Receive Holy Communion regularly.—*1 Cor.* xi. 26.
Be temperate in your use of God's gifts.—*1 Cor.* ix. 25.
Be fruitful in "good works."—*1 Tim.* vi. 18.

Watch against censoriousness.—1 Cor. xiii.

Practise the presence of God.—Ps. cxxxix.

Memento mori.—1 Sam. xx. 3.

F. P.

Torquay

IN MEMORY OF THE ST. MATTHIAS' MISSION,
TORQUAY,

Nov. 17 to 27, 1888.

Mission Preacher :

*The Very Rev. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.,
Dean of Chichester.*

SUBJECTS.

Sunday Morn. "The Office of the HOLY GHOST."

ST. JOHN xvi. 7-8.

Sunday Aft. Service for Young.

PROV. xxiii. 26.

Sunday Even. "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of
Heaven is at hand."

ST. MATT. iii. 2.

¹A.M. Isa. xliii. 25-26.

Monday Even. *Faith.* "Repent ye and believe the
Gospel."

ST. MARK i. 15.

A.M. ACTS xxvi. 18.

Tuesday Even. Repentance and Faith (illustrated in
the Brazen Serpent bringing present Salvation).

NUMBERS xxi. 4. 10.

A.M. ST. MATT. ix. 20-22.

Wednesday Even. The Constraining Love of CHRIST.
The Great Motive.

2 COR. v. 14.

A.M. EPH. iii. 13-19.

¹ A.M.—After Meeting.

The Addresses on Holy Communion are published. Also on
"Salvation of Acceptance," by NISBET & Co., Berners Street,
London.

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Thursday Even. Salvation *provided* and *offered*.

REV. iii. 20.

A.M. EPH. iv. 30.

Friday Even. Decision for God.

I KINGS xviii. 21.

A.M. Ps. lviii. 7.

Addresses at Holy Communion, on the Conditions of worthy Communion, viz. Repentance, Faith, Thankfulness, Charity, Sins of Infirmary, Self-Examination.

Bible Readings on 1st St. John.

Remember : We work *from* life, and not *for* life. We do not work that we may be saved, but we are saved that we may work.

There is a great difference between our TRYING and our BEING ENABLED.

SHORT PRACTICAL LESSONS :

HONOUR THE HOLY GHOST ;

He convinces of sin—Therefore Pray :

“ That which I see not, teach Thou me.”

REPENTANCE.

Sin to be truly repented of must be seen as GOD sees it, in its guilt, and as against Him : Do you see it ?

FAITH.

Saving Faith is of the heart. No man believes savingly until he repents truly : Do *you* so believe ?

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

Salvation a present blessing, following on godly sorrow and lively faith : Is it *yours* ?

CONSTRAINING LOVE OF CHRIST.

The only acceptable motive in obedience, work, and enduring : Is Love *your* motive ?

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE HEART.

Salvation not only provided, but pressed on our acceptance: Have *you* opened the door?

DECISION FOR GOD.

God asks of us our heart in return for His love. Is *yours* given? Then He gives Himself: Have *you* given your heart to God?

“Grant me Thy peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts
That love Thee best.”

FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.,
Missioner.

Cheltenham

I would express my thanks for the meetings for intercessory prayer, which gave such life, power and reality to the services, filling so great a want in the spiritual life of the congregation, and would hope that they may be continued in future at suitable intervals, such as at the monthly prayer meetings.

A MEMBER OF ST. MATTHEW'S CONGREGATION.

A child wishes earnestly to thank and praise her God for the answer to silent prayer offered during the intercessory services on behalf of one very dear to her. God grant us his grace to love Him more and more, and that we may continue faithful, even to our lives' end.

DEAR SIR,—

With deep gratitude I write to tell you what your Mission services have done for me. For a long time I have wanted to be good and loved good people. Still

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I could not get nearer the truth, till the evening you so earnestly begged us to unbar the doors of our hearts (the rusty locks). I went home determined I would use every means to unbar mine. I prayed earnestly many times, and in the night, but in the morning there was no change, and the weight and responsibility seemed crushing me. I began to feel I could not bear it much longer. In the next service you told me to continue in prayer, and to wait patiently. I cannot tell you what comfort those words gave me. I felt so weak. I just left it to Jesus, and that day the weight was lifted from me and I had no more doubts: I knew I was His. The long-felt barrier between us was broken down, and I could say with truth on Friday night, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed." Will you please pray for me to be daily strengthened that I may grow in grace and in knowledge.

Deep gratitude to God for having guided you to dwell so clearly and fully on His great love, and also on the present work of the Holy Spirit. I shall ever look back with thankfulness to the help you have given me this week.

Thanks and praise for a ray of light to a troubled soul received during this blessed week.

Hastings and St. Leonards

Will you pray for one who has little heart to pray for himself, by reason of deep sin into which he has fallen? Pray that he may be forgiven, and in God's time restored to some measure of a hope which he had almost cast aside. Pray God to help him.

DEAR DR. PIGOU,—

Though present at the Thanksgiving Service, I was

unable to stay for the distribution of the memorial cards. I should be sorry not to possess one, to remind me, if need be, of the happy hours in God's house, past, when my soul was lifted up and refreshed at a time of spiritual trial and coldness of love, and I have been led to see that it is *my* Lord Who is still teaching me and allowing this time of trial, that I may find my joy in Him and Him alone. My All-in-all—how can we feel alone? I thank Him for His patience and loving-kindness in allowing me the privilege of hearing your earnest words of encouragement. Accept my sincere thanks for all your loving ministrations.

Believe me,

Yours gratefully in Christ Jesus,

November 22, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—

It would be ungrateful of me to let you leave our town without thanking you from my inmost heart for the services you have held in our church, and the trouble you have taken to help us to realize the importance of our responsibilities in this life. I trust the Holy Spirit may remain in our midst and enable us to believe on our Redeemer in the truest sense of the word, that so believing we may possess that true life which no difficulties or trials can quench.

Yours very truly,

TO THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.
SIR,—

I feel that I must just let you have a line in testimony of the blessing I have received during this Mission. Though it is nearly three years since I experienced the blessedness of sins forgiven, I feel that I have been

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confirmed in the faith by your words, for they have been my experience in the past, especially those words of yours on work; for I worked before I was converted, but not from the same motive. I feel now that I cannot do enough for the Master. So anything that I can do, I am always willing to do the best I can.

Yours truly,

A WORKER FOR CHRIST.

Walmer

April 9, 1881.

REV. DR. PIGOU,

DEAR SIR,—

When we commenced our prayer meetings a few weeks ago, asking God's blessing on the coming Mission, I prayed to Him that He would send some one to help me, and now He has answered my prayer. The other night you told us the story of the lady in Liverpool who devoted herself to doing good because she had had some disappointment, and it gave me a lesson. I have been working hard, thinking it a *duty*, and not doing it for love of Christ. I feel that I have been deceiving everybody; but, oh! they know not the many sins I have committed, and yet I pray for them to be forgiven, and will wait (by God's help) with patience for Him to make known unto me that they are so.

Oh! do pray for me that I may love Christ as I ought, to give my heart entirely to Him, and that it may not last a few weeks, but until it shall please God to take me Home. I felt how very suitable the text "I believe, help thou my unbelief" was for me, for the many times have I said the Creeds with my lips, but not with my heart. I know God will help me to lead a better life, and that He will give me peace and joy at last.

A PRAYER

TO BE SAID DAILY BY CHILDREN BEFORE AND DURING
THE MISSION.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, good and gracious, who has said in Thy Holy Word "Suffer little children to come unto me;" who out of the mouth of babes and sucklings dost perfect praise, and art pleased to hear the prayer of all who call upon Thee in Jesus' name, suffer me, Thy child, now to speak to Thee. Hear me, Lord, in Heaven, Thy dwelling place, who asks of Thee that Thou wouldest grant thine abundant blessings on the Mission which is soon to be held [is being held] in this town. Give to all who shall take part in it Thy Holy Spirit. As Thou didst speak to Samuel, so Lord speak to me, and call me to Thyself. Incline and enable me to give my heart to Thee. Bless my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, my teachers and friends. May all dear to me be dear to Thee, and grant that as I grow in years I may grow in grace, and finally come to Thy heavenly kingdom. Hear me, for Jesus' sake, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, art one God, blessed for ever. Amen.

Sent to me at the Conclusion of a Mission.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

REST him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thine ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy;
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him, and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.

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Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,
And underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care ;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master ! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand ; be Thou
His ministrant to-night ; draw very near
In all thy tenderness, and all Thy power.
O speak to him ! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him :
Let thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to “ rise and shine.”

Rest him, O loving Spirit ! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow ! let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear Name—
“ Our Comforter ! ” As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.
Then, in the stillness breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy Holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

MY DEAR DEAN,

As you are contemplating an account of your Missions,
I should like to tell you that I first heard you in May,

1874, and I attended your services as often as I could. I was much impressed with the quietness of your manner and the appeal which you always made to the *judgment* of your hearers, and among the many things which I heard from you at that time, one thing which you said to me privately I have never forgotten. You told me that you believed when you went into the pulpit that God's Word would (according to His promise) bring conviction to some soul, and you urged upon me to preach with the *one* aim in view, to win souls for Christ.

The suggestion went straight to my heart by the power of God the Holy Ghost, and from that day to this I have had this aim in view. God knows how far I have fallen short of my ideal. Nevertheless it has made all the difference in my ministry, to have this ideal before me

The result of those few words of yours has been wonderful. I owe all the inspiration which has enabled me—one of the shyest and worst qualified men to conduct Missions—to those words you said to me in 1874. Many souls have been won for Christ during these years as the result of the seed then sown. I have felt that you ought to know this.

Yours very gratefully,

The Letter I have invariably addressed after each Mission.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

It seems but yesterday that we were entering together on the special effort of the Mission, and already it is, in one sense, of the past! It is not necessary for me to dwell at any length on those confessed facts, which I would fain hope the most prejudiced will allow, and which will, I trust, serve effectually to remove any lingering objection to a Mission on the score of novelty or of

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excitement, as foreign to the temper of our ordinary services, or of possible injury to the spiritual life.

Such as were not present at our services are hardly in a position to judge of a Mission. Such as habitually attended the services will agree that our sole object was in momentary dependence on the Holy Ghost, to set forth the simple Gospel of Christ, which is "The power of God unto salvation to every soul that believeth." Human hearts are all the world over the same. The message of salvation is one and the same for sin-sick souls. It needs no embellishments of oratory, no fictitious or sensational adjuncts by which to recommend it to the soul, to which, in its simplicity, it is already so adapted, and I can conscientiously say that I am not aware of having intentionally sought to set forth "Christ crucified" in reliance on any other power than that of the Holy Ghost. He was honoured in our thoughts and in our prayers, and as the end of His dispensation is to glorify Christ, so, as we looked for His work to be done, we were not disappointed. The *wonder* would be if God were *not* true to His word.

How great the encouragement to us all, and specially to your dear people, to whom a Mission was a new experience, to *persevere in prayer*, when they think of and recall the evident outpouring of the Spirit, not on your church alone, but on all in which Missions were being held. It is not so much the thronged attendances, the earnest, intense fervour of the congregations on which I let my memory rest, gladdening, encouraging, soul-inspiring as it was, I rather hourly thank God for souls brought to a true conviction of sin—to "Godly sorrow" for it, to a "lively faith" in a living, loving, personal Saviour, and to a full, entire, unreserved surrender of themselves to Him. To how many was the Mission blessed in the recalling voice of the Spirit—in the revival

of a life which seemed to themselves ready to perish, for their "feet had well nigh gone, their treadings had well nigh slipped?" The message was not *new*, but it came with the emphasis of a new voice, and with the added testimony of another's heart-felt experience. To how many earnest believers was the Mission a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," the occasion of a freshly realized salvation, of a renewed assurance, of a quickening to a yet nearer nearness to God?

To yourself it cannot fail to be a source of the greatest encouragement. You see in it the "open reward" of many a secret prayer—the harvest of seed sown in faith—the fruits of your own prayerful and laborious preparation for the Mission—may I not add, of your own loving and faithful ministry? Let yours therefore be the "joy of harvest;" our work, as Missioners, is to be "helpers of your joy." How great the encouragement to you, and those ministering with you, to labour on in faith and sure expectation, seeing souls earnest to hear, quick to receive, glad to follow instruction.

Your labours, your anxieties, your responsibilities cannot, it is true, but be increased and multiplied; but together with this you will have the added strength which comes from the conviction that the Lord is working with you, and commanding a yet more abundant blessing on your revived ministry. You will have the strength which sympathy brings with it; the sympathy of new and zealous converts to the faith; of life quickened; of spirituality deepened; of many, I trust, raised up around you to be earnest devoted workers for God; "living witnesses" by a decided and consistent life to the reality of the efficacious work of the Holy Ghost on their own souls.

And now commend me to your dear people who received me in the spirit in which I came amongst them,

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who lovingly and willingly listened to what God enabled me to say, and strengthened me throughout the happy work of that happy week by their sympathy and by their prayers. Tell them, in the hope of ere long seeing them again, that my prayer for them is that the good work may be permanent and abiding, and that what I ask of them is that they will sometimes remember in their prayers one who will ever remember them with thankful and happy recollections.

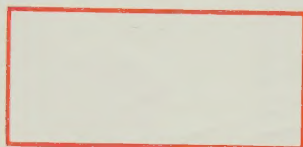
Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

FRANCIS FIGOU.



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